

DECEMBER \$2.00
CANADA \$2.50

SPIN

BOB DYLAN

NOT LIKE A
ROLLING STONE
INTERVIEW

SLY STONE'S
HEART
OF
DARKNESS

SQUEEZE
HÜSKER DÜ
KING

UNDERGROUND

MILES DAVIS
PART II

10,000 MANIACS

ROCK CENSORSHIP

RIP TORN

HAS EASY LISTENING
GONE TOO FAR?

MINUTEMEN

ALBANIA ROCKS!



Materiał chroniony prawem autorskim

LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, KING: 17 mg. "tar",
1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1994 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

You've got what it takes.
Salem Spirit

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.



Materiał chroniony prawem autorskim

BOB DYLAN BIOGRAPH



BOB DYLAN-BIOGRAPH-A-5-RECORD-DELUXE-EDITION

53 CLASSIC TRACKS FROM 1961 TO 1981
INCLUDING 18 UNRELEASED PERFORMANCES.
FEATURES 36 PAGE, FULL COLOR BOOK WITH
RARE PHOTOGRAPHS AND IN DEPTH INTERVIEW.

AVAILABLE ON COLUMBIA RECORDS, CHROMIUM
DIOXIDE CASSETTES AND COMPACT DISCS.

CSX 38830

© Daniel Kramer 1965

"Columbia,"  are trademarks of CBS Inc. © 1985 CBS Inc. 

This One



TFBB-ZBA-KGQC  autoskinn

There's only one thing that
tastes more like a fat, juicy peach
than Original Peachtree™ Schnapps.

DEKUYPER® ORIGINAL PEACHTREE™ SCHNAPPS

Straight up, rocks, or with soda. Bite into one today.

DeKuyper® Original Peachtree™ Schnapps Liqueur, 48 Proof, John DeKuyper and Son, Elmwood Place, OH.





Volume One Number Eight

December 1985

Editor, Design Director & Publisher:
Bob Guccione, Jr.

Associate Publisher: Felice Arden
Executive Editor: Edward Rasen
Managing Editor: Elizabeth Brevitz
Senior Editor: Scott Cohen
Senior Editor: Richard Gehr
Senior Editor: Glenn O'Brien
Special Projects Editor: Rudy Langlois
West Coast Editor: Bort Bull
Copy Chief: Peter Carbonara
Associate Editor: Sue Cummings
Art Director: Mark Weinberg
Photo Editor: George DuBose
Vice President/Operations: Arthur Mogil
Marketing Manager: Diana Holtzberg
Assistant to the Publisher: Koren Dolan
A Sister to the Publisher: Nina Guccione
Administrative Assistant: Mary Sekas
Advertising Services Manager: Nina Jorgensen
Account Managers: Regina Joskow, John Thomas
Second-class I.D. statement on p. 6

Cover photograph by David Michael Kennedy

Photograph above by Vinnie Zuffante/Star File

TOPSPIN/Introductions 6

POINT BLANK/Letters 8

FLASH

Has Easy Listening gone too far? MTV University; Salem 66; the Ike saga continues; dance with the Red Hot Chili Peppers; accordians in rock; They Might Be Giants; baseball cards of the poor and unknown; meet the Flintstones (again). 10

STICKS & STONES

Look what they've done to my song, ma. Rock censorship in perspective. By Bob Guccione, Jr. 19

10,000 MANIACS

It takes a happy band to sing some worried songs. By Sue Cummings. 21

HÜSKER DÜ

Guitarist Bob Mauld of the Minneapolis psyche-power-pop-a-punk trio discusses his first and last band. By Drew Wheeler and Mike Welch. 22

SPINS/Records 28

SINGLES 32

UNDERGROUND 34

DON'T ASK ME NOTHIN' ABOUT NOTHIN', I JUST MIGHT TELL YOU THE TRUTH

Bob Dylan, in perhaps his most revealing interview in years, proves there's nothing more mysterious than a normal musical genius. By Scott Cohen. 26

SLY STONE'S HEART OF DARKNESS

A journey into the personal hell of the rock/funk legend who still dreams of taking you higher. By Edward Kiersh. 44

SQUEEZE PLAY

Recombinant rockers Glenn Tilbrook and Jools Holland share their thoughts on the best part of breaking up. By Lynn Geller. 52

RIP

Rip Torn, an actor for all seasons, clears up a few misconceptions about *Easy Rider*, Norman Mailer, and the Black Liberation Army. By Harold Conrad. 54

STATE OF THE ART/Synthmania 59

MOVING IMAGES

Egbert & Cisco are on fire. 61

NEW SOUNDS/New-age Muzak 63

MINUTE BY MINUTEMEN

The San Pedro trio plays a longer song, and Blue Oyster Cult meets the blue-light special. By Byron "The Lunk" Coley. 66

KING OF ENGLAND

Is Paul King a prince of the musical realm or merely another change of the emperor's new clothes? By Jessica Berens. 70

MILES STYLE II

Miles Davis, the man with the horn, puts Wynton Marsalis and Mick Jagger "under arrest." The second of a two-part series by Quincy Troupe. 77

MY ALBANIA

When you're alone and life's making you lonely, you can always go—Albanian. By Brian Cullman. 82

TOP SPIN

Who's Who, What's What, and Why

With rock 'n' roll, controversy is not just publicity, it's product advertising. Rock's appeal has always been its nonconformity, its outlaw mystique. Therefore, it would follow that the records Tipper Gore and Susan Baker and the inspired ladies of the PMRC crusade against will now know their greatest popularity. The effect of the PMRC discovering heavy metal is similar to that of Cyndi Lauper finding professional wrestling. It's a windfall for mediocrity.

On page 19 is an essay on the issue of rock censorship. I think it's worth adding a few footnotes here.

Any censorship is fatal. A healthy society can no more be a little bit censored than a woman can be a little bit pregnant. Society must have laws to protect itself, especially children, from true physical harm. That snuff movies and child pornography are illegal is not censorship, just as no rational person would call child or wife abuse freedom of expression. But words and graphic images are not physical weapons, and although they can be used as mental weapons, there is absolutely not a single shred of cold, hard evidence that writing about or portraying violence, sex, diabolism, or substance abuse will inspire someone to go out and commit an illegal or

harmful act.

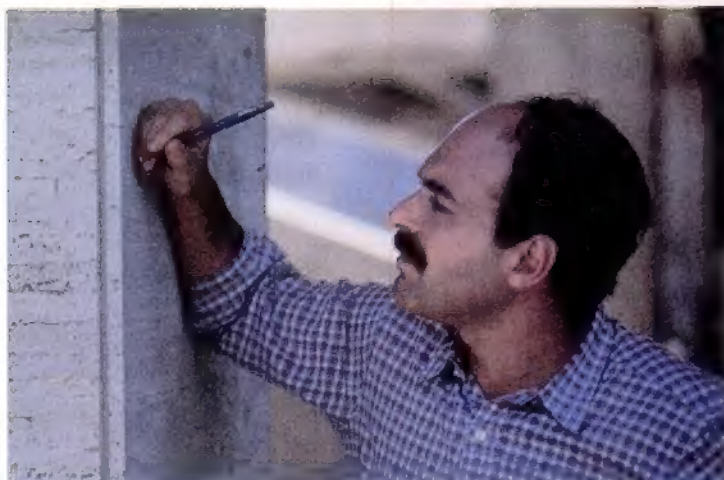
There are deranged people in every society—they are sick and, unfortunately, inevitable. They are dangerous to society, and often they claim as their distorted inspiration a medium that the rest of us normally entertain ourselves with. Charles Manson apparently got his motivation from the Beatles. On the other hand, just about every other murderer in the past 22 years didn't.

There can be no denying—and I don't think anybody is—that mental images influence people profoundly. Young people and children are especially impressionable. So an AC/DC record will make an impression on a young mind. But how deep or finally dangerous? Isn't the A-Team TV show more explicit than the obscured, poorly enunciated, often poorly written, and usually cryptic lyrics of a heavy metal song? There is nothing cryptic about Mr. T, and, last time I looked, there was no bigger hero to children.

You want examples of less than fortunate influences? Hitler derived encouragement from Wagner. Napoleon got the idea to build an annex to his palace while blasting Beethoven on his Walkman—the annex he had in mind was Europe. Mötley Crüe may increase some adolescent body temperatures, but they ain't in the world domination league yet!

All artists have a responsibility to God and themselves to first use their talent and secondly to use it honestly. If they believe they must call for a revolution—or sing the joys of fellatio, it doesn't matter which—they do so knowing that these anthems will not be sung before baseball games. If they want to write stirring words that will be sung before baseball games, then they have to compose tunes like the ones currently holding the honor. But maybe they don't want to. Which is good for us, because our evolution as a free society depends on a refreshing variety of opinions. Now, the opinions of all Mötley Crüe's songs combined may or may not amount to a lot of profundity—that is relative and subjective—but freedom of expression and speech means all expression and speech, not a committee selection, and, anyway, who the hell are any of us to judge what is right or wrong, good or bad, acceptable or not?

In this issue we publish what is possibly Bob Dylan's most candid interview ever. Scott Cohen spent several days with Dylan in California and then stayed in constant touch with him for the following two weeks as they added to



George DuBois

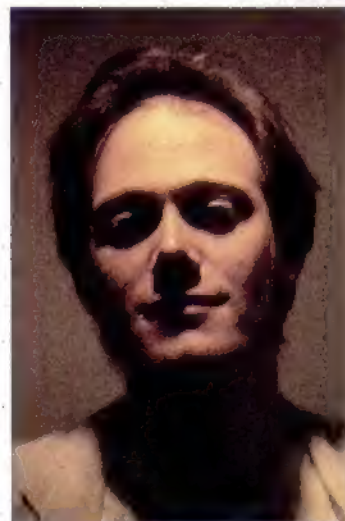
the story. Starting on page 36, it is the largest interview we've ever run.

Ed Kiersh, who found Ike Turner (August SPIN) and opened a lot of people's eyes with his tremendous piece on David Crosby (October), recently found Sly Stone. In a series of bizarrely conducted, often intimidating interviews, Kiersh found Stone to be a real-life Jekyll and Hyde. "Sly Stone's Heart of Darkness" (page 44) looks deep into the man who recorded such giant hits as "It's a Family Affair" and "I Want to Take You Higher" and is trying to make a comeback.

"Miles Style Part II" (page 72) concludes Quincy Troupe's intimate profile of the legendary trumpeter, who is not so much surrounded by controversy as clothed in it. If you missed Part I, order last month's issue through our back issues department (see page 17).

Jessica Berens, our long-lost but never forgotten former editor, has written a wonderful piece on pop act King from England. Sue Cummings has the reports back on 10,000 Mariacs. In Underground, Andrea 'Enthal writes about thrash music, which goes beyond hardcore, and John Schaefer (still not enough requests for a photograph, sorry) writes in New Sounds about new-age musicians, who produce music that makes easy listening sound like thrash. Which brings up Glenn O'Brien's question (Flash, page 17)—has easy listening gone too far?

—Bob Guccione, Jr.



Mark Weinberg

Clockwise, from top: Edward Kiersh puts the finishing touches on his natty Sly opus; the always conceptual Scott Cohen in post-Dylan ecstasy; shutterbug par excellence David Kennedy; and editor Rudy Langlais with his favorite special project, son Damian.



Diane H. Johnson



David Michael Kennedy

SPIN, Volume 1, Number 8, © Copyright 1985 by SPIN Magazine. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States by SPIN Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023-5965, tel. (212) 496-6100. Postmaster: Send address changes to SPIN Magazine, 151 Passaic St., Rochelle Park, NJ 07662. Application to mail at second-class postage rates pending at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A. and Canada by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, NJ 07021, tel. (201) 227-5100. International distribution by Feller and Simons, Inc., 100 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10017, tel. (212) 696-0888. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter, and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to SPIN Magazine (or its editors) are assumed intended for publication and reproduction in whole or in part and therefore may be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of SPIN. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or verbatim and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., APO—\$20 for one year; Canada—\$26 for one year. Single copies: \$2 in U.S. and APO; \$2.50 in Canada. Tel. 1-800-247-5470; in Iowa, 1-800-532-1272. Advertising offices: New York—SPIN, 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023-5965, tel. (212) 496-6100; Midwest—Kanslow & Company, 233 East Wacker Drive, Suite 606, Chicago, IL 60601, tel. (312) 565-4979; Detroit—RPM Associates, 16297 Berwood, Birmingham, MI 48006, tel. (313) 644-6380; West Coast—Cooley West, 411 South Norton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90020, tel. (213) 937-4205. SPIN is a trademark of Bob Guccione, Jr.

Finally, a cassette deck
smart enough to play only the songs
you want to hear.

The Technics programmable cassette deck
with auto-reverse, dbx, Dolby B & C.

A remarkable achievement: developing a programmable stereo cassette deck to play the songs you want and skip the ones you don't. And it will do it on either side of the tape. In any order. Without your having to touch the tape.

Beyond that, the Technics RS-B78R cassette deck has auto-reverse. So it not only plays the music you want to hear, but it will do so continuously. For uninterrupted musical pleasure.

And no matter which noise reduction system your tapes are encoded with, Technics can handle them all. With dbx and Dolby B and C.

So prove to yourself how smart you are by getting the cassette deck smart enough to play only the songs you want to hear. It's from Technics.

Technics
The science of sound

AUTO-REVERSE

dbx

AUTO-REVERSE



POINT BLANK

Letters

Edited by Karen Dolan

David Crosby

An M.D. and former addict; adoring C.S.N.Y. fans; longtime friend and fellow musician Paul Kantner (Jefferson Airplane/Starship)—these people and many others were compelled to respond to SPIN's October feature "The Death of David Crosby."

Dear SPIN:

I just wanted to comment on the David Crosby article. When I originally spoke to your writer I spoke of many more things than David's problems, and I asked that a balance be struck between the negative and the positive. In my own case, that was not done, so may I add just a few more remarks for balance's sake?

More than anything else, I just miss David. He don't come around much anymore. I think this is a common complaint among David's old friends. We miss him. I miss the guitar tunings he would teach me. I miss the brightness with which he conducted his life. Now, David was as big—and perhaps a bigger—asshole than most of us sometimes, but he had a taste for life, he searched out quality, and he shared that quality with his friends like good wine. And the songs . . . he helped me write "Volunteers" and "We Can Be Together" . . . together we wrote "Wooden Ships" and "Have You Seen the Stars Tonight" . . . both of my solo albums, *Blows Against the Empire* and *The Planet Earth Rock and Roll Orchestra*, trade heavily on an open C tuning that David taught me in 1968. A tuning that David taught me when I was in the hospital turned into "I Came Back From the Jaws of the Dragon." I could go on, but in the interests of journalistic brevity I will stop. But do you see what I mean? He might well be responsible for half of my musical career. I not only miss him, I need him!

In all seriousness, though, David was a bright part of our musical community and he's not there anymore and we do miss him.

I like your magazine and I trust that it was more than an *Enquirer* mentality that drove you to this story. Please add this to your article.

Paul Kantner
San Rafael, CA



Paul Nattkin/Photo Reserve Inc.

Sad. Distressed. Galvanized. I'm feeling this way hours after reading Edward Kiersh's breathtakingly honest piece on the decline of David Crosby (October). For years I have wondered what angst drove this fine, dedicated musician to self-destruct.

Kudos to Kiersh for a long-overdue look at this tragedy.

Edie Barker
Hartland, WI

Reading about David Crosby sent shivers up my spine and tears down my cheeks. I pray a miracle can save him.

Eleven years ago my friends and I saw C.S.N.Y. in Milwaukee when they were on a tour playing to crowds only Springsteen and the Stones can equal. We were musicians in high school, and those guys were our heroes, our musical fathers. After finishing the article, I wanted to call Crosby and tell him how much he meant to us.

In reading about David Crosby's living death, a little bit in all of us died, too.

Philip Denny
South Milwaukee, WI

Congratulations on having the courage to write an article on "David Crosby's living death." It painted a very realistic description of the painful consequences of his disease of chemical dependency.

Chemical dependency is a very powerful disease. It includes alcoholism and drug dependency and affects about 10 million Americans with no regard to race, creed, color, talent, intelligence, or beauty. If untreated it is a progressive illness that destroys

every aspect of a person's life and leads to jails, institutions, and death. It is cunning and baffling and often seems to be getting better only to lead to even worse problems.

And yet recovery is possible and available to anyone who wants it. I am a physician recovering from chemical dependency and a member of a organization of recovering physicians that numbers over 2000 in the U.S. alone. More than a million people have recovered through Alcoholics Anonymous. I recently attended the world convention of Narcotics Anonymous in Washington, D.C., where more than 3000 addicts, all just as hopelessly addicted as David Crosby, were celebrating the joys of life without the use of mood-altering chemicals.

We should never give up on someone who has a chemical dependency, because recovery is always possible, but getting people into treatment is always difficult, because denial is the biggest symptom of the disease.

We should always remember that these people are sick and need help but cannot see it.

To attribute David Crosby's problems to his girlfriend, his upbringing, stress, or anything else is to miss the point.

His life is in ruins because he has the disease of chemical dependency, and unless he gets into the recovery process things will only get worse.

Peter C., M.D.
Name withheld by request

Edward Kiersh's article "The Death of David Crosby" is the most despicable piece of sadistic hounding that I have ever seen passed off as journalism.

You can be assured of no oversentimentalization of the '60s from me. I am 27 years old now. I was probably playing kick the can while people like Crosby were changing my life for the better. What I surmise from Crosby's music and even from quotes in your article, he just sounds like an intense person whose only crime is feeling too much. So he's slowly anesthetizing himself to death because of it. A definite loss, but none of our business. Listen, David Crosby, you have brought a feeling of "not aloneness" to countless people already—more than millions of Edward Kiershes could ever dream of touching. I would call Kiersh a vulture, but vultures at least wait until their prey is dead.

T. McKenzie
Tombales, CA

I have enclosed a letter to David Crosby in the hope that you can forward it to him. A few years ago, I was just as self-destructive as David, but I recovered.

The Byrds turned me on to music. Without them, I probably would not have become a music critic, band manager, songwriter, recording engineer, or musician.

Nothing would make me happier than knowing David had cleaned up his act. Perhaps my letter will help.

Thank you for running your story.

Tom Robinson
Lakewood, CA

Singles going steady

In John Leland's "Singles" column, he is unnecessarily harsh and one-sided toward New Wave artists. For instance, his review of King's dance hit "Love and Pride" was absurd. Furthermore, he gives such fine artists as Scritti Politti, Style Council, New Order, and A-HA no creative credit whatsoever (especially A-HA for their video "Take on Me"). How about a less narrow-minded viewpoint, guys?

Glenn Morrison
Spencer Kinderman
Houston, TX

I'm so glad that "Underground" is a constant SPIN feature; it's one of the main reasons I buy the magazine. I can always get the best information on what I want to listen to. Keep it up!

Adrienne Byrd
Greensboro, NC

Black to basics

In response to "Why Young People Wear Black," by Glenn O'Brien (October), I am one of those kids who wear black most of the time, and I'd like to throw in my two cents.

I wear black because:

- People tend to leave you alone on the street. You don't get mugged if you look like a criminal yourself.
- Any colored accessories or jewelry are set off quite nicely by black (i.e., blue or fuchsia hair, spikes, bone jewelry, etc.).
- My mother hates it.
- I like Johnny Cash.
- Black makes you look thinner and more pitiful.
- You can frighten small children.

O'Brien was correct in his assumption that kids are looking "unkempt but totally deliberate": to quote a line from Fad Gadget's "Collapsing New People," it "takes hours of preparation / To get that wasted look" It does take a while to look this way. But that's part of the fun of messing yourself up via hair and clothes. I like to think of it as body decoration—a very old form of art (maybe the first).

Deena Thomas
Los Angeles, CA

Corrections

"The S.O.B.s of Hardcore" (October) was written by Scott Cohen.

The following photographers should have been credited for their work: Kate Simon, photo of William Burroughs (November, p. 61); Nels, photo of the Red Hot Chili Peppers (November, p. 36); and Andrew Catlin, photo of Jim Morrison (October, p. 19).

Due to a production error, sections of the last page of "Glory Days," by Harold Conrad (November), are out of sequence. Also, Meyer Lansky died in 1983, not 1981, as stated in the article. Neither error was the fault of the author.

A slight improvement on perfection.

Technics compact disc players.

Technics compact disc players. And the digital compact disc system can: the perfection of musical reality.

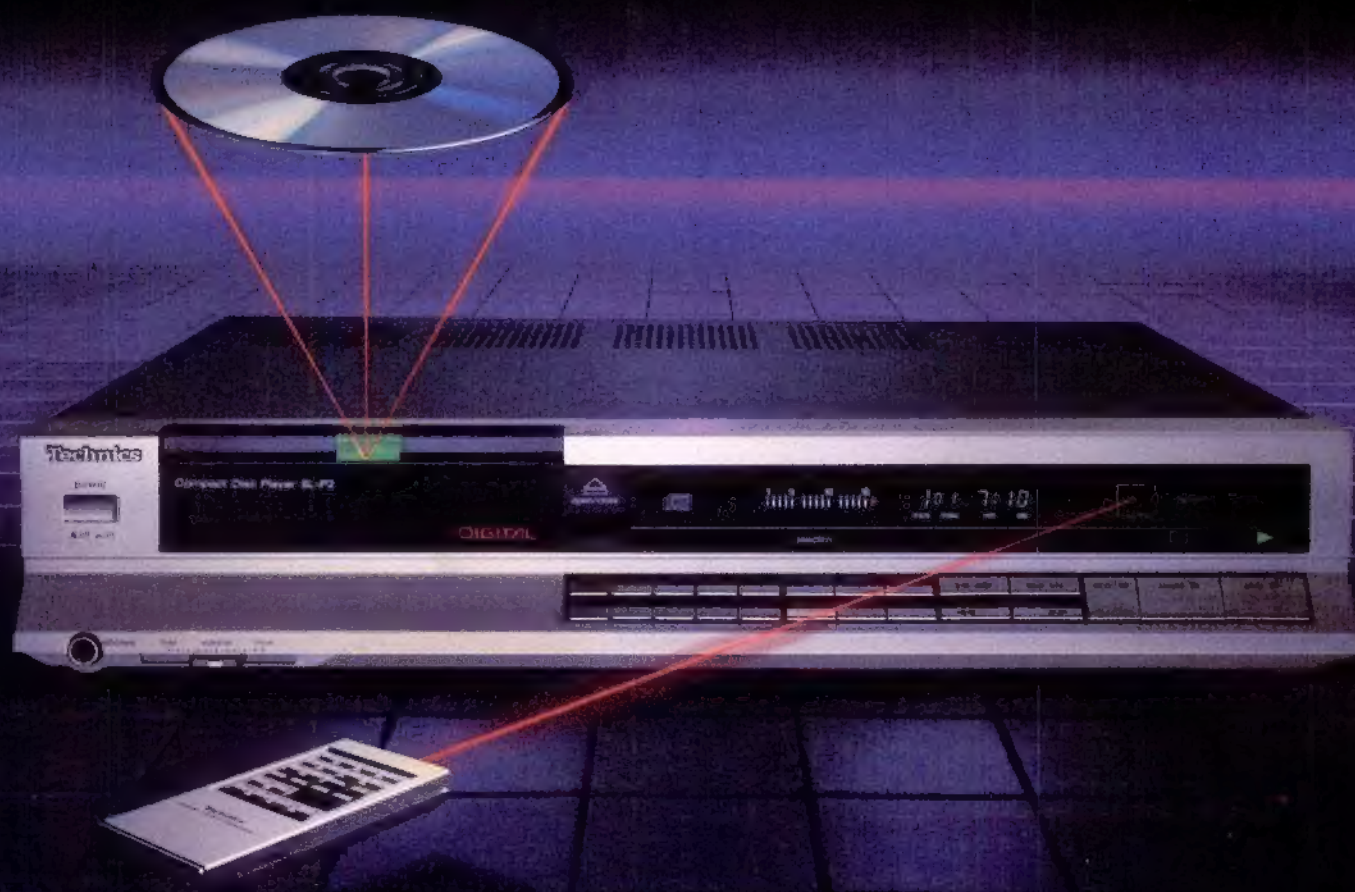
So with Technics, what you hear is not just a reproduction of a performance, but a re-creation of it.

But occasionally even the musical perfection of a compact disc can be marred by fingerprints, dust or scratches. So the Technics SL-P2 compact disc player has improvements like an advanced error correction system, designed to compensate for those imperfections. To help ensure that the sound you hear is still completely flawless.

You also get sophisticated, convenient controls. Such as 15-step random access programming so you can play any selection. In any order. And all of this can be controlled from across the room with Technics wireless remote control.

The digital revolution continues at Technics. Perfectly.

Technics
The science of sound





FLASH

This month we ask the question no one else seems prepared to ask: has easy listening gone too far; MTV U.; Salem 66; Ike update; How to Dance, Part II; accordions; They Might Be Giants; you might have your own baseball card; it might be the Flintstones's 25th anniversary.

Edited by Scott Cohen
and Glenn O'Brien

Rock 'n' roll high school

MTV's last Christmas contest: visions of Quiet Riot invading someone's home—preferably a religious Catholic home with live-in grandparents—now that's entertainment. I fantasized for weeks about the notion of this four piece heavy metal ensemble catapulting their skinny selves into my even skinnier apartment. Imagining gangly musicians clad in holiday spandex surrounded by amps, mikes, drums, wires, MTV cameras, crew and assorted veejays (with allotted elbow room for the inevitable air guitar action), humble Christmas tree, 50 of my closest friends, and endless burgers and dozens of kegs kept me glued to MTV for the season.

Well, I didn't win. Probably because I didn't enter. But since people really do win on MTV, I wanted to talk to someone who did. MTV's public relations department suggested I call L. Douglas White from Oklahoma City. He

won their Back to School contest in September.

The contest was co-sponsored by Britannia, a jean company. Viewers sent in entry blanks, and 25 winners were selected at random to attend "classes" in NYC—rock 'n' roll style. A final exam determined the grand prize winner.

Doug, 26, is a colorful country boy who had never been to New York. "I didn't have much competition as far as the actual contest," Doug told me. "The majority of people were just 18–21-year-old headbangers with Mötley Crüe T-shirts and big afro-combs sticking out of their faded blue jeans."

The school day was simulated right down to the school bus that took them to The New School in Greenwich Village. Four classes, four "professors," an edible cafeteria lunch (MTV's research team was lax there), and a final exam. Metal Shop came first, at 9AM (cruel, but realistic). Doug and the 24 "headbangers" were jolted to attention by Dee Snider's bullhorn. "Snider was

startlingly informative and well-rehearsed. He really did his homework. Believe me," Doug urged, "he was the one I least looked forward to, because I'm just not a heavy metal fan. But he was great. He went into the incredible in-depth history of metal; talking about every single band; dividing it up into different eras." Dr. Dee journeyed through Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath, post-Led Zep and Sabbath, glitter and costume metal like Alice Cooper and Bowie—the works.

The Ramones, on the other hand, apparently got their degrees from a subway reply card or Sears catalog. They were 90 minutes late and then stayed—or rather swayed—for a staggeringly brief 6½ minutes. "They were the ones I most looked forward to and they were just shit. Joey Ramone is a vegetable. He's not even human. He's an android."

Next up was Sammy Hagar and Eddie Van Halen. This was, naturally, Driver's Ed. Hagar comically dissected a regulation driver's manual, making all the adjustments and

Opposite page: Sammy Hagar teaching driver's ed at MTV U.; right: Salem 66 looking for a place to stay; below: Salem 66 enjoying a growing national following.

revisions any self-respecting Ferrari owner would.

Last period of the day: Glenn Frey's Music Appreciation course. "Glenn was a little late, but it was understandable," Doug excused, "since he was shooting a video. He was the coolest. Comes out in this \$500 tailor-made suit, hair slicked back, looking just like Don Johnson in *Miami Vice*." Frey discussed the original meaning of rock 'n' roll. Which was, of course, "doin' it." I asked Doug did he mean "playing" or "doing shows." "I mean sex," he blurted. "We're talking intercourse here!" he clarified, in case I still didn't get it. (I mean the point, his point, oh... forget it.)

Exam time. Doug wins with an 80% score. Being grand prize winner meant another couple of days in the Big Apple, \$500 spending money (promptly spent), a \$400-a-night suite in the Sheraton Hotel, red carpet treatment at the MTV Music Awards Friday, the 13th of September, and a vintage '66 Mustang convertible. "The awards," according to Doug, "were the most underwhelming part of the whole thing. From viewing the awards as a couch potato, one sees all this vibrancy, and I guess it's really the director doing such a good job. Whenever they broke for commercials a third of the audience left to scoot to the bathroom."

A claustrophobic party afterwards at the Palladium couldn't drain their mood. After all, in Oklahoma City "we've got the 'Cow Palace' and 'Daddy Cowboys' and 'cow' this, and everything's got a 'cow' in it."

Despite all the fun, this wasn't just a joy ride for Mr. White. He hit Manhattan with a pouch full of business cards. "I'm in advertising," he explained, "so I was ready to meet some big-wigs and just slam 'em my card. I do a lot of film work and have done a couple of videos for local bands. So I was gonna say, 'Hey Sting, here you go. Need some help on your next video?'"

Unfortunately, he didn't meet Sting.

—Karen J. Dolan



John Gaudreau

Not the paisley underground

Salem 66's Judy Grunwald is a certified veterinary technician. Beth Kaplans' parents are professors, and Susan Merriam is the daughter of a well-off car dealer. So the question is, what are nice girls like you doing in a business like this?

"If someone's father is loaded and they're loaded and they have good ideas and want to share them with the public, it's OK," says Merriam, the band's drummer. "Just because you're poor doesn't mean you're good. Most musicians are from comfortable families. I think it's all right to reject certain values, but you can't get rid of your background. You can't pretend you were raised in the ghetto."

"I'm not going to go around burping in public. There's nothing I hate more than posing."

Grunwald, a veteran of the late-'70s Boston band the Maps, got together in early 1982 with clubgoing friends Kaplan and Merriam, who couldn't play the drums but

wanted to be in a band. This questionable collection of *Town and Country* girls and Boston club rats gradually transformed into a legit group, Salem 66—named after the Massachusetts Witch City and Route 66. Grunwald, once described as resembling "a poor man's Pam Dawber," had her long hair cut into a sleek Louise Brooks bob and started applying several ounces of mascara and eyeliner daily. Kaplan started writing melodies that could melt meat. They recruited guitarist Robert Wilson Rodriguez out of suburban Wayland High.

Rodriguez fills out the blend with an artsy-folksy naturalism sometimes leaning towards rock.

The debut EP, *Salem 66* was released last year on indie Homestead Records; an LP on that label imminent.

Call them melodic. If you like, call them hard-edged pop with a liquid cherry center. Just don't mention "paisley underground" near this foursome.

"We never were and aren't now a psychedelic band," declares Kaplan.

"Never will be," adds Rodriguez.

Explains Grunwald, "We used that tag early on to describe ourselves, before it was a happening little thing. There wasn't a whole psychedelic scene, so to use that word didn't really connote that you were best friends with Steve Wynn [leader of Dream Syndicate] or something."

"It teaches you not to label yourself, ever," says Merriam.

Having been around almost four years, Salem 66 seems ready to graduate into the majors, but they want it on their own terms and they still have day jobs.

They also enjoy a growing national following, including

mail from all over the country.

Kaplan: "They want to know stuff about the songs and about us, our band, when the records are coming out, and whether we're coming to play in their town."

Grunwald: "And then, of course, we write back and say, 'Can we stay with you when we play there?'"

—Wes Eichenwald

Yakety Yak

Judas Priest does nothing for her.

—Warren DeMartini, Ratt guitarist, on his mom



John Gaudreau



They Might Be Giants

They might be Eddie Haskell and Lumpy Rutherford 10 years after, rigged out respectively with pearl-inlaid accordion and Japanese Strat. They might be, as *The Bob* suggested in a January '85 write-up, pop artists with a somber side, too easily typecast as loony tunesmiths. Or they might be those selfsame "mad boys" featured in a March '85 blurb that dared the reader to "go for a ride in the musical glove compartment of their glass-bottomed car" and, having choked down that mouthful of hyperbole, "expect to be driven insane." And then again, as their press packet puts it, "All that They Might Be Giants was, they is." Uh-huh.

One thing is certain: They Might Be Giants are so far off the beaten path that they're still trying to fold the road map—which is part of their allure. The two Johns (Linnell, on accordion, and Flansburgh, on electric guitar) who make up this musical duo are a far cry from the CQ crooners of today's airwaves. Flansburgh's chemistry-major specs and terrified toothbrush

of a crewcut counterpoint Linnell's frowny curls and rail-thin angularity. Together, the boys cut a striking figure.

Onstage at Danceteria, the Pyramid, 8BC, Darinka, CBGB, or any of the other dozen-odd nightspots they've appeared at in the New York area, They Might Be Giants aim to derange. The twosome yuk-yuk it up with monster mitts made of papier-mâché, fence with loaves of French bread, lead sing-alongs with oversized cue cards, and trade repartee with wisecrackers in the peanut gallery. Watching Linnell pump an accordion any Armenian wedding band would envy and Flansburgh gyrate and wobble like some Gumby left too long in the sun, one can only conclude this band is . . . original.

"The thing that creates movements is critics," points out John Linnell. "Everything that's worthwhile tends to be so idiosyncratic, it's almost useless to talk in terms of movements." "Changing channels is our biggest tradition," mugs Flansburgh.

"Lots of things are real private parties," Flansburgh adds, distinguishing between They Might Be Giants and a faddish bandwagon or culture club. He elaborates: "Look

at our song 'Youth Culture Killed My Dog.' It isn't about whether we feel we're on the inside track or the outside track. It's about the horrible feeling you get from other people telling you you're on the outside track. That's the whole point of scene—all these things are meant to make people feel bad. That's the problem."

The two Johns first met years ago at Lincoln Sudbury

High School in Massachusetts (affectionately referred to by its adolescent inmates as "Drink 'n' Drugsbury"). Both worked for the school newspaper and shared an interest in music, although Flansburgh's technical abilities were limited to fiddling with reel-to-reel tape and learning guitar "one string at a time." Linnell, contrarily, was handling saxophone and keyboard chores for the Bags, a party band destined for anonymity (although their theme song, "Boogie With the Bags Tonight," lives on in Giants sets as "Giant Halloween Tonight").

In time, a seminal version of They Might Be Giants was born, with Flansburgh playing "Yoko Ono to John's John," as he recalls, stone-faced. After a brief hiatus while the Johns were in college They Might Be Giants reconvened in New York City, plunging into the murky waters of the club circuit circa '83.

What about the name? "It's a nice-sounding set of words," explains Flansburgh, denying any tie-in with the film of the same name. "Some people think it's like 'Here Come the Big Egos,'" he muses. "But I think they think it's funny, 'cause we're obviously nobody and hopelessly lost."

JF: We specialize in really old, old ideas being brought out of the closet and dragged around for a little while . . .

JL: . . . and thrown back again.

As for the songs themselves, They Might Be Giants' hopelessly hummable numbers are masterpieces of pop piffery, a musical mishmash of cowpunk, electro-boogie, blue-eyed funk, and oom-pah-pah (with the Jetsons' theme

stomping around somewhere in the mire). And it's that hopelessly garbled translation of other styles that hallmarks Giants music, suggests Linnell, pointing out that when the twosome cops a Carmen Miranda riff, for example, "It's not salsa that comes out, it's a cartoon of salsa. That's the part that we enjoy." Flansburgh is quick to add, however, that "It's not like we want to make fun of any kind of traditional music," but rather that reality pixillated, trash-compacted, and left for brain-dead is what They Might Be Giants are all about.

JL: I think our deepest concerns have to do with music we listened to when we were nine. That's very conscious. In my case, one of the records I often think about is this Walt Kelly record of Pogo songs. We actually cover one of those songs, one of our few covers. It's called "Lines Upon a Tranquil Brow." There's something really wonderful about the way the melodies on that record are put together. They're all extremely short, the melody's up front, the words are hilarious. Those songs are the closest thing to the kind of stuff we strive for.

This is mostly Flansburgh's pet idea, that the words should never be dispensable.

A random sampling of They Might Be Giants's verse: "All the people are so happy now, their heads are caving in / I'm glad they are a snowman with protective rubber skin / But every little thing's a domino that falls on different dots / And crashes into everything that tries to make it stop" ("Nothing's Gonna Change My Clothes"); "You'll miss me with effigies / Burning up your house like Xmas trees / As tears roll down below your knees / You'll miss me with effigies" ("You'll Miss Me").

Sketchy visions of things to come: the ever-elusive record deal, an extended stay in a rubber room modeling the latest in straitjackets, or, oddly enough, a puppet show.

JL: We just think puppets are kinda cool. We like puppets. Some of our best friends are puppets. We're puppets.

—Mark Dery

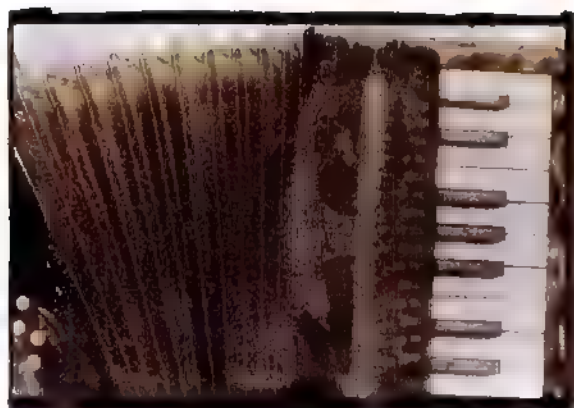
Save 'em or swap 'em

One major disadvantage of never making it as a big league ballplayer is never having your own baseball card. If you're not on a baseball card little kids everywhere will never trade one of you for three of Omar Moreno. People in Kalamazoo will never know if you're a switch hitter. Nobody will ever buy bubblegum to learn your hobbies.

But now you don't have to be a big league ballplayer to have your very own baseball-type card. If you want one for yourself, and maybe one for every member of your typing pool or bowling team, get in touch with Sanderson Angus MacGrain of Big League Cards, P.O. Box 18284, Seattle, WA 98118, (206) 722-6487. He is 5'11", weighs 175 pounds, and his hobbies are golf and windsurfing. How about you?



Top left: John Linnell (left) and Flansburgh (right). They might be giants, they might be bag people. They might be just waiting for the bus.



History of accordions

In the history of rock music, nothing has been quite so thoroughly reviled as the squeeze box. From its first unpopular appearance in Bill Haley's Comets through less illustrious incarnations in Gary Lewis and the Playboys (just the PR shot it needed), the upright keyboard with bellows has been the popular synonym for "square."

Well, as the English would put it, "Sod off, alla ya."

The accordion is the coolest instrument known to man, with sound variations making it the sonic equivalent of an acoustic synthesizer. But only the brave and the truly bent know this. Accordion sympathizers are so calloused that even the recent apparition of square-domed Grace Jones playing one didn't give us pause. She was probably using it for shock value, which is the same as making fun of it, something rock musicians have done since time immemorial.

Accordion sightings:

- 1955—Bill Haley and the Comets
- 1956—Chuckles, featuring Teddy Randazzo
- 1957—Clifton Chenier, "Boppin' the Rock"
- 1959—Tony Bellus, "Robbin' the Cradle"
- 1961—Freddie Cannon, "Buzz Buzz # Diddle It"
- 1964—Gary Lewis and the Playboys
- 1967—The Rascals, "How Can I Be Sure"

The Mojo Men, "Sit Down, I Think I Love You"

1968—The Band

1969—Peter Sarsledt, "Where Do You Go to My Lovely"

1982—Grace Jones

1983—Los Lobos

1985—Talking Heads, "Road to Nowhere"

They Might Be Giants

7, "Rosalie"

Rockin' Sidney, "Don't Mess With My Toot-Toot"

"Weird Al" Yankovic presents his hand-painted accordion to the Hard Rock Cafe's collection of rock 'n' roll memorabilia.

—Art Fein

Yabba-dabba-doo—the Flintstones may be older than you.

Before marrying Fred Flintstone (full name Frederick F. Flintstone), Wilma's maiden name was Flaghoople. The Flintstones live, along with their daughter Pebbles and their two pets, Dino, a runtasaurus, and Baby Puss, a saber-toothed tiger, at 201 Cobblestone Way, Bedrock (phone number: Bedrock 313). Their paperboy's name is Arnold. Their favorite sport is bowling.

Fred Flintstone works for the Bedrock Quarry & Gravel Co., where he operates a

dinosaur. His boss's name is George Slate.

According to Joseph Barbera, president of Hanna-Barbera Productions, whose other animated TV superstars include Huckleberry Hound, Yogi Bear, Quick Draw McGraw, Magilla Gorilla, and the Jetsons, "Fred's outlook is average middle class. Just make enough money, and take a holiday once in a while. He's never going to become a computer wizard."

Of course, if you've been



Courtesy Hanna-Barbera

watching *The Flintstones*, the first and longest running adult (as in grown-up, not X-rated) prime-time cartoon series, which is viewed by over 300 million people in nearly 80 countries, you knew all this. You may also remember that when *The Flintstones* debuted in 1960, the headline in *Variety* was, "This Is A Pen And Ink Disaster."

You may also know how Fred Flintstone's ecstatic stone-age ejaculation, "yabba-dabba-doo," the cry often repeated by athletes, TV talk show hosts, and even an astronaut on his way to the moon, came about:

"I directed the first 12 years," recalls Barbera. "Alan Reed was Flintstone. We were all making notes on our scripts during a run-through, and Reed says, 'Joe, it says here 'Wahoo!' Can I say 'Yabba-dabba-doo' instead?' It was that simple. And we've been searching for another little gem like that ever since."

But do you know the answers to the following six Flintstone Trivia questions:

1. Betty Rubble's maiden name?
2. Betty Rubble's middle name?
3. The Flintstones's license plate number?

4. The Rubbles's pet?
5. The Flintstones's lodge?
6. The Flintstones's favorite food?

If you do, send your entries to *The Flintstones* 25th Anniversary Trivia Contest in care of SPIN, and you may win one of the following:

One Grand Prize of an autographed 25th anniversary commemorative Flintstones poster, an original hand-painted animated cel, and an official Flintstones t-shirt.

24 Runner-Up Prizes of official Flintstones t-shirts.

Answers and winners' names will appear in a future issue.



Casio makes all the world your stage.

Music doesn't stand still. And neither does Casio. This year, our portable keyboards offer you even more features and higher performance than last year, at even lower prices. And any one of them will get you center stage.

Our MT-100, for only \$199.50, gives you 20 preset sounds, 12 auto rhythms and Casio's one-finger chord system. But what really sets it apart is its built-in five band graphic equalizer that lets you control tone for the melody, rhythm and accompaniment.

Although our 44-key MT-52 carries

a price tag of only \$149.50, it's got "Super Drums"—a unique drum section that allows you to control the pattern of drum elements, giving you up to 648 different sound variations.

Our compact MT-36 is the least expensive polyphonic keyboard in our line. For a trim \$129.50, it gives you a 44-key keyboard, plus a one-key auto accompaniment. As well as six preset sounds and four

rhythms. And for a playful \$69.95, our PT-82 gives you ROM pac technology. Not only is it the world's smallest player piano, its electronic Melody Guide

can even teach you how to play.

Wherever your travels take you, take along a Casio Keyboard.

You can depend on its performance to make your performance the best it can possibly be.





How to dance, part two

Those Red Hot Chili Peppers just can't sit still. Shoot, they dance in their sleep. In the bathtub they do The Swim. On airplanes they do The Fly. At the track they do The Pony. They may be young, white, and Hollywood, but in their hearts and pants they are funky all the way.

We asked the Red Hots to tell us their favorite dance and the unanimous reply was the Freaky Styley, which just happens to be the title of their new album on EMI Records. Singer Anthony and bassist Flea demonstrated the Freaky Styley for us in the Ballroom, high atop the fabulous SPIN Building.

Here's the Freaky Styley in the words of Mr. Anthony Kiedis: "The Freaky Styley is a combination of several moves all tied into one anarchic flurry.

"The first move is called the Robust Chest Perk, which is kind of a midair chest perking motion. That evolves into a Lower Crab Formation on the floor. Which turns into an even lower Worm-down. Which inspires back up into Somewhat-of-a-Slam. Which progresses into the final stage of a Shemp. The Shemp is borrowed from the Three Stooges, of course."

We asked Mr. Kiedis if he thought Shemp was the most underrated Stooge.

"Well, Shemp was as good as any of them. Shemp did the best he could. He was better than Curly Joe. And replacing Curly... well, you can't just step into his shoes. But he did his job."

As you can see the Freaky Styley is a remarkably aerobic, baroque, and expressive dance—utilizing the full body musculature, abnormal psychology, and full cardiovascular capacity.

As Kiedis comments: "Yeah, it's definitely a workout. I don't think Richard Simmons could do it."

—Glenn O'Brien



Anthony (long hair) and Flea (short hair)

GIVE THE GIFT THAT PROTECTS THEM ALL.



ALLSOP 

World Leaders in Hi-Tech Care Products

ALLSOP, Inc.; P.O. Box 23; Bellingham, WA 98227 U.S.A.; (206) 734-9090

Rockin' Rollover Productions Presents

Noteworthy Clothing To Play In



Deluxe black silk screening on high-quality white crew-neck sweatshirt, blended 50% cotton 50% acrylic fleece fabric, raglan sleeves with heavy-weight knit cuffs and waistband...

THE VERY BEST.

Available in adult sizes S(34-36), M(38-40), L(42-44), XL(46-48). \$19.95 plus

\$3.00 postage, handling and tax where applicable,

per item. Please allow 4-6 weeks delivery. Send check/money order along with your name, return address and size to:

CLOSET MONSTERS, P.O. Box 4137, Laguna Beach, CA 92652.

**If an album doesn't completely
captivate you, it isn't worth buying.**



The music should exhilarate you.
Leave you in awe of its originality.
Disarm you with its immediacy.
INXS can do all of this for you.
With their new album, "Listen Like Thieves,"
including the single, "This Time."
It's absolutely enthralling.

Produced by Chris Thomas

Management: MYMA Management, Chris Murphy / Gary Grant

Look for INXS on tour Fall '85 through Winter '86



On Atlantic Records and Cassettes

© 1985 Atlantic Recording Corp. A Warner Communications Co.

Has easy listening gone too far?

Inspired by the success of the Parents Music Resource Center, a group founded by prominent Washington wives to clean up rock music, a group of feminist Albany husbands has banded together to form Easy Does It, an organization devoted to cleaning up the sordid world of easy listening or MOR music.

Randolph Feldspar, the group's chairman, says easy listening poses a unique threat, because its damage is hard to spot at first. But under its casual, relaxed facade seethes a demon every bit as dangerous as that of violent, lewd, satanic rock 'n' roll.

"Easy listening can kill," declared Feldspar, as he related tales of countless drivers lulled to sleep by such apparently harmless artists as the Carpenters (including the late drug user Karen Carpenter) and environmentalist John Denver. "Week after week," noted Feldspar "hundreds of auto wrecks are found along the nation's highways, their radios still tuned to MOR stations."

According to Easy Does It, the soft sounds of so-called adult music, or "love songs, nothing but love songs," are filled with hidden sexual meanings. Feldspar cited the homosexual cruising in Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night," and the apparent masturbation in "I Did It My Way."



"You are not safe anywhere," declared Feldspar, noting that he had recently heard Donovan's "Mellow Yellow," a song about banana abuse, in an elevator.

Easy Does It is borrowing its rating codes from the PMRC: X for sexual references, D/A for drugs and alcohol, V for violence, and O for occult.

Some examples of Easy Does It's preliminary ratings.

V—(Violence): "Killing Me Softly" by Roberta Flack; "I've Got a Crush On You," by Linda Ronstadt; "Hit the Road Jack" by Ray Charles; "You Always Hurt the One You Love" by the Mills Brothers; and "Hurting Each Other" by the Carpenters.

X—(Sexual References): "All the Way" by Frank Sinatra; "Love For Sale" by Billie Holiday; "Yes" by Doris Day; and "Blow Gabriel Blow" by Bing Crosby.

D/A—(Drugs & Alcohol): "Rocky Mountain High" by John Denver; "Stardust" by Hoagy Carmichael; "I've Got You Under My Skin" by Vic Damone; "You Are My Sunshine" by Julio Iglesias; "Red Red Wine" by Neil Diamond; and "Candy Man" by Sammy Davis, Jr.

O—(Occult): "It's Magic" by Tony Bennett; "Witchcraft" by Frank Sinatra; "Don't Stand Under the Mistletoe" by various artists; and "That Ole Devil Moon" by Marie Osmond. —C.O.B.

Where Ike's at

Ike Turner's got a new band and new kettles and is on the comeback trail—sort of. The story so far:

Ike is holed up as far away from the spotlight as possible. He does not speak to the press for nine years. He doesn't speak to Tina for three. Then, last July, SPIN tracks him down and publishes the Ike Turner story. This excites

Ike into making a comeback.

He assembles a band including Marcie, a former Ikette, two other women, and some studio musicians. The Cannibal Agency sets up a tour.

On Thursday, Oct. 3, just before kickoff, Ike arrives in London to do some press, but his luggage, containing \$10,000 worth of new clothes, doesn't. Pissed he's in London when he should be rehearsing the band for that Saturday's opening gig in Philadelphia, he



Randy Mayer

calls his agent in New York to cancel the tour. The agent threatens to sue.

Ike returns to New York for a press conference at the Lone Star Cafe, which has booked him for the following Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The tour is on again. . . .

Ike still has not rehearsed the band, so he cancels the opening night show in Philly and the next night's show in Boston. The agent threatens to sue. Meanwhile, Ike's luggage is found, but sent to L.A. The Lone Star dates are cancelled. At press time, Ike is aboard a plane for L.A. His agent threatens to sue him for the clothes on his back.

BACK SPIN



You want back issues of SPIN, we have such.

You want ■■■ Madonna/Talking Heads/Sting/Annie Lennox/Pat Benatar/Keith Richards/Bruce Springsteen cover issues—we have them. It'll cost you, but we can be bought. \$3.00 per issue, \$2.50 per if you order three or more. For only ■■■ (a savings ■■■ absolutely nothing, actually) you could have the whole set!

Send check or money order with your name and address and indicate which issues you want, to SPIN BACK ISSUES, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, ■ 07109. Or call our toll free number 1-800-247-5470 and order by credit card. We'll send you the copies immediately, which means about four weeks (I don't know why).

THESE FOOLISH THINGS



Top left: some easy listeners taking it easy; middle: Ike Turner, inspired to make a comeback but stuck in limbo.



Teac



HiFi in the extreme

The Teac PD-300 Compact Disc Player won't add anything to your music. No hiss. No pops. No wow. No flutter. Which means nothing comes through but the music, pure and clear. Random memory programming lets you choose the selections you want to hear in the order you want to hear them. You can repeat, edit, search, and seek with the touch of a finger. When music is your passion, listen to Teac—made purely for music.

TEAC[®]

Material chroniony prawem autorskim

STICKS & STONES

Essay by Bob Guccione, Jr.

Rock censorship in perspective

The PMRC all but chokes on its indignation over the words of pop songs at a time when the illiteracy rate in this country is the highest ever.

We were all taught the simple truth "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me." And, of course, like all simple truths, we never learned it. We are a stupid race.

The fuss over words is as endless as it is invariably absurd. Because it is always intellectually stupefying, it is always easy to make fun of, but it is never funny. David must have looked pretty funny to Goliath, and, let's face it, the proposition was ridiculous, but David won. Ever since, smart people take nothing for granted. That is why, and only why, you see so much written about the Parents Music Resource Center, because basically their whole argument can be dismissed in two paragraphs, but the greater danger they represent can't.

The story so far: some women who are married to some politicians discover a box that is tightly closed and marked all over WARNING: DO NOT OPEN. This, of course, excites them to open it, as they are only human and it is a very human response to want to get your hands on something you're told you mustn't. The box apparently comes from somewhere, or is going to someone, called PANDORA—no matter, they are determined to have it open, and the thought that it may be none of their business does not occur to them.

The box is opened easily and . . . POW!

We wake up: September 19, Washington. The Senate hearings on rock bring the issue of whether or not records should be rated, and how, and to what degree, out of left field—make it right field—into national prominence.

All of a sudden America is taking the PMRC seriously. On TV, the radio, in newspapers and in magazines, we give great thought and pay much attention to artwork displaying a buzz saw between a man's legs and lyrics by groups whose only chance of anything approaching widespread recognition was the one in a million shot that, somewhere, an impromptu coffee klatch of bored suburban housewives would get

together, decide rock lyrics were dangerous, seek and discover the gimmickiest groups for the juiciest examples of violence, vulgarity, a morsel or two of Satanic suggestion, and, of course, the old standard, drug and alcohol abuse, then kick up a holy, self-righteous, misinformed campaign against the music. Which is what happened.

And let us not miss the irony: many hundred times more people have heard Tipper Gore's recital of W.A.S.P.'s "Fuck Like a Beast" than would ever have heard the group's version. W.A.S.P. does not sell many records, and that song had almost definitely never been played on commercial radio. The FCC won't allow records with profanity to air. Therefore, almost all records are made without profanity, because not getting played on the radio is virtually commercial suffocation. Tipper Gore brought "Fuck Like a Beast" and a few other obscure gems, including one about "anal vapors," to national TV. This is something not even K-Tel could do.

The Pandora's box opened is, of course, censorship. I don't think the Washington Wives, as the PMRC is more informally known, meant the harm they are causing. I think it was what I suggested earlier—nosy meddling in matters they do not fully comprehend. They repeatedly say they don't want censorship, and I'm sure they really believe they don't. They think rating records "acceptable" or "unacceptable," putting records with what are (to their tastes) offensive album graphics under a counter, getting record companies to use contracts as leverage to ensure artists don't record sexual/violent/otherworldly/drug- or alcohol-related songs, and preventing certain acts from performing live concerts isn't

censorship. They honestly, honestly do. If our problem began and ended with the PMRC, it would begin and end at the same point, like a wet match being struck. Unfortunately our problem begins with them releasing the latch on the metaphorical box and becomes the insidious contents of the box flung into the sky to fall like cultural acid rain. For instance, at least one major record chain has already told Capitol Records that it won't accept records with rating stickers—anybody's scarlet letters—on them, while another chain, Camelot, has been threatened with losing its mall-store leases if it stocks records deemed offensive. All Camelot's stores are in malls.

If you're a musician or songwriter, then you'd better only be in it for the money (and hope there is a resurgent demand for Abba, or, to stay on the safe side, Up With People). Once a board with power to classify records is unleashed on the recording industry, then who is going to want to/can afford to make songs that will be quarantined from the public like a plague virus? Next, artists will be dissuaded from making records that are too political. Don't think it can't happen. What's the difference?—the society that can accept the connection between the Night Stalker murderer in L.A. and an AC/DC record, or a teen suicide and a Pink Floyd song, and conclude that curbing the music is the answer to detoxifying the circumstances these types of tragedies occur in, then that is a society that can easily see the connection between a U2 song and a race riot or a high school lunchroom sit-in.

What most people don't realize is the whole rock censorship issue is already out of the PMRC's hands, already beyond them. It's fuel now available to every fanatical religious group in

America that sees Madonna and Prince and even Springsteen, cited by the PMRC for his pornographic anthem "I'm on Fire," as a trampoline to launch their basically medieval and always selfish views. Law or no law, "voluntary self-regulation" by the record companies or not, the ridiculous idea that there is evil in these wax discs has been seeded, and all over America local busybody groups will pressure for those records to be taken off sale.

One of the side effects of blaming rock for some of society's problems is failing to recognize more valid causes. The PMRC all but chokes on its indignation over the words of pop songs at a time when the illiteracy rate in this country is the highest ever. Imagine if these concerned mothers had raised some objections about the pathetically inept school system in America, or had used their political clout—"access," Mrs. Gore called it—to lobby for educational improvements! For that matter, why doesn't the national PTA concern itself more with educating school children and less with shielding them from harmless words in heavy-metal fantasies?

Science backs up what the poets have always said: don't be afraid of words. For all the claims that "porn rock" adversely affects youth, there is absolutely no scientific evidence. Dr. Roger Desmond, who specializes in children and media and is a visiting fellow in Yale's Department of Psychology, told *The New York Times* recently: "A lot of people have studied rock lyrics, and they haven't been able to find any effects at all. In one study, it was found that if you ask a high school student to tell you the story of his favorite popular song, he can't."

Personally, I think a lot of heavy metal is rubbish. I think a lot of rock is rubbish, and a lot of operas, and classical music too. I think a lot of my work is rubbish. But I don't think any of it is sinful. Censorship is sinful, and that's what rating records is and would lead to further-reaching consequences of. Our society of all societies has not only survived freedom of expression, it has grown up healthy because of it. ☺

EURYTHMICS

THEIR NEW ALBUM "BE YOURSELF TONIGHT"

FEATURES THE HITS:
"Would I Lie To You?"
"There Must Be An Angel
(Playing With My Heart)"

PLUS
**"SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT
FOR THEMSELVES"**
(A DUET WITH
ARETHA FRANKLIN)

Every few years or so a record comes out that captures the attention of a generation. We believe that "Sisters Are Doin' It For Themselves" is just such a record. More than just a plea for women's unity, "Sisters" is that rarest of songs: a universal anthem. Previewed at a convention of record store managers, "Sisters" had the jaded industry veterans on their feet, cheering. And you can dance to it. A certified masterpiece by the Queen of Soul and the Queen of Pop. Would I lie to you?

Available on LP or Cassette

musicland
We Bring Entertainment To Life!

RCA
Records and Cassettes

Disk(s) © Registered • Master(s) Registered(s) RCA Corporation © 1985 RCA/A&I International



Laura Levine

10,000 MANIACS

They're not R.E.M.—they're 10,000 Maniacs. And their new album *The Wishing Chair* is upbeat, folksy, and unusually straightforward.

Article by Sue Cummings

Natalie Merchant writes lyrics and sings them for the Jamestown, New York group, 10,000

Maniacs. "Someone was kidding around and said that I was the girl in Lone Justice's dark side. My lyrics tend to be a bit serious and sometimes gloomy."

10,000 Maniacs started their own Christian Burial Records, which produced a five-song EP, *Human Conflict*, and an LP, *Secrets of the I Ching*. With isolated Jamestown as base for their East Coast touring, they literally sold the records from the back of their bus.

In the U.K., influential DJ John Peel played them on his show, after which the band's momentum built quickly. Last year they played gigs throughout Europe at a time when most Americans hadn't even heard their records. For a band supposedly part of an American reawakening, breaking first in Europe seems like a contradiction in terms.

The group's sound draws heavily on folk, bluegrass, and country roots at a time when Britain has also experienced a revival of interest in traditional music. Guitarist John Lombardo lists some of his favorite English "folk/punk" bands: the Men They Couldn't Hang, the Boothill Foot-Tappers, the Pogues. He also mentions older artists: Sandy Denny, Country Gazette, and, in particular, Fairport Convention, whose producer, Joe Boyd, also produced the new 10,000 Maniacs LP, *The Wishing Chair*, on Elektra. Coincidentally, this year Boyd also

produced R.E.M.'s *Fables of the Reconstruction*. Natalie: "We independently thought of him at the same time. He's in demand now. When we were in the studio, the Violent Femmes and the Washington Squares also called him up. Everyone compares us to R.E.M. anyway, and we were afraid people were going to say we followed them into the studio. In fact, we used the same studio. If you look on the record, we also used the same mastering, engineering, even the same tape boy. That's evidence that we are not the same band. The albums sound totally different!"

At 21, Natalie's intellect leaves her bored with the endless categorizations. When the band began playing six years ago in a factory loft in Jamestown, it was not The Next Big Thing that mattered.

Her interest in writing grew spontaneously from her singing. "I don't feel like I've been influenced by other bands. I'm influenced by the people I meet, the things I see. The main thing I looked for when I joined this band was to make enough money to go to school. But I think traveling has been better. I have a lot of free time; you wait four hours for a sound check or you ride eight hours on a bus. I keep a journal on the road, then when I get home I piece things together, try to remember what I've seen. And I write lots of letters. Real interesting people write to the information address that we put on our records. We've had letters

from Poland, Japan, Sweden, Switzerland, and Germany."

Natalie's lyrics, which cover such themes as social hypocrisy, nuclear war, and human rights, display a maturity that belies her age. In the music, they are often hidden by upbeat melodies and danceable, lightly acoustic beats.

"When we play we have the attitude that we're not going to storm around, wear black shrouds, and say, 'Life's miserable, and we want to kill ourselves.' That's not the way we feel. We feel really privileged to lead the kind of lives that we do. When we perform, it's a celebration. People aren't going to understand what I'm saying anyway, with the way sound systems are and the way that I sing, so I'd prefer that there's a division between our live performance and our recorded one. When it's recorded you have the lyric sheet and the message is there."

Just mention "the new authenticity" around 10,000 Maniacs. Go ahead. I dare you. 10,000 Maniacs are simply playing the music they enjoy and are happy to have found an audience for it. Within rock's stifling climate of premeditated commercialism, here's the big revival: it's an organic approach to listener rapport, like this—you like us, we like you.

Above: Natalie Merchant. Not pictured: Robert Buck, Jerry Augustyniak, Steven Gustafson, John Lombardo, and Dennis Drew.

Guitarist Bob Mould vamps
on the voodoo that Hüsker Dü do so well.
Flip your wigs.

Interview by Drew Wheeler
and Mike Welch

Hüsker Dü's music smells like grainy old film stock to me, like a trip to the local repertory cinema to see Dziga Vertov's avant-garde experiments in which thousands of black and white images of daily life in Russia are spliced together into a pastiche as violent as everyday life. Except that Hüsker Dü, in addition to being the second or third greatest group of rock 'n' roll superheroes in the world, happens to be a quintessentially American task force of working-class bohunks dealing with the here and now by way of the way back then, when bass/drums/guitar ruled the world.

Hüsker Dü (the name comes from a formerly popular board game) means "Do you remember?" in Swedish. I'm always amazed by how this

never really know." The response: "You gotta keep hangin' on." Tried and true, sure, but I get all the minimorality I need from the group's behemoth electric noise and brilliant versions of "Eight Miles High," "Love Is All Around," and "Helter Skelter."

The following interview is a montage of sorts itself, in which two separate Bob Mould conversations—one with Drew Wheeler, the other with Mike Welch of Minneapolis radio station KABL—are spliced together for maximum effect. SPIN suggests: Turn it up.

—Richard Gehr

How does Flip Your Wig differ from Hüsker Dü's earlier records?

Some of it is less live-oriented and more studio-oriented, more listening-oriented. There's also more emphasis on the vocals, they're a little more out-front. The general sound overall is a lot cleaner, a lot more defined. You can hear what's going on. On *New Day Rising* and *Zen Arcade* I think we consciously buried the vocals. This time we said, "Let's put them out front so people can hear what's going on." I think it paid off. Also, the songwriting's a lot better. Everything has progressed. The production is the main thing: clearer vocals and less emphasis on guitar, the crazy solos... I think we're a little out of that now. Not that we're out of it live.

The B-side of your latest single is a cover version of "Love Is All Around," The Mary Tyler Moore Show theme, and you've previously released a slightly altered version of the Gilligan's Island theme. Are there any other TV themes you think are worth playing? Not offhand, no. I don't know why "Gilligan's Island" got rewritten in the first place. The Mary thing started as a joke for encores in Minneapolis, our hometown. Then we did it on the road. When we went in to record *Flip Your Wig* last March we said, "Let's do it." At first we thought it was sort of funny to do it in town, then it became a nationwide joke. We're into Minneapolis, but we're not the chamber of commerce or anything. It's a cool song. The guy who wrote it, Sonny Curtis, also wrote "I Fought the Law," so there's nothing wrong with the song.

What inspired you to start playing guitar? I picked up the guitar in '76. It was probably the first Ramones album. I figured that if they could do it, anybody could.

Did you play with anybody before Greg and Grant? No. This is my first and probably only band; I don't think I'll get another band after this. In '77 or '78 I was going to a school called Macalester in St. Paul. Grant was working in a record store right down the street. We ran into each other and had common interests, mainly music. Grant knew Greg from the record business, and we just said, "Heck, let's start a band." Our first show was March 30, 1979, at a place called the Randolph Inn. The first record was January '81, that was the *Statue* single. January '82 was the *Land Speed Record*, January '83 was *Everything Falls Apart*, October '83 was *Metal Circus*, May '84 was "Eight Miles High," July '84 was *Zen Arcade*, and January '85 was *New Day Rising*.

Your first LP, Land Speed Record, was an extreme hardcore statement.

GARAGE SALE



Leo Hahn

psychopowerpoppunk trio from Minneapolis—guitarist Bob Mould, drummer Grant Hart, and bassist Greg Norton—can plop me in the way-back machine and force me to feel as great about sheer sonic substance as when I first discovered the magic's in the music and the music's in me. Both live and through the band's most potent recordings, Hüsker Dü revives the deepest race memories of just exactly what raking strings and bashing drum heads at superhigh volumes can mean.

Hüsker Dü history is taken care of in the following interview(s) with guitarist Bob Mould. As for the present, their latest album, *Flip Your Wig*, finds the group levitating its supplicating vocals from the mix's mire and further into the forefront, blending them even more appropriately into their miasma of high-end hysteria. I don't know about you, but for me Hüsker Dü represents a non-negotiable demand for autonomy in this, the most mismanaged of all possible worlds. *Zen Arcade*'s apocalyptic anthems were quickly superseded by *New Day Rising*'s relatively upbeat tracks. *Flip Your Wig* catches them in the uncomfortable position of band-with-the-answers. The question: "Someone wants to know if I know all the answers, or am I just guessing? / Guess we'll



Monica Doe

Yeah, we played really really fast and kept it together; and we did it live with no overdose. Most bands are used to "Let's put out five records and then do a live album." We just said, "Let's do a live album first." By the way, we do have a live album in the can, but I don't know if it's ever gonna make it out or not. It's a full 24-track recording, all mixed and ready to go. We may do a cassette. We also have a three-camera video that goes with it.

How do you feel about your older records now that they're part of Hüsker Dü history? Do you still like them?

Not as much as I used to, but I'm not ashamed of them; they're part of the band's history. Without the earlier records, the latest wouldn't have happened. You progress; you can't look back too often. We have a lot of old songs, too. I think we've come full circle. When we started out we were real melodic, then we got real aggressive, then we got real depressing, then we got real noisy, then we got sort of melodic again and sort of quiet, now we're loud but melodic. We've been through just about everything, from experimental jazz up to straight acoustic ballads and heavy metal. I think with the last three albums we've

done just about everything that needs to be done. And for every song we record there's probably at least three that have been thrown out.

I've heard that you consider the Beatles and the Who to be big influences on your music.

I guess it sounds pompous to say they are influences. They're not really influences, but groups where I hear a lot of things I enjoy. The Who were pretty big thinkers for their time, Townshend in particular. The Beatles were just chameleonlike; they changed so quickly toward the end. They did all kinds of crazy stuff. I think *Rubber Soul* and *Revolver* are their two best albums overall. We do "Ticket to Ride," and we do a real good version of "Helter Skelter." "Strawberry Fields Forever" is on tap.

Does the band have any favorite TV shows?

I don't know. I used to like *NBC News Overnight*. Wrestling. We're not gonna get into wrestling again, though; not another interview about wrestling.

What music do you listen to?

Oh, Cher [laughs], H.P. Lovecraft, I don't know...I really don't listen to much new music. Right now I like

a band we've played with, the Volcano Suns from Boston. There's also this band from Louisville called Squirrel Bait that I think is real good. They have an album coming out on Homestead Records and, to be honest, it's on a par with anything we've done.

You guys recently signed with Warner Bros. Do you think the company sees another Prince in Hüsker Dü? No, definitely not, that's not what they're looking for with us. They're looking for what's already there. I don't know if I'm trying to flatter myself, but I think Hüsker Dü's a kind of diamond in the rough right now. I think the fact that we've put out five records in six years with the same members and have done all this touring ourselves is a little testament to the band. And we're not planning on going away; we're just starting right now. We may end up like the Grateful Dead, we may be around in 15 years; I wouldn't doubt it. As long as we still have fun with it, we'll always be around.

Could Hüsker Dü ever "cross over," as they say in the industry?

From AOR to white trash or what?

To appeal to a broader group of people.

We don't have any control over whether we cross over or not; that's not part of the plan. The plan is to record another album and write the songs we all just write. If anything else happens, so be it.

Will Hüsker Dü ever make a video?

Yeah, we've got two of 'em done: "Makes No Sense at All" and "Love Is All Around."

Who produced them?

We did.

Did you direct them yourselves, too?

Tried. We worked with some avant-garde filmmakers

Opposite page: Greg Norton, Grant Hart, and Bob Mould dü it all. Above: Greg gets down to bassics. Below: A modestly pictured Bob Mould.



Monica Doe

The Panasonic Penwriter Electronic Typewriter. It types in color. Corrects errors. Even works with computers. It's a lot smarter than your average typewriter.

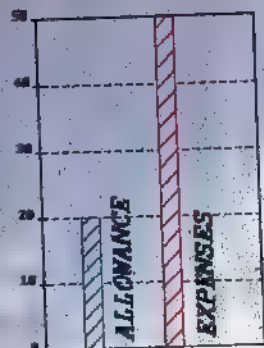


Dear Mom and Dad,

WOW! MY PANASONIC PENWRITER
IS SO-O-O CREATIVE. THANK

What a super gift. I mean like **BIG** type. **small** type. And even *italic* type. And **FOUR** colors I can change with a button. No matter what paper I type on, it looks great. And look Ma, **NO ERRORS**. I can see all my mistakes in the little window **BEFORE** I print them. (If neatness counts, maybe I'll get better grades this term.)

It's got a great memory. And I bet you didn't know it works with computers... **Hint. Hint.** Plus it makes charts and stuff that are unbelievable.



This is a chart of my allowance versus my **expenses**.

But the best thing is, it's so little and light, I can study anywhere. Which has done lots for my social life.

Speaking of which, I've made lots of **SUPER** friends. You're gonna love **MOOSE**. He plays football and I'm helping him pass **English**.

Well, gotta run. Moose is waiting.

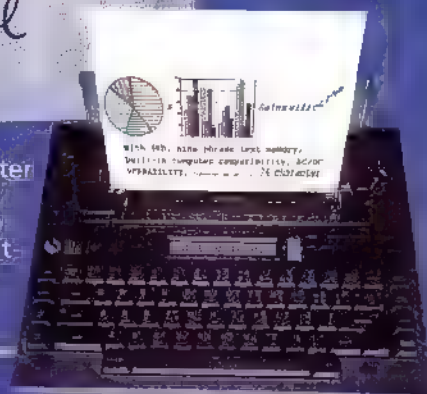
P.S. I cut my hair.
It's real **HOT**.
It's **REAL** short.

XXX000
Ginnie



The amazing Panasonic RK-P400C Penwriter has 10 character sizes. A 24-character LCD display. And even a convenient correction system for black ink characters. It's compatible with most computers. And it has 4K memory. Shouldn't every student have a friend this smart?

AC/DC Batteries Included!



Panasonic

Just slightly ahead of our time.



THE PANASONIC LAS VEGAS PRO-AM
APRIL 30-MAY 4, 1986. CALL 1-800-333-3333
SEE IT ON NBC

and tried to make them like pop videos, without any of the trappings. Very down-to-earth, without tricks or anything. These people were more experimental, it was interesting. You see, the thing with Hüsker Dü is, when people ask—and I guess this goes back to the crossing over or the changing or whatever—we always try to present ourselves as commercially as possible, believe it or not. But it never comes out that way [laughs]. If we just tried to be abrasive it would be so noisy no one would ever understand it. In our minds we think we're the ultimate pop band. Something's getting lost in the translation. We do strive to be commercial and it doesn't seem to work [laughs].

What are your personal political leanings?
Probably completely noncommittal. Isolationist?

Personally isolationist as opposed to nationally?
Yes, personally. I'm not a politician so I don't understand what's supposed to be good or bad. You know, if they start imposing martial law, I'm gonna get a little upset. I think Americans still have more freedom than anybody else to do pretty much whatever they want. As long as they don't start putting the big foot on top of our heads. I've got my own little things that I think are screwed up, but I don't go on record with it because I don't want to influence anybody's political thinking. We're having a hard enough time influencing people to take a look at their own reality.

Is punk dead?
Nope. You can still buy it at the K-Mart. You can still

buy it at the record store. You can still buy it at the hairdressing salon. When hardcore was cool—hey, man, when hardcore was cool [laughs] there was no rules. Throbbing Gristle was cool, too. But all of a sudden somebody started putting the rules on it. Somebody started telling everybody what was right or wrong or that you couldn't drink and that you had to have your hair shorter than this or that. Everything became another peer group and another subset. We just sort of looked at it and said, "Wow, that's really fucked." That was what punk wasn't supposed to be. Punk rock used to be fun. People used to go out and have a couple of beers and listen to people make fun of things in songs. Bands used to take the starch out of everyday bullshit. Then it became too much; it took itself way too seriously as a movement as opposed to individual parts.

Have people either changed with it or dropped it?
Anybody who's involved with it—it affects the way they look at things. I don't know about the people involved in it; I'm not sure what they're trying to do anymore. A lot of it is politically motivated right now, as it has been. Punk became serious about politics with no real idea of how to initiate change, sort of like an inside joke. The fact that punk is dead or alive or in a coma doesn't really matter.

Do people feel they have to behave "punk" at your shows anymore?
I hope not. We don't like people jumpin' and knockin' our shit over. Each club has a different policy, so club behavior is fairly dictated by where we play. But we can instigate behavior, too. We can start a riot

really easily. It only takes a couple of songs. All we have to do is pull "Helter Skelter" out, that'll do it, or "Masochism World" or something earlier. We can pretty much instigate any kind of emotion we want.

If Hüsker Dü knew there would only be seven minutes left before the missiles fell, which one of your songs would you play?

"Makes No Sense at All," though any of them would be appropriate. Anyway, we like the sound of the bomb going off.

Does your cover version of "Eight Miles High" make you feel like you're winning or losing?

It makes me feel like I'm winning. It makes me feel good. A lot of people interpret the catharsis—or all the tiny, scary angst, frustration, or whatever—as negative. Quite on the contrary, if you're frustrated, let it out. That's what makes you feel good.

Do you still play long instrumentals as encores?

We add them when the show asks for it; it depends on what the level of weirdness is that particular night. And you can tell, you can feel it coming back at you. We've done things where we've played the same two notes for 45 minutes as an encore and pinned people to the wall. It depends on the kind of effect you want to put across on people and on what they want. You can look at them and tell after about a half-hour what the deal is, and whether you're gonna put the experimental wig on or put the rock 'n' roll wig on and keep it on, or whichever other wig is going on. Hüsker Dü wears many wigs.



Greg Norton



Hear to eternity. This Panasonic with auto-reverse lets the music go on forever.

Now the end of the tape doesn't mean the end of the music. Because auto-reverse in this Platinum Series™ AM/FM stereo cassette recorder plays one side after another. Automatically. So your favorite music never has to stop at the end of the tape.

Just one listen and you won't want it to stop. With Panasonic Ambience™, you'll hear sound that surrounds you like ordinary stereo can't. Plus four preset equalizers to tailor that sound just the way you want. And our two-way stereo

speakers lift the magic of the music to new heights.

For auto-reverse in a three-piece, listen to this great sounding Panasonic Platinum Plus. With features that rival your home system.

Pick up a Panasonic with auto-reverse. So the moment never has to end.



Panasonic Platinum Plus RX-C20

Batteries not included.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

Zoogz Rift, Yoko Ono, Stevie Wonder, Todd Rundgren, New Model Army, Lester Bowie, Big Daddy, Golden Palominos, Prefab Sprout, Simon F, and Bobby Womack.

SPINS

Edited by Rudy Langlais



Edward Rosen

Platter du Jour

Zoogz Rift
Interim Resurgence
Snout

I first discovered Zoogz Rift's rabid riffs six years ago while rooting through the 88-cent bins of Aron's Records in Los Angeles. An unopened copy of *Idiot's on the Miniature Golf Course* by Zoogz's Micro Mastodons glowed amid scratched Jim Nabors reissues, while a dedication to Don Van Vliet (Captain Beefheart) on the back cover clinched it. The music was a hilariously vulgar, surreal, and self-consciously brainy package obviously recorded by a cadre of Zappa/Beefheart devotees. Since then, a progression of albums and tapes—*Music Sucks*, *None of Your Damn Business*, *Can You Smell My Genitals From Where You're Standing?*, *Amputees in Limbo*, *Phase III*, and *Ipecac*—by Rift and his latest group, the Amazing Shitheads, enrich my life.

Zoogz Rift is a man with a vision, and *Interim Resurgence* is almost, dare I say it, "conceptual" in scope, alternating brilliant songs (you know, with words) and

instrumental interludes (Rift knows what he needs from his loyal musician friends). It's like this: for the past couple of years, Zoogz has referred to himself as Moamo Zoogz Rift, an honorary designation of dubious origin (according to my dictionary, however, a moa is "any of various usually very large extinct flightless ratite birds of New Zealand").

Interim Resurgence, therefore, marks Rift's "Moamo incubation period (mutatis mutandis)," which will last till the end of this year (he threatens to emerge as a professional wrestler at the end of his next phase). The brisk, melodic, and—by gum—rockin' title track/statement of purpose elaborates: "Ugly deformed children climbing up your back / Don't wanna take them with you so you try some ipecac / When everything else has failed there's one thing left to do / You conclude that mutatis mutandis is good for you."

Rift has never suffered fools gladly. Over the years, on record and in concert, he's lashed out at the lame-brains who program the airwaves and minds of an audience that—at worst—subjects him to mocking derision and—at best—tolerates his dadaist and misanthropic crusade. "X-Ray Girls" combines soothing "T-bar guitar" with the bemused observation that "They're not holograms, they're X-ray girls / Little chit-chat

skulls." But shit, he doesn't know what's going on any more than the next overweight knucklehead, and admits as much in "With the Necessary Changes Having Been Made" ("Why should the outcome of my philosophy have any effect on me? / Why am I thinking these things? / I am not looser than clams").

Though still acidly humorous and guitar crazed, Rift's Zappa sycophancy is long gone. ZR relates to FZ like the latter does to Varèse or Stravinsky. Rift clearly has a conceptual continuity of his very own these days; it's displayed here during several moments of near serenity. "Spit in the Fog," which closes the record, is a fond adios during which Moamo describes an almost Poe-like landscape while a noble anthem builds underneath for several minutes. It's a corny kind of nobility, but oddly exhilarating nonetheless, so just dig it: "I have been called upon by the ultimate to fulfill my greatest destiny—eternal peace within the magnanimous confines of our perceived celestial boundaries. Until something else better comes along in the sacred year of the Moamo." Like I said, a man with a vision.

(Rift/Snout: 19119 Victory Blvd., #16, Reseda, CA 91335)

—Richard Gehr



Yoko Ono
Starpeace
Polygram

Stepping out of widow's weeds into Dr. Joyce Brothers whites may well be a sign of sanity and maturity for Yoko Ono, but the halo she wears with it looks suspiciously like a space cadet's headgear—and it's out of place on a turntable, dulling my stylus and my ears.

The trouble here is Yoko seems to have all the answers. *Starpeace* addresses the problems of the world and living in the '80s the way former cult-hero Tom Laughlin did in *The Trial of Billy Jack*, using a catalog of tendentious aphorisms in a freaky, comic book personification of feel-good wholesomeness.

God knows the lady's got a right—she has suffered and lived and is RICH—but songs like "Sky People" and "I Love You, Earth" go a bit beyond the fundamental empathy we feel with her. When Kate Bush arrived at optimism on the remarkable *Hounds of Love*, it resolved the album's musical and emotional drama, but here, Yoko's sing-song merely describes a toy boat adventure in pithy terms and tinkly settings that are too nice and too bright by half.

The single "Hell in Paradise" is as tough as the record gets ("Under qualified for love, over qualified for life / Vandalized by insanity, desensitized by brutality, jeopardized by lunacy / Dancing on hot coals, waiting for the last call"). It's a discolored sermon of stunning, determined banality.

Bill Laswell's typical Materialist production has a shadow-song effect. His electronic whomping and shuffling casts the ideas Yoko has strung together into the shape and sound of songs, although

they're anything but. Nona Hendryx, Bernie Worrell, Eddie Martinez, and Sly and Robbie fill in the background to a similarly misleading effect, as though Yoko's bromides were spirituals or something to get churchy about. The production, which is hip enough to make these topical ditties a perfect sound effects LP for magazine-format TV shows (file under "Oh no, Yoko"), mistakenly forces *Starpeace* onto the rock market despite its actual concept.

This is a Sesame Street album for children who think *My Weekly Reader* has been withholding the Truth. "I Love All of Me" borrows the kindergarten reggae of the Tom Tom Club as Yoko defends "people who cry for their land" and promotes "live and let live" as a Golden Rule. "Hey, I've got an idea," Yoko says. "Why don't we just burn the crosses, instead of people?" Oh, no.

"Children Power," a sententious yet punchy march, is the album's strongest cut. And for kids who know only Julian as a singing Lennon, Yoko eulogizes John in "King of the Zoo," a fold-out depiction of rock 'n' roll history.

Sean Lennon appears on the title cut in a replay of the birthday phone call in 2001, and the sweet-tempered "You and I" is a touching damaged-family ode complete with a whistled fade-out like the old *Andy Griffith Show* theme song. *Starpeace* is by no means terrible music—Yoko speaks (you couldn't call it singing) to the public more directly, if condescendingly, than ever. Still, the album's placidity and earnestness make embarrassing claims on our emotions. It's something Yoko may never be able to overcome and something only a son could love.

—Armond White



Prefab Sprout
Two Wheels Good
Epic

Since Prefab Sprout doesn't make the kind of record that screams LISTEN TO ME OR I'LL TEAR YOUR FUCKING THROAT OUT, some justification of the following valentine is probably in order. Singer/songwriter Paddy McAloon and his Irish quartet are the subtlest, most rewardingly literary of the justifiably maligned post-Costello brigade of EEL (English Easy Listening) bands. You know, groups such as Aztec Camera, Gene Loves Jezebel, Everything But the Girl, the Smiths—and anything on the Cherry Red label—with their precious names and haircuts. (God knows "Prefab Sprout" is a nauseating name, too, the clockwork orange connection notwithstanding. McAloon claims it comes from his mishearing the line "hotter than a pepper sprout" in Nancy Sinatra's and Lee Hazlewood's classic "Jackson".)

But Prefab Sprout is fairly fabulous, a commodity to be reckoned with. The group's debut LP, *Swoon*, contained uniquely knotty songs about guilt and God played in a folksy-funky-country manner. *Two Wheels Good*—titled Steve McQueen in England; was something about diseased tough guys intended?—was (mainly) produced by Thomas ("Automatically Cool 'Cause He Works With George Clinton") Dolby. It has a smoother, more robust flavor, a headier bouquet, and may safely accompany either meat, chicken, or fish. Though equally seductive, it sounds milder than its predecessor—reduced vocal and instrumental chicanery probably equaling broader radio airplay—but we can still deal with it; these numbers carve their way into your head.

Stephen Foster, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, Stephen Sondheim, Lennon/McCartney, Elvis Costello, Difford/Tilbrook, Jimmy Webb, and Faron Young are among the many manly ghosts lurking among Paddy McAloon's lyrics, with all the luggage this noble and abused tradition of tune carries; all these songs could be sung by either Ella Fitzgerald or Dusty Springfield—a tribute to their universal-ity.

McAloon writes tunes that lift country and western's most hallowed subject matter, Christianity, onto a higher plane: ("He only wants what he can't have / So when he gets it / He's as good as bad"). The same temptation-consummation-guilt triad dominates both realms, and McAloon commands a complex convent of images to bolster what seems to be a

moral: Desire rules, love sucks, and give it a rest, 'cause you'll never get to heaven if you break my heart. And who could imagine a literary or songwriting tradition minus adultery addressed here in the song "Horsin' Around" (which, musically at least, blames it on the bossa nova)—or romance, lust, guilt, loss, desire, loneliness, appetite, temptation, death? There's also a dead girl right out of the Louvin Brothers songbook ("Bonny"), songs of innocence and experience ("When the Angels" and "Faron," respectively), and a prodigal son ("Movin' the River").

I confess that the usual sensitive singer-songwriter crap almost always makes me squeal with boredom, but McAloon delivers the bacon here. *Two Wheels Good*, as the title suggests, is.

—Richard Gehr



New Model Army
Vengeance
Abstract Records

No Rest For the Wicked
EMI

"Go!" blurts Slade the Leveler in the opening second of *Vengeance*, New Model Army's debut album. It's a startling shock of a shout delivered with the sudden intensity to blast a casual listener to unwitting consciousness. New Model Army does not make musical wallpaper. Over a time bomb tick-tock of drum sticks clicking against each other and sawing bass, the New Model Army prepares their attack. "There's an army coming, screaming out at its rebirth / Hellfire back here on earth / See the light in their eyes shine / Listen to their words like swords."

Though those lyrics were written about the intolerance of born-again Christians, they could easily be an introduction to the band. The New Model Army makes new model gospel with slashing words and chords and an evangelical zeal glistening in their eyes. Theirs is a gospel of private conscience and social morality rather than an allegiance to any theology.

Like a Sunday schooler discovering that some people would rather sin, their gospel feeds on outrage: Man does not always care for his fellow man, and precepts taught in church can be twisted to justify anything, especially evil. "The right-wing respectable clampdown clan," they continue, "find their figurehead in a holy man / Here come the Christians, an hysterical mob / Worshipping the Devil

in the name of God." Forget praising the Lord's name. Forget everything about classic gospel. The Army doesn't care about Religion. "Everybody likes a righteous cause," they accuse. "Everything forgotten in holy wars."

One of the most powerful and searing albums of 1984, *Vengeance* is available only as an import through Abstract Records, 35 Kempe Rd., London NW6, England.

On the basis of that album the New Model Army were signed to EMI (Capitol in the U.S.). The result is a second album, *No Rest For the Wicked*, which takes their densely packed power chords and adrenaline-edged whispers through 11 more excursions. Imagine the kind of socio-statements the Clash made without a bottom-line political philosophy mucking up their point of view. Liberals and conservatives are equally to blame for problems in the New Model world, as is the news at 10. Like *London Calling*—era Clash, their music is mid-tempo and melodic, delivered in a style that couldn't have evolved without punk, but which has no actual punk beat or constituency behind it.

Behind New Army's sound is a big kick drum which bashes out a thumping beat, layered with a bold echo. Everything they do is full of echo, more so on *No Rest* than on *Vengeance*. One can chalk that up to the U2 syndrome of mid-'80s record production. If echo is good for U2, it must be good for every other band. Rob Heaton's percussion, echo and all, is part of what makes the Army special. From the wooden shoe clomp of "Grandmother's Footsteps" to slow-pounding Tylenol territory, it provides character, not just pacing, for the band's tunes.

Clacking like a woodpecker, howling like a cat, and unafraid to go acoustic for a string-stressing, hard-struck folk sound, Leveler's guitars can't be discounted either. Since there are only three members in the band, they all have to be good, and Stuart Morrow doesn't disappoint. His chunky, grated bass lines on the title cut form the backbone of its insomniac scream as drums pound out a polka-tromp. With a slithering roll of hard crashed rockabilly guitar, growled "have mercy" exclamations, and jabbered inserts of gossiping crowd, "Young, Gifted & Skint" proves the band is more than a collection of words. The music would speak for itself even if you didn't understand English.

No Rest For the Wicked finds New Model Army still writing songs of moral outrage, unrestrained by any major label safety latch. Their disillusioned railings against a God-worshipping but immoral world remain intact: "No rights were ever given to us by the grace of God / No rights were ever given by some United Nations clause / Yes, I will fight for my country / Fight all the powers who would abuse our common laws." In an era when even rock music is calculated to work as Muzak so nothing stands out on the radio to make you possibly look up, stop to think, and maybe change the channel, it's a shock to hear something intelligent and pointed in release on a major label in the United States of Homogeneity.

—Andrea 'Enthal

Stevie Wonder In Square Circle Motown

These things never do fall from the sky, like factory emissions and birdshit. But if they did (if your mother had skates she'd be a hooker on wheels!), and if this record had just plopped down on the welcome mat one early A.M., you might think—hmm. Real slick and pretty nice. The used record store won't get this one.

But we're thinking of Stevie Wonder's new *In Square Circle*, and that's too bad. The problem with Wonder is his records come with a big kit bag full of advance press, peremptory flak about his stature as a great man, a true artist, a visionary, a master rhythmist... which is gross and a severe obstruction. When you listen to his records of the past few years, you're constantly looking over your shoulder at the STEVIE WONDER LEG-END, and no matter how much you don't care about it, the Leg' is still there, still fucking with your head.

Perhaps it's fucked with his, too. Because if people had stopped calling him a genius, and if he hadn't gained the global fame (and the killing servile entourage) that cuts you off from contact with things like the world and people, we'd get something more than *In Square Circle*, a pleasant muttering (as always) packaged as a Major Statement.

The snide thing to do would be to point out how close the current, merely first, hit "Part-Time Lover" is to Hall and Oates's "Maneater." Much more apt would be to say that it does to Daryl and John what Grandmaster Flash did to a miserable little Liquid Liquid doodle on

"White Lines": i.e., push it, embellish it, and end up owning it by making it better, really, than itself. Unlike a lot of the tunes here, "Part-Time Lover" has a rise and fall—there's a story, a complete set of lyrics. Mostly, Wonder cops out half-way through, painting a scene or supplying characters but then repeating verses to the fade-out.

A bigger problem is that while he doesn't seem plugged into the more mundane and anchoring facts of this world, he's not copping to a window on any other. "Whereabouts" and "Never in Your Sun" pile on the mystagogy, but the cosmologies offered here aren't any deeper than, say, Mötley Crüe's. And what does he say about the part of the world his two feet are planted on? "Land of La La" is a put-down of Los Angeles about 10 years too late. And his anti-apartheid song, "It's Wrong," has righteousness on its side—I just wish it had computer sequencing with some punch. How can it be that Wonder was more worked up about drunk driving (on *The Woman in Red* sound track) than about the terrorist Botha?

"It's Wrong," like all of *In Square Circle*, is modest and professionally constructed, an effort that probably didn't take long to put together. Where's the painstaking alchemist who conjured the wack lyricism of *Journey Through the Secret Life of Plants*—underrated, yes. Where's the energy and comedy of the man who turns into a mercurial mimic between songs—sometimes in the middle of songs!—on stage? The lights are on, but nobody's home.

—R.J. Smith



Simon F Gun Chrysalis

Unlike Sheila E., Tina B, Kenny G, and Wendy O., Simon F doesn't rely on a catchy name or cosmetic image and production to get his point across. After recording three singles with Simon G as Interferon, Simon F parted amicably with G and has recorded one of the most surprising debut solo efforts of the year. Though *Gun* will probably be a real sleeper, it's a very effective intro to a talented new artist.

It opens with a great reworking of the Hoodoo Gurus' "I Want You Back." Simon's version is a lot gutsier, though he isn't afraid to add a finely honed production shimmer. His best characteristic is his ability to make straight-out rock with enough recording craftsmanship to complement fully his vocal talents and promise as a songwriter. His vocal style may be his most unique and powerful asset. He sings with a teasing swagger that's viscerally irresistible.

However, Simon is no preening poseur. His highly charged rocking music and his near desperate lyrical pleas are anything but frivolous. On his reworking of Interferon's "Baby Pain," Simon begins to expose his torment, but then becomes tauntingly raucous on the Interferon-sounding "Baby Doll Love." On "Phones" he shows that synths can be a part of today's more aggressive music without sounding stale or forced, and on "Perfect World," the final track of side one, he completely changes gears with jazzy orchestrations. It's one of the best songs on the album and an indication that Simon F is a very versatile artist, with an eye toward the future.

Side two's opening track, "A Million Miles From Happiness," reveals Simon's inner torment in such lines as "I don't believe in God / I don't believe in love." There is a lot of this deadpan nihilism throughout *Gun*, and one wonders how someone so mournful could come up with such a good record. "Hungry Life" highlights Simon's sparse approach to Eurodisco, and "Man Mad Drum" shows his vocal influences from Marc Bolan. The album closes with the melancholy "Here Comes My Laugh." One has to hope that Simon cheers up on his next release, because he certainly is talented and uncompromising. Maybe next time he'll put down his gun, surrender, and just face the fact that he's talented and maybe life isn't so bad. Or is it?

—Steve Matteo



GARY CARROLL/REXUS Ltd



Golden Palominos

Visions of Excess Celluloid

It is worth noting right off that the band that made this record doesn't exist. Never did and never will. The Golden Palominos aren't a band at all, really, but an idea in the mind of drummer Anton Fier. The idea is to get all these great, inventive musicians to collaborate in different line-ups on a bunch of songs. Fier's idea of great musicians are people like Michael Stipe, Richard Thompson, John Lydon, Bill Laswell, Jody Harris, Bernie Worrell and Michael Hampton from the P-Funk mothership, Chris Stamey, Carla Bley, Arto Lindsay, Jack Bruce, and Syd Straw. This method of making rock records as if they were jazz career retrospectives is a bit out of the way, but it's one of the ways they do things at Celluloid, where Phillip Wilson has his *Deadline*, Laswell and Michael Beinhorn have *Material*, and Afrika Bambaataa has *Time Zone*.

As with all these groups, the most powerful show of amassed genius in the Golden Palominos is in the liner notes. *Visions of Excess* doesn't jump out of the box declaring its greatness. Its virtue is in the brief flourishes of subdued individual virtuosity and the way the internal shifts, clashes, and dislocations subtly undermine the idea of a band. The players never fall into familiar patterns, and the personality of the ensemble isn't always cohesive or in line with the personality of the song. The point of getting all these talented musicians together is to recontextualize what they do, to push them slightly off balance, and watch the grace with which they recover. Sometimes this means throwing them out of the house in their underwear. Or throwing them into banal, semi-organic rock songs with unlikely partners.

This is when *Visions of Excess* is at its best: Hampton's raunchy metal guitar pushing Stipe to the edge with more brute strength than he's used to on "Clustering Train"; Thompson partitioning a fluid, probing guitar solo into four-bar segments on "Boy (Go)"; Straw trying to space out the feathery melody to "Buenos Aires" over Fier's chunky DMX beat.

The first Golden Palominos record, on which the band was Lindsay's as well as Fier's baby, was almost purely an instrumentalist's record. *Visions of Excess*, for all its deft playing, belongs to the singers. Stipe and Lydon, in particular, have such

distinctive, idiosyncratic voices that they dominate the sound on their songs. When Stipe sings, he envelops the group in the mystical ambiguity of R.E.M.; only the Palominos rock a little tougher, and Stipe's moods become a shade darker. Even the cover of Moby Grape's "Omaha" sounds—and, more importantly, feels—like a meatier edition of the Athens crew, with a stronger tendency toward artifice and manipulation. Lydon's Rotten-by-numbers reading of Robert Kennedy's "The Animal Speaks," avec belch, transforms the Palominos into a roadhouse version of Public Image. Lydon drowns this romantic pop tune in his harsh cynicism.

The generally stellar accompaniment occasionally gets buried in the blustery mix. But more often, it gets subsumed in songwriting that is sometimes just adequate. This is one of the drawbacks of not being a real band; the material gets processed, not developed. Which was fine for the mostly instrumental, largely improvised first album, but cuts into the power of a pop album like this. *Visions of Excess* is good, at times great, at times phenomenal. It coulda been better. But it's cool to hear what super players do with indifferent songs. Bands should be this inventive.

—John Leland



Big Daddy

Meanwhile... Back in the States Rhino Records

I think I know Big Daddy. Or at least I know his type. He's the kind of guy you meet at parties who has memorized every episode of *Leave It to Beaver*. He still wears T-shirts under another shirt. And, most important, his album collection in-

cludes nothing since Buddy Holly died. In other words, his mind may be in the '80s, but his soul is stuck somewhere around 1958. That's a tidy way of explaining *Meanwhile... Back in the States*, a rollicking collection of recent pop hits that have undergone a tricky tune-change operation and now leap off the turntable sounding like '50s-style rockers.

It's an original idea, so it doesn't matter that Big Daddy commits massive grand larceny, stealing from everyone. "Sussudio" becomes suspiciously like "Runaround Sue." "Jump" turns into a dead ringer for "Summertime Blues." "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" is really "Duke of Earl," and best of all, "Purple Rain" becomes "Not Fade Away." You can almost see Prince's little excuse for a mustache curling up at the very thought.

Now, as any duck-tailed purist will tell you, rock 'n' roll just hasn't been the same since it started running up the electric bill. With that in mind, Big Daddy has done an amazing job of bringing the music back to its original sound. Snare drums pound away on every song, doing some serious booty stomping on those electric drums everyone has these days. There's not one single sissy keyboard within earshot. Best of all, acoustic guitars are played loud, raving on just like in the old days of sock hops and the Red Menace. Topping off the whole thing like a cherry on a chocolate malted are Big Daddy's squealing lead vocals and lots of doo-wop choruses. You know, the sort of stuff you yail along to whenever an oldie comes on the car radio.

Okay, so you're probably thinking, "Sure, it sounds like a cute idea. But isn't it really just another novelty album to play once and then stick in the dust to keep my Weird Al Yankovic company?"

Sure, "funny" records wear about as well as a leisure suit. This is a *fun* record, though, not "funny," and there's a big difference. *Back in the States* is good for an initial laugh, but once you're past that you realize that Big Daddy has actually made some recent pop pap into good stuff. "I Want to Know What Love Is" and "Flashdance," to name but two, become legitimate songs. The man isn't so much making fun of the new material as he is reveling in the old.

Still skeptical? OK, try the Big Daddy Taste Test. Have a party and put on the slick, original version of "Safety Dance" or "All Night Long." See how everybody dances sort of politely. Okay, now play the same tunes as heard on *Meanwhile... Back in the States*.

It's not even close. Even the guys in the penny loafers and J.C. Penney sport shirts are out there twisting and frugging. Big Daddy may get a chuckle or two, but even better, he'll have everybody cutting loose the way all good rockers are supposed to.

—Craig Tomashoff



Bobby Womack

So Many Rivers MCA

His ain't what you'd call one of the silken voices of soul. More like sandpaper. Or true grit, with the grease still sizzling on top. No matter what kind of sanitized Hollywood studio encasement you wrap around those gravel-worn pipes, Bobby Womack would still be back there—and on the right song, up there—in chitlin-circuit heaven, alongside Otis, the Wicked Pickett, or the man who gave the Womack brothers their start 25 years ago, Sam Cooke. (And I mean the *nastier* side of Sam, the one ordinary white folks finally get to hear now that RCA has released *Live at the Harlem Square Club*, Cooke's raunchy 1963 live show.)

On my favorite cut from *So Many Rivers*—"Only Survivor"—Womack tells how it feels to be "the only survivor left still standin' here." It opens with a lightly rolling drum march ticking off the beat (and the years?), while Womack reminisces about Janis Joplin (he wrote "Trust Me" for her), Jackie Wilson, and the rest. Then "Only Survivor" breaks into a lilting, countrified R&B ballad, as lovely as one of Lionel Richie's, but more down-home. Nice tune. Should be the next single.

The one getting radio/video play right now is "I Wish He Didn't Trust Me So Much." This is *adult* material, friends, like Bill Withers' "Use Me" or Billy Paul's "Me and Mrs. Jones," in which a man remorsefully confronts everything vile, masochistic, or otherwise depraved about his own sexual being—and then decides to really get into it. It's not that Womack is actually getting it on with his best friend's wife; he's just obsessively guilty about what he'd like to do. Catholic soul, you might say.

The rest of *So Many Rivers* is harder to peg. Or praise. After his ambitious, critically acclaimed (but commercially disappointing) LPs *The Poet* (I and II), Womack has streamlined back to basics—almost. The net result is a bit too contemporary to elicit "revival" nostalgia, but not modern enough to suggest a megacrossover future (his cover of Curtis Mayfield's "Gypsy Woman" is especially weak, and ill-chosen, considering the Persuasions already covered it to perfection). Womack should hook up with someone like those smart young Brit boys who helped rescue Tina Turner from the limbo of Abandoned Soul. She's gotten way beyond survival, as we know.

—Tom Ward



Todd Rundgren
A Cappella
Warner Bros.

I don't know if they're aware of this, but the scientists who developed the two-sides-of-the-brain theory a while back could have saved themselves millions of research dollars had they simply conducted a study of those record albums manufactured in the last 18 years bearing the name "Todd Rundgren" somewhere.

Talk about being of two minds! Here's a guy whose taste in producing has run the rather extreme gamut from the New York Dolls and Patti Smith to Hall and Oates, Grand Funk Railroad, and Meat Loaf; who once was deemed an avatar of rock video (having built his own film studio in the late '70s), only to use the medium to show himself dressed as a centipede for a song called "Feet Don't Fail Me Now"; who is generally regarded as a hi-tech whiz in the recording studio, yet uses that technology to make records like *Faithful*, in which he attempted, and succeeded, in "creating" note-for-note reconstructions of Beatles and Beach Boys tunes; and who has spent the last decade shuttling between his band, Utopia—a gang of progressives who were wearing space outfits onstage well before, say, A Flock of Seagulls, and once toured under the influence of "pyramid power"—and his solo projects, in which, just to kill time, he usually writes, arranges, engineers, produces, and plays all the music.

So, is it newsworthy then that on his latest solo LP, Todd Rundgren doesn't play

even one itty-bitty instrument? Well, yes—mainly because no one else does, either. A Cappella it's called, and a cappella it is. Sort of. I mean, this is a Todd Rundgren record, right? So what we have here is the Rundgren larynx not only taking care of all the various vocal passages, but also, through the miracle (?) of electronics, "singing" all the guitar, bass, keyboard, and percussion parts, as well.

Is A Cappella a good album? Well, this is a Todd Rundgren record, right? Which means that at times it's darned near brilliant; as on "Johnnie Jingo," a hook-chorused tale of foreign imperialism that barks and bites rather well for such a normally non-politicized musician; and, at others, darned near idiotic, as on "Lockjaw," a riff off the old parental saw about the dangers of telling fibs that's so insane you wish someone would nail his mouth open with a rusty one. In between, there's the usual assortment of eclectic, unfocused, undecided pop/rock/soul material Rundgren's been trying to work into one decent package ever since he forgot how not long after *Something/Anything* and *A Wizard, A True Star* over a decade ago.

—Billy Altman



Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy
I Only Have Eyes For You
ECM

You can't find a band more timely than Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy, no sire—

bob. These guys are in the world historical moment, in time, living in the present. They do everything right. First, they play as a band—eight brass instruments and Philip Wilson on drums—not as a collection of soloists. Laying walls of shimmering sound over the bedrock thump of Bob Stewart's tuba lines, they shake some wild collective booty.

Second, they have a nasty case of irreverence, which means that when they get solemn and mournful during a dirge, Bowie will let rip some trumpet flatulence. It also means that they take Mi-

chael Jackson's "Beat It" and do a brass band number on it, something that just might not please Mikey too much.

Third, Bowie has always been concerned with the interconnectedness of black musical expression—that is, Jelly Roll Morton's groove equals George Clinton's groove equals Lester Bowie's groove.

Live, the band honks. Call the priest, call the fire department: by the time the smoke clears, they've played it nasty, sweet, down-home, European, smart, stupid, everything. But something happened on the way to the studio to record *I Only Have Eyes For You*, their first record. They lost that Rocket #9-to-Saturn quality they get live, partly because ECM's patented echo-means-dollars reverb system makes the horns sound as if they were recorded from the other side of Grand Central, giving them a false elegance.

So much for the bad stuff. Bowie, the sonic heir to Miles Davis, sounds great, his trumpet ranging from an almost incredible, luminous purity of sound to his patented last-gasps-of-a-strangle routine. And that's not all. "When the Spirit Returns," a neo-gospel tune chock full of collective shouts and growls, rambles amiably, with Bowie leading his troops to do battle against ponderousness. The standard, "I Only Have Eyes For You," gets an achingly beautiful treatment, with Bowie's horn wrenching out all sorts of emotion from the 51-year-old melody, the band doing minimalist peckings to back him up. Best of all, the whole record has a loose, ramshackle sound, a great antidote to unnecessary precision.

—Peter Watrous

PUT THIS IN YOUR VCR & SMOKE IT!!

GET OUT OF MY ROOM
CHEECH & CHONG



Guess what? Cheech & Chong made a video called *Get Out of My Room*. Actually it's four great videos. Plus a wild behind-the-scenes look at how they made 'em. You'll flip over the smokin', jokin' and beautiful girls. All for \$29.95, suggested retail.

So get down to your favorite video dealer

and *Get Out of My Room*. Then fire up your VCR and get ready for a real good time.

MCA HOME VIDEO ©1985 MCA Home Video, Inc.
70 Universal City Plaza
Universal City, CA 91608

Stereo

Includes the hit video "Born in East L.A."
Album available on MCA Records and Tapes.

Tales From the Bogosphere

By The Mad Peck, Patty Andrews, Bill Keough, & Big Al Pavlow



SERGEI EINSTEIN WAS THE RUSSIAN D.W. GRIFFITH, AND EVERY FILM TEACHER IN THE WORLD PUSHES HIS CUTTING OF THE ACTION SCENES IN "ALEXANDER NEVSKY" IN TIME TO "PETER AND THE WOLF" AS THE *PLUS ULTRA* OF CINEMATIC INTERTEXTUALITY. BUT THAT FLICK WAS RELEASED IN '38. BY THEN BUSBY BERKELEY HAD CRANKED LOTS OF KILLER VIDEOS FOR HARRY WARREN'S "GOLD DIGGER" MOVIES.



SUPPENLY: HEY, YOU TWO! CUT OUT THE BALONEY AND GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS! —THE MAD PECK

WHOOPS! WE GOT CARRIED AWAY. LET'S SEE, I HEARD AN AMAZING TODD RUNDGREN CUT "SOMETHING TO FALL BACK ON." ALL THE INSTRUMENTS ARE ACTUALLY HIS VOICE SHAPED TO THE APPROPRIATE FORM. THEN HE PLAYS 'EM ON A GADGET CALLED THE EMULATOR. SO, OF COURSE HE CALLS THE ALBUM A CAPPELLA.



THAT MEANS ANY SINGER CAN NOW CUT A RECORD WITH JUST ONE KEYBOARDIST/ARRANGER/PROGRAMMER. THINGS ARE REALLY CHANGING. I WAS JUST LISTENING TO *FREAKY STYLE* BY THE RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS. TEN YEARS AGO THEY WOULD'VE BEEN A TYPICAL BOOGIE-BLUES BAND. BUT THESE GUYS ARE INTO FUNX, SOUL, EVEN A LITTLE RAP. I CAN'T WAIT FOR WHAT COMES NEXT!



© MAD PECK STUDIOS 1985

Singles

Clones on Tail: Return of the Son of the Money-Making Single

The Vince Lombardi school of making records: if the sweep is working, run the sweep. Or: if the public buys a record, give it to them until they put their wallets away. Change a lyric or a name, add a synth fill, replace a boy singer with a girl. Change enough so the original artist's lawyers won't sue your ass, but make it similar enough so everybody can tell who's zooming who. And get it out there in a hurry. Small labels do this best. (Rumor has it that several majors are just about ready to move on their Roxanne records.) Indies have real A&R departments and are about making money, not developing artists. So they'll send an ostensibly creative group into the studio to rip off another band's hit. And it works. God love 'em. This month: the girls tell the boys who's fly and who's bad, princes and kings get cloned, and originality and Shane MacGowan rear their ugly heads. Plus the usual libel and my picks for the '85 football season.

Betty Boo and Ms. Thang: "Bad Girls" (Starlite)

Betty Boo and Ms. Thang are bad. They're bad girls. They like bad boys. They like them so much that they took the rhythm track from "Bad Boys" (aka "Inspector Gadget") by labelmates the Bad Boys and created their own answer rap over it. Betty Boo and Ms. Thang give the Bad Boys sass. Like, where the Bad Boys use a cheapo synthesizer hook, the bad girls sing the part with bratty "naa naa"s. These gals don't have the juice to start another Roxanne-type phenomenon, but they're well plugged into rap trends. The bad girls are by their own definition "stupid fresh"—which is a very smart thing to be. Also, Betty Boo's poopie-doo voice has been turning up on all sorts of records lately and this tune's main hook did time on Doug E. Fresh's "The Show" before popping up on "Bad Boys." Cleverest thing on "Bad Girls" is its money-making scheme, but Ms. Thang does whip off a fly couplet: "I don't mean to be rude, I'm really being nice / But is that your real face, girl—Jesus Christ." That's bad.

The Woodentops: "Well, Well, Well" b/w "Get It On" & "Cold Inside" (Rough Trade import)

Cooliest record of the month. The Woodentops play breathy, textural music with crunchy rhythms and densely strummed acoustic guitars. Sounds like they set out to play drone music—the songs lack strong verses and choruses and build in spiraling patterns—but then didn't have

the patience to wait until the drone set in. Instead, they went for the big bang right away and found themselves having to sustain it for minutes at a time. Which is when the songs get hot. The 'tops cram all their instruments, including a hyperactive military snare drum, into a tight bundle, send them rolling down the hill at top speed, and wait for the debris to fly. But it never does. The tension just keeps building as the band refuses to crack and make that great cathartic leap that would resolve the whole shebang and signal the audience at large to light up a smoke. Very British, but with more than passing resemblance to the Feelies and their offshoots. Intense for the way it holds back.

Kurtis Blow: "America" b/w "AJ Meets Davy DMX" (Polygram)

Oh, Kurtis! You too? Despite his seminal status, Blow was never the most original man on earth. But this slice of Born in the USA jive is so derivative and off the mark it's pathetic. Simple beatbox pattern with little tape loop voices—they even stutter, just like the ones in "19." You get snatches of Kennedy (John), Nixon, and Martin Luther King, interspersed with Blow singing ironically (I hope), "Don't you love America / My favorite country." He does nothing with the irony and closes with a wishy-washy and ultimately pointless warning about World War III. The B-side, however, is hot. AJ is DJ AJ Scratch, Blow's wheel man, and Davy DMX is God—or at least Hollis's slickest on the turntables. The two DJs scratch it out in a slow, hypnotic groove. The scratching is cool rather than hairy, but when the two get loose at the end, the record jumps up and bites.

Sweet Trio: "Fly Guy" (Tommy Boy)

This is the girls' answer to the Boogie Boys' "Fly Girl," which for reasons unknown to me tore up all kinds of dance floors over the summer. The boys rapped about what kind of girls they liked, and the girls syncopate the beat a little bit and sing the praises of certain attributes in boys. Listen up, fellas. The Sweet Trio likes guys who have "fresh nameplates in the hip hop scene," wear Le Tigre shirts with matching Nikes, don't drink or smoke, spend cold cash money, and work for a living. How boring. And what kind of guys don't they like? Ones with "pants hanging off their butts like they just don't care / Giving girls a free peek at their underwear." Ah, the age of diminished expectations.



Chaka Khan: "(Krush Groove) Can't Stop the Street" (Warner)

There's something a little insidious about the move to market a decidedly West Coast belter with the pipes of Chaka Khan as a street artist. Either that or there's something encouraging about a Pacific Conference singer keeping her ear to the street. But the results here tend to support the first thesis. This hip-hop-by-numbers street anthem, the first single from the soundtrack to the film *Krush Groove*, belongs on the screen, not on the pavement. Writers Dan Hartman and Charlie Midnight and producer Russ Titelman mash hip hop formulas and film score clichés into a perky commercial jingle: nice as an advertisement for street culture or the movie, but a dud on my dance floor. When Shannon does material like this, she at least gets to sing. Cornball stuff, and Chaka never gets a chance to rescue it.

The Pogues: "Dirty Old Town" b/w "A Pistol for Paddy Garcia" & "The Parting Glass" (Stiff import)

Pogue singer Shane MacGowan's North London is an ugly place. A place where dreams are bordered by brackish canals, love scenes are played against crumbling factory walls, and drunks scream "pogue mahone" ("kiss my ass") at one another in loud, rowdy pubs. As it should be; Shane MacGowan is an ugly fucker. The Pogues, like the Men They Couldn't Hang, are punks who play Irish folk music with a coarse ferocity true to both sides of their nature. "Dirty Old Town" is a sparse, melancholy reminiscence of love in an industrial sewer that involves the nasty scene of MacGowan kissing a girl by the factory wall. Spare us the video. "The Parting Glass," a traditional Irish ballad, is even more Spartan and downbeat. "Paddy" is a nice but useless instrumental—the band needs MacGowan's artless voice to get the job done. The Pogues are a crudely affecting bunch of romantics. I hope they don't disappear with the trend.

Morris Day: "The Oak Tree" (Warner)

Thing about Time records was, no matter how flat they sometimes got, they always sounded like Day was running around in a leopard-skin smoking jacket and mugging in front of the mirror. And that counted for something. His first solo disc lacks that kind of flamboyant charge. It's a slick but cold computer groove that's soft around the edges—it sports neither the jagged teeth of a good beatbox nor the funky sweat of a working band. And as a song about a dance, it doesn't have anywhere near the legs (to say nothing of the hips) of "The Bird." Long-shot guess is that this is Day's idea of a conceptual joke record: this is precisely the kind of groove that you would do a dance called the "Oak Tree" to. More realistic fear is that he's serious. And the girls egging him on only support that notion. C'mon Morris, get loose.



Opposite top, *Morris Day's gone Hollywood, forgotten how to jungle love, oh-e-oh-e-oh, and come up with a stiff cut. Hey, baby, lighten up;* opposite bottom, *Shane McGowan's from an ugly place, has an ugly face, and released an ugly tune with the Pogues;* below, *Danse Society tries to fake its way onto the dance floor. Say what?*

Yoko Ono: "Hell in Paradise" (Polygram)

Got a crew here that can go so deep into the funk that wild horses couldn't drag 'em out. Bill Laswell produced, Bernie Worrell played keys, and Sly Dunbar, Tony Williams, and Anton Fier all played drums. So what did they deliver? Yet another reminder not to judge a record by its personnel listing. "Hell in Paradise" is a part preachy, part self-help soundpiece about what a shithole we've turned the world into. There's a slight nod to experimental traditions and a gesture of rebellion against prevailing pop forms, but ultimately the record aligns itself with conventional structures as neatly as "Walking on Thin Ice" but without that side's overriding exorcism of real pain. "Hell in Paradise" is as banal as its title, and Ono's exhortation to "exorcise institutions" only underscores the extent to which the ensemble sounds reined in. This is not a chance to dance your way out of your constrictions.

Grandmaster Melle Mel: "King of the Streets" (Sugarhill)

Shante was first. Now Melle Mel has put his autobiography on wax—to a beat, y'all. "King of the Streets" is a series of moods and episodes tied together by an uncharacteristic down-to-the-bone electronic rhythm track and a little vocoderized voice that asks, "Wh-wh-what are you, stupid?" It's part boast, part message, part warning to either the new bloods or Flash and his new crew, and part professional ethics. Before going off on the problems of life on the street and hypocrisy in the Senate, Mel Glover tells how he does it: "I dress like a pimp and work like a whore / 'Cause rapping is the only life I know." All the jumping around is a little disorienting and this still isn't vintage Sugarhill stuff, but it's got the juice to support Mel's claim. Even if he isn't the king of the rock.

The Danse Society: "Say It Again" (Arista)

Conventional wisdom held that the problem with all those English poseur synth-pop bands that have afflicted the world for the last couple of years was the synthesizer. Now the onslaught of poseurs with guitars (King and Belouis Some, not to mention Duran Duran) forces a reappraisal. It's the damn poseurs. The Danse Society, a formerly tedious bunch of Bauhaus clones, tries to fake its way onto the dance (danse?) floor with a Frankie throbbing bass and a King nonmelody. Can anybody really be ripping off those fak-

ers? Anyway, "Say It Again" is a tuneless and obnoxious slice of drivel that's bound to be forced on you in large doses in all those haircut clubs that you swear you'll never return to but always do. And it will make you repeat your vows.

Hall & Oates with David Ruffin and Eddie Kendrick: "The Way You Do the Things You Do/My Girl" b/w "Everytime You Go Away" & "Adult Education" (RCA)

Stack the deck. Put America's best-looking blue-eyed soul duo on a historic stage with two of the masters. Use surefire material. And you'll get a modern masterpiece, right? Well . . . This record is pretty wonderful, and it's definitely better than most H & O or Temps fare, but it also bores me in ways it shouldn't. No doubt all involved had a legitimately good time, but it sounds like the record is chasing authenticity rather than greatness. And if there was any emoting going on in the performance, it didn't translate onto wax. The feelings seem to be more for the vintage or status of the songs than for their subject matter. Which doesn't make for

good soul music. Also, Daryl Hall's attempt to reclaim "Everytime You Go Away" overpowers the song without directing it.

The Kane Gang: "Gun Law" (London)

If you can bullshit persuasively for years, you can be president. But if you can bullshit for four minutes, you've got yourself a hit single. And if you can find someone to bullshit for an additional two or three, well then it's remix time. This Kane Gang side, particularly in its new extended incarnation, is a tribute to the fine art of bullshitting. The Gang does it with a tightly programmed groove that leaves enough to the imagination to distract your attention from their own fundamental lack of creative ideas. Over a repetitive chicken-scratch guitar and what sounds like MIDI-locked bass and drum machines, they throw the explosive phrase "gun law" and a few existentialist clichés into the air and let them hang there. Damned if it doesn't work. The record stimulates where it should, bops where it has to, and never exposes its own underwear. Which is the key to good bullshitting.



Monica Dee

SIDESWIPEs

I'm gonna keep telling you till you're sick of hearing about 'em: **Fats Comet**, the collaboration between producer Adrian Sherwood and the old Sugarhill house rhythm section, is one of the coolest and most intriguing dance groups in creation. This month they tear up "Stormy Weather" (World) until it's barely recognizable . . . **Winston Groovy** goes for a hit the easy way: revamp the Commodores' "Nightshift" (Jive/Arista) with a more reggaefied groove and pay tribute to Bob Marley. Only the 'dores had a deeper groove . . . **R.E.M.** backs the semi-funky "Can't Get There From Here" (IRS) with the non-LP "Bandwagon," a countryish ditty that sounds campier than may have been intended . . . 'Nuther sure fire hit method: take a song that has already ruled the world as an import and release it domestically. For instance, **Paul Young's** version of "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down" (Columbia), which features Young's sappy non-LP reading of Billy Bragg's "The Man in the Iron Mask" and a live version of "Broken Man" on the flip . . . "Can't Get Enough of Your Love" by **Pink Rhythm**, a Sade-ish bit of disco jazz, is the strong first release on master jock Freddie Bastone's new Metropolis label . . . **Jennifer Holliday's** "Hard Times for Lovers" (Geffen) is a romantic ballad with strings and heavy metal guitars, which oddly enough works, thanks largely to Arthur Baker and the amazing Latin Rascals . . . "Castles in Spain" (EMI America) by the **Armoury Show** has an irritating, plodding hook that would probably head straight for the Guilty Pleasure zone if it had the chance . . . **The Fabulous Pop Tarts** look as bad as their name but sound a little better on the jumping beatbox ballad "New York City Beat" (Personal) . . . **Dynasty and Mimi** are just rapping through the motions on "Rapper's Revenge" (Jive/Arista) but score big conceptually with barnyard noises on "The Bugging Animal Farm" . . . **The Sugarhill Gang**, the original fat boys of rap, do a sorry imitation of LL Cool J on "The Down Beat" (Sugarhill). They sorely miss the silken voice of . . . **Master Gee**, who in turn misses their fire on "Do It" (Atlantic) . . . **The Pointer Sisters** and producer Richard Perry do their thing on "Dare Me" (RCA) but lose the funk on a frothy chorus. Which means I'm not so excited . . . **Cameo's** "Single Life" (Atlanta/Polygram) trades on a stock footloose image that went stale long ago and does nothing to betray Larry Blackmon's weird intelligence . . . "The Alarm" (Posse) by the **Hawk** tries to get you to work in the morning by screaming at you to "comb your motherfucking hair," then advises you not to use drugs . . . **Nolan Thomas's** "Too White" (Mirage/Atlantic) is just asking for it . . . and **Tears for Fears** finally assaults us with a 12-inch of "Head Over Heels" (Polygram) . . . Cowboys and Raiders, battle of the clunkerbacks in the Super Bowl: Raiders clean up on Landry's fascists. You read it here first.

Column by John Leland

UNDERGROUND

Column by Andrea 'Enthal

Beyond punk is hardcore. Beyond hardcore comes thrash. Hard. Loud. Furiously fast. Bashing. Crashing. Suddenly exploding with snarled bursts of seething, angry amphetamine-zeal aimed to quash anything resembling melody, harmony, or the elitism of musical expertise. For those who find hardcore wimpville, there is only one way and one music, which can be summed up in one word: thrash.



Murray Bowles

The basis of thrash is the hardcore beat, a furious migraine pulse delivered with unrelenting tempo, intensity, and intent. Imagine a steamroller in the 50-yard dash. Imagine a band named the **Dirty Rotten Imbeciles**. Now imagine their *Dirty Rotten* LP. A great mud puddle of a sound with noisy droning guitar and ranting vocals. Their debut album was a din with songs that averaged 30 seconds, marked by the band's deadly accurate sense of when to stop and start. What made the Dirty Rotten Imbeciles more than the sum of their sledgehammering were their unexpected forays into gentle, tulling music and their sudden, hundred-chord-a-second assaults on that deceptively alluring calm. If you want to hear thrash done well, check in at Dirty Rotten Headquarters, 2440 16th St., #130, San Francisco, CA 94103. Six dollars will cover the tab.

If you want to hear thrash with some production values, check out the Imbeciles' second LP. An album of dirty, distorted metal guitar shearings packed with every kind of pissed-off sentiment soci-



Above: Kurt, the lead Dirty Rotten Imbecile; right: D.R.I.'s *Dirty Rotten* LP. Opposite page, top: MDC ("No war, no KKK, No Fascist U.S.A.") is (L-R) Franco, Dave, Al, and Ron; bottom right: *Summer of Love* is (L-R) Oran Anderson, Kevin Bowe, Pete Linman, Pat O'Brien, and Michelle Kinney. Kevin's T-shirt: "Vietnam—history will remember the war, will America remember her men?"

NEW JERSEYS' GOT IT?



ety can bear, *Dealing With It!* shows the Imbeciles to have learned the art of 40- and even 50-second songmanship over the last two years. Guitars squeal and wail with a case of high-frequency deprivation. Racing. Ranting. Foaming at twice the speed of sound, D.R.I. are still masters of the soft-meets-hard fake-out. Once in a while you can even make out a word. Though I enjoyed their rougher, rawer, pre-metalpunk stance with its drumbeat-über-alles rush more than this guitar grate LP, it's still a potent example of thrash. Greenworld Records, 20445 Gramercy Pl., Torrance, CA 90501, distributes this album for Death Records of 22458 Ventura Blvd., Suite E, Woodland Hills, CA 91364.

The underground is about opposites, particularly when they attract, because fusing opposites creates energy by exposing old sounds to new listeners and giving old music new territory to plunder for ideas. Punk and disco began as enemy forms of music. While it would be inaccurate to say that punk fused with disco, nobody in his right mind back in 1977 would have predicted the emergence of today's pink-haired disco pop. Punk is about anger and energy. Damn the production values, full speed ahead. Though the slam's a dance, it has no steps. Disco is about good times and is full of production tricks. Punk-disco takes the clothing of one group and the attitudes of the other to make something new.

A meeting between punks and metalheads in the early '80s was guaranteed to result in uncivil war. Today there is metalpunk. D.R.I.'s *Death Records* is a division of Metal Blade, a heavy metal label.

New Jersey, the Garden State, is the ultimate suburb, with New York City to the north, Philadelphia to the west, and Washington, D.C., to the south. **Cyanamid** says "New Jersey is a Mall." On the back cover of Cyanamid's nine-band compilation, *New Jersey's Got It?* the state is depicted more like a picnic ground. The "it" New Jersey's got is metalpunk, a droning, grating guitar sound with one foot hanging out of Flipper's womb and the other firmly planted in '80s garage trash. From the thrash of **Bodies** to **Panic**, who borrow a native American beat, through the mutant, demonic space rock of **My 3 Sons**, New Jersey is a groaning, low-notes-only festival for lovers of ranting

vocals and worshippers of distorted sludge guitar. Best part of *New Jersey* is the band names, which include the appropriately manic **Adrenalin O.D.** and **Children in Adult Jails**. The Children sneer and grate their way through "Dog Days," a screaming bitch of a track that degenerates in a fit of barked hysteria straight from the kennels of Gravy Train. If you want it, you can get *New Jersey's Got It?* through Buy Our Records, P.O. Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07088.

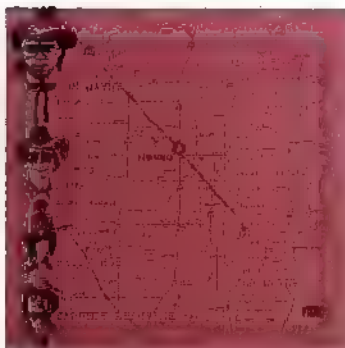
Beyond hardcore is bluegrass. Bracing. Racing. Making punk hyperthrash sound like a choir of grandmothers. Bluegrass fans like guitars. They also worship speed. Bluegrass and hardcore seem like opposites. But they share monomaniacal instrumental values, which makes them natural to attract. **Blood on the Saddle** fuses bluegrass with hardcore to create cowpunk, part country, part roots-rock that flies off the turntable with slippery western speed. Start with the bash-bash drum beat from hardcore. Couple it with upright acoustic bass. Cackle out a couple of country "yee-haws" in tunes about being single and unable to pay the rent, for a high-energy fusion that doesn't sound like punk or country any more than punk-disco sounds like its parent styles. Blood's album on the Minutemen's New Alliance label is full of the flying fingertips and heart-pumping roots-rock that puts cowpunk on the edge where rock is doing something new and a half twist different from what has gone before. New Alliance is at P.O. Box 21, San Pedro, CA 90733.



From Foghorn to fricassee, **MDC** tackles Colonel Sanders and "Adolph" Perdue in "Chicken Squawk," a countryfied plea for vegetarianism. "Buk-buk" clucking to giddy 12-string guitar and the pounded beat that makes this 7-inch square dance hardcore, MDC informs us that "Bugs Bunny is a friend of mine. Eating him I'd feel like Frankenstein . . . let your chickens be." It's a goofy romp with serious intent from this crew of left-leaning politipunks, who change the meaning of their name with each release. Originally, it stood for Millions of Dead Cops, but that proved less than popular with the local gendarmes who regularly checked out their shows and fans. Multi-Death Corporations came next. For this release they used Millions of Dead Children and packed it with pictures of starving African boys and emaciated bare-breasted black women in a zillion-word Crass-style foldout sleeve. It can also stand for Millions of Dead Congressmen, Millions of Dead Capitalists, and Misguided Devout Christians, according to a list they published in 1982. What makes this record a mini-masterpiece is its fusion. Sure, they're pissed. And loud. And hard. And fast. They rant and rail. Drums pound a most unsubtle migraine beat. It's energy music. Thumping. Bumping rhythms. An exorcism ceremony for the urge to slam. It's also a real square dance. MDC meets all the hardcore rules and skews them. Swinging to the east; swinging to the west, and swinging with the chicken that they love best, they invite you to "come and do the chicken squawk with me." All that's left for Malcolm McLaren is a pile of Rotten gizzards. "Chicken Squawk" is a release of R Radical Records, 2440 16th St., #103, San Francisco, CA 94103.

If any band understands how to put the k back in Teksus, it's **Jon Wayne**. A lyin', cheatin' assemblage of miserable city slickers who do for backwoods redneck rockin' what the Pop-O-Pies did for the Grateful Dead. They go truckin'. That's the four-wheeled kind. But the oil light comes on and the nearest filling station's manned by some immigrant alien who doesn't speak English except for the phrase "six dollars," which he applies to the situation with enterprising American zeal. What's a cowpoke to do? Wayne takes a shot of whiskey and some buckshot for rabbit and concocts a couple more country corks with riffs stolen from "Ode to Billy Joe."

"Shoulda kept my job in FedMart sell-



Laura Levine

ing garden hoses," mumbles Jon, who isn't named Wayne in real life any more than their big, bashing drummer is named Jimbo or their bassist Billy Bob. Their half-speed country twanging guitarist hasn't even learned to spell his name yet 'cause it comes out "Ernest Bovine" in his sig-



nature and "Earnest Beauvine" on the credits below. Must have something to do with Texas. Don't ask. Their album's called *Texas Funeral* and its cuts include "Texas Jailcell," "Texas Polka," and "But I've Got Texas." A map of the band's beloved home state on the back cover shows Pixley, Famersville, and, uhh, the Sequoia National Forest? Fresno? Hold on, fellas, those ain't in Texas. They're in California.

That's the Wayne band's home. They get together about once a year to lovingly plunder country music for hanky-wringer clichés. Attitude gives the band its charm. Sniveling, surly, and candid, *Texas Funeral* sports a down-home living-room feel. Divorcees rhymes with horsies and everything's so loose you know they could say anything. And they do. Look out Modesto. Naturally, with all their big talk about Texas, the record is imported from England. They're not the first American band to find their vinyl more welcome overseas. Caroline Imports, 567 A West 5th St., San Pedro, CA 90731, brings it back to the United States.

With the number of times whiskey gets mentioned in country-influenced rock,

you'd think the genre was underwritten by a whiskey concessionaire. You don't hear about vermouth in rock's tales of woe. The **Mekons'** fourth album is called *Fear and Whiskey*. From the border territory where folk meets country and country meets rock, it comes complete with poke-a-long American western guitars, boy-next-door vocals, and subtle sound effects. Mekons country is where "Rocky Raccoon" was born. Full of tales. A mite surreal. Guitars twang like sheep brays, and when our fearless leader sings "my head was split," a shwoop-thunking guillotine slices down to provide artistic verisimilitude. Nobody seems surprised. "Flitcraft" is a dream-poem unraveled in crisp British tones. The delicacy of the woman's speech helps reinforce the illusion she might be sane. Susie Honeyman's leanly bowed and finger-picked violin waltzes throughout the album. Sawing away as if she were at an Appalachian barn dance, Honeyman makes Mekons country one of the most welcoming places you could park an ear. Sin Recordings, 6 Clifton Mansions, Coldharbour Lane, Brixton, London SW9 8LL England.

"Everybody keeps telling us to change our name," Kevin Bowe, guitarist and vocalist of **Summer of Love**, confesses meekly.

"We started two years ago, when none of this '60s revival stuff was happening. Then all of a sudden, Summer of Love doesn't have anything to do with that." A cello-toting quintet from Minneapolis, they also don't have anything to do with the garage sounds of the Replacements and Hüsker Dü. "Though it's helped us," he says. "People ask where the band's from, and when you say Minneapolis they're willing to listen because of those bands' success." What people hear when they listen to Summer of Love is folk pop with just enough disharmony to keep the band's fragile vocal excursions on the safe side of ick. Bowe's softly scratchy voice complements the mildly abrasive warmth of Michelle Kinney's cello. There's a fine sandpapered quality to their music similar to the Psychedelic Furs' early work. Kinney's strings slither and build but always stay simple and straightforward. An obvious comparison is It's a Beautiful Day. "We don't play dress up and we don't play haircut," Bowe says. "[Bassist] Pete Linman spent a year in India, studying the culture. He's really into Indian music. That's the only thing I can think of as an influence." "Killing the Blues" is Summer of Love's first release. There isn't anything Indian about it and it isn't blues. It's a gentle, lilting melody, so simple and unobtrusively produced it can never go stale.


Summer of Love didn't bother creating a fictitious label name for themselves. The record just lists the band and the song. You can get it from them by writing to 845 21st Ave. SE, Minneapolis, MN 55414. With its simple photocopied sleeve and unassuming sound, this record proves that beyond all the megabudgets, agents, and hype, there's something about simplicity that will always endure. Thrashing. Lulling. Constantly plundering other music styles. The underground is alive and well and everywhere. You couldn't kill it if you tried.

As always, I am interested in comments about the underground, what you like and dislike, who's great that I haven't listened to, what fanzines are worth reading, and what is going on. I will try to answer those letters that come with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Andrea 'Enthal, SPIN, 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023.



K. Bowe





DON'T ASK ME NOTHIN' ABOUT NOTHIN' I MIGHT JUST TELL YOU THE TRUTH

BOB DYLAN REVISITED

Interview by Scott Cohen

Bob Dylan, poet laureate, prophet in a motorcycle jacket. Mystery tramp. Napoleon in rags. A Jew. A Christian. A million contradictions. A complete unknown, like a rolling stone.

He's been analyzed, classified, categorized, crucified, defined, dissected, detected, inspected, and rejected, but never figured out.

He blew into mythology in 1961 with a guitar, harmonica, and corduroy cap, a cross between Woody Guthrie and Little Richard.

He was like the first punk folksinger. He introduced the protest song to rock. He made words more important than melody, more important than the beat. His smokey, nasal voice and sexy phrasings are unique. He can write surreal songs with a logic all their own—like a James Rosenquist painting or a Rimbaud prose poem—and simple, straight-from-the-heart ballads with equal ease. He can take the dark out of the nighttime and paint the daytime black.

He probably could have been the biggest sex symbol since Elvis, had he chosen to. Then Mick Jagger came along. The Stones, the

Photography by David Michael Kennedy



Beatles, Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, all paid him their due. The radical Weathermen took their name from him. He caused a riot at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival when he went on stage and played electric rock. The folk faction thought he sold out. Later, during the height of "flower power," when everyone was getting into Eastern religion, Dylan went to Jerusalem, to the Wailing Wall, wearing a yarmulke. A decade later he was a born-again Christian, or so it seemed, putting out gospel records. People discovered that he really wasn't where it's at.

It's not like Dylan suddenly got less political or more spiritual. Biblical references have always been in his songs. People have been calling him a visionary for years. Who knows? Suppose a spiritual revolution is going on and rock 'n' roll's just a prelude to something else. Who would make a better prophet than Dylan?

Sometimes, what looks large from a distance, close up ain't never that big. Dylan's like one of his lines. He lives pretty simply, in a nice house on secluded property on the California coast, with a bunch of chickens, horses, and dogs. The fact that he's more visible now and doing ordinary things, like the Grammys, videos, even this interview, doesn't make him any less mysterious.

It adds to it.

You Want to Talk to Me, Go Ahead and Talk

A lot of people from the press want to talk to me, but they never do, and for some reason there's this great mystery, if that's what it is. They put it on me. It sells newspapers, I guess. News is a business. It really has nothing to do with me personally, so I really don't keep up with it. When I think of mystery, I don't think about myself. I think of the universe, like why does the moon rise when the sun falls? Caterpillars turn into butterflies?

I really haven't remained a recluse. I just haven't talked to the press over the years because I've had to deal with personal things and usually they take priority over talking about myself. I stay out of sight if I can. Dealing with my own life takes priority over other people dealing with my life. I mean, for instance, if I got to get the landlord to fix the plumbing, or get some guy to put up money for a movie, or if I just feel I'm being treated unfairly, then I need to deal with this by myself and not blab it all over to the newspapers. Other people knowing about things confuses the situation, and I'm not prepared for that. I don't like to talk about myself. The things I have to say about such things as ghetto bosses, salvation and sin, lust, murderers going free, and children without hope—messianic kingdom-type stuff, that sort of thing—people don't like to print. Usually I don't have any answers to the questions they would print, anyway.

Who would you want to interview?

A lot of people who aren't alive: Hank Williams,

Apollinaire, Joseph from the Bible, Marilyn Monroe, John F. Kennedy, Mohammed, Paul the Apostle, maybe John Wilkes Booth, maybe Gogol. I'd like to interview people who died leaving a great unsolved mess behind, who left people for ages to do nothing but speculate. As far as anybody living goes, who's there to interview? Castro? Gorbachev? Reagan? The Hillside Strangler? What are they going to tell you? The destiny of the world's wealthiest man, that don't interest me. I know what his reward is. Anybody who's done work that I admire, I'd rather just leave it at that. I'm not that pushy about finding out how people come up with what they come up with, so what does that leave you with? Just the daily life of somebody. You know, like, "How come you don't eat fish?" That really wouldn't give me answers to what I'm wondering about.

Dark Sunglasses

I started out with Batman and Robin-type sunglasses. I always thought the best kind of sunglasses are the motorcycle helmets with the black plastic masks on them. That way, nobody can recognize the back of your head either. With sunglasses, you buy them off the rack, if they fit, and put them on. Shoes are tougher. You go into a store, try this pair on, that pair on. I feel I have to buy something if I put it on. What I'm looking for is a pair of glasses that can see through walls, whether they're sunglasses or not.

Isn't it hard to wear dark glasses after all these years?

Late at night it is, when I'm driving. I don't wear them all the time. I've gone through periods when I wear them, but I don't know why. I'm nearsighted, so I wear them for that reason.

Highway 61 Revisited

People ask me about the '60s all the time. That's the first thing they want to know. I say, if you want to know about the '60s, read *Armies of the Night* by Norman Mailer, or read Marshall McLuhan or Abraham Maslow. A lot of people have written about the '60s in an exciting way and have told the truth. The singers were just a part of it. I can't tell them that much. Certain things I can remember very clearly. Others are a kinda blur, but where I was and what was happening I can focus in on if I'm forced to. Of course, there are people who can remember in vivid detail. Ginsberg has that talent and Kerouac had that talent to a great degree. Kerouac never forgot anything, so he could write anything because he could just remember.

My Back Pages

Miles Davis is my definition of cool. I loved to see him in the small clubs playing his solo, turn his back on the crowd, put down his horn and walk off the stage, let the band keep playing, and then come back and play a few notes at the end. I did that at a couple of shows. The audience thought I was sick or something.

Lily St. Cyr (the stripper), Dorothy Dandridge, Mary Magdalen, that's my definition of hot.

My first pop hero was Johnny Ray. I saw him late '78. I think he was playing club lounges. He hasn't had a hit for a while. Maybe he needs a new record company. I hope the guy's still alive. People forget how good he was.

The only person I can think of who didn't return a phone call of mine was Walter Yetnikoff (president of CBS) the summer before last. I placed it personally, direct dial, long distance, at 3 o'clock in the morning.

The last record I bought was Lucille Bogan. She

"My first pop hero was Johnny Ray. I hope the guy's still alive. People forget how good he was."

was a blues singer who I had heard of, but not her records. I don't buy too many contemporary records. I didn't go down to the record store and buy the record personally. I know someone who works in a record store in town and I called and asked him to set it aside. No, I didn't actually pick it up, somebody else did.

The first expensive thing I bought with my first big paycheck was a '65 baby-blue Mustang convertible. But a guy who worked for me rolled it down a hill in Woodstock and it smashed into a truck. I got 25 bucks for it.

The name on my driver's license is Bob Dylan. It was legally changed when I went to work for Folk City a few thousand years ago. They had to get my name straight for the union.

I never watch sports on TV, although I did see John McEnroe beat Jimmy Connors at Wimbledon when I was over in England last year. There was a TV set backstage and I had gotten there early and I paid attention to the whole thing. Usually I don't stay with something that long.

I used to play hockey when I was growing up. Everyone sort of learns how to skate and play hockey at an early age (in Minnesota). I usually played forward, sometimes center. My cousin was a goalie at the University of Colorado. I didn't play too much baseball, because my eyes were kind of bad and the ball would hit me when I wasn't looking. I never played much basketball, unless I played with my kids. Football I never played at all, not even touch football. I really don't like to hurt myself.

I have a good understanding with all the women who have been in my life, whether I see them occasionally or not. We're still always best of friends.



Tangled Up in Blue

I once read a book of Nathaniel Hawthorne's letters to some girl, and they were extremely private and personal, and I didn't feel there was any of myself in those letters, but I could identify with what he was saying. A lot of myself crosses over into my songs. I'll write something and say to myself, I can change this, I can make this not so personal, and at other times I'll say, I think I'll leave this on a personal level, and if somebody wants to peek at it and make up their own minds about what kind of character I am, that's up to them. Other times I might say, well, it's too personal, I think I'll turn the corner on it, because why do I want somebody thinking about what I'm thinking about, especially if it's not to their benefit.

Tales of Yankee Power

The best songs are the songs you write that you don't know anything about. They're an escape. I don't do too much of that because maybe it's more important to deal with what's happening rather than to put yourself in a place where all you can do is imagine something. If you can imagine something and you haven't experienced it, it's usually true that someone else has actually gone through it and will identify with it.

I actually think about Poe's stories, "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Pit and the Pendulum." Certainly, if you look at his life, he really didn't experience any of that stuff. But some fantastic stories came out of his imagination. Like, "Here I am stuck in this job I can't get out of. I'm working as a civil servant, what am I going to do next? I hate this existence." So what does

he do? He sits in his attic and writes a story and all the people take it to mean he's a very weird character. Now, I don't think that's an illegitimate way to go about things, but then you got someone like Herman Melville who writes out of experience—*Moby-Dick* or *Confidence Man*. I think there's a certain amount of fantasy in what he wrote. Can you see him riding on the back of a whale? I don't know. I've never been to college and taken a literary course. I can only try to answer these questions, because I'm supposed to be somebody who knows something about writing, but the actual fact is, I don't really know that much about it. I don't know what there is to know about it, anyway.

I began writing because I was singing. I think that's an important thing. I started writing because things were changing all the time and a certain song needed to be written. I started writing them because I wanted to sing them. If they had been written, I wouldn't have started to write them. Anyway, one thing led to another and I just kept on writing my own songs, but I stumbled into it, really. It was nothing I had prepared myself for, but I did sing a lot of songs before I wrote any of my own. I think that's important too.

Did you ever send your poems to any poetry magazines?

No. I didn't start writing poetry until I was out of high school. I was 18 or so when I discovered Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, Phillip Whalen, Frank O'Hara, and those guys. Then I went back and started reading the French guys, Rimbaud and François Villon; I started putting tunes to their poems. There used to be a folk music scene and jazz clubs just about every-

place. The two scenes were very much connected, where the poets would read to a small combo, so I was close up to that for a while. My songs were influenced not so much by poetry on the page but by poetry being recited by the poets who recited poems with jazz bands.

The Real You at Last

Sometimes the "you" in my songs is me talking to me. Other times I can be talking to somebody else. If I'm talking to me in a song, I'm not going to drop everything and say, alright, now I'm talking to you. It's up to you to figure out who's who. A lot of times it's "you" talking to "you." The "I," like in "I and I," also changes. It could be I, or it could be the "I" who created me. And also, it could be another person who's saying "I." When I say "I" right now, I don't know who I'm talking about.

All I Really Want to Do

As long as I continue to make records and play, which I'm not through doing yet, I have to go along with what the scene is at the time. I'm not a Pete Seeger. I've actually done that every once in a while, where I have led two thousand, three thousand people through songs, but I haven't done it like Pete Seeger. He's a master at that, leading a mass of people in four-part harmony to a song not even in their language. I think he could appeal to people as much as Sting could, because he could make them feel like they matter and make sense to themselves and feel

like they're contributing to something. Seeing Tears for Fears is like being a spectator at a football game. Pete is almost like a tribal medicine man, in the true sense of the word. Rock 'n' roll performers aren't. They're just kind of working out other people's fantasies.

Bob Dylan's 115th Dream

I signed a record contract with John Hammond, Sr., of Columbia Records in 1961. It was a big moment. I had been rejected by a lot of folk companies—Folkways, Tradition, Prestige, Vanguard. It was meant to be, actually. If those other companies had signed me, I would have recorded folk songs, and I don't think they would have stayed with me. Most of those companies went out of business, anyway.

Dream #116: The *Freewheelin'* album. The girl on the cover with me is Suze Rotolo, my roommate at the time.

Newport, 1965

The first time I played electric before a large group of people was at the Newport Folk Festival, but I had a hit record out (*Bringing It All Back Home*), so I don't know how people expected me to do anything different. I was aware that people were fighting in the audience, but I couldn't understand it. I was a little embarrassed by the fuss, because it was for the wrong reasons. I mean, you can do some really disgusting things in life and people will let you get away with it. Then you do something that you don't think is anything more than natural and people react in that type of riotous way, but I don't pay too much attention to it.

Motorpsycho Nitemare

In 1966 I had a motorcycle accident and ended up with several broken vertebrae and a concussion. That put me down for a while. I couldn't go on doing what I had been. I was pretty wound up before that accident happened. It set me down so I could see things in a better perspective. I wasn't seeing anything in any kind of perspective. I probably would have died if I had kept on going the way I had been.

Gospel Plow

In 1979 I went out on tour and played no song that I had ever played before live. It was a whole different show, and I thought that was a pretty amazing thing to do. I don't know any other artist who has done that, has not played whatever they're known for. The *Slow Train* record was out and I had the songs to the next record and then I had some songs that never were recorded. I had about 20 songs that never had been sung live before, and nobody seemed to pick up on that. They were seeing me as if they were dropping in to some club I was playing in and were to witness something that really wasn't for publicity purposes. Yet it got all kinds of negative publicity. The only thing that bothered me about it was that the negative publicity was so hateful that it turned a lot of people off from making up their own minds, and financially that can hurt you if you got a show on the road.

The first time we went out on that tour, we had something like eight weeks booked. Two of the weeks were in San Francisco. In the review in the paper, the man did not understand any of the concepts behind any part of the show, and he wrote an anti-Bob Dylan thing. He probably never liked me anyway, but just said that he did. A lot of them guys say stuff like, "Well, he changed our lives before, how come he can't do it now?" Just an excuse really. Their expecta-

tions are so high, nobody can fulfill them. They can't fulfill their own expectations, so they expect other people to do it for them. I don't mind being put down, but intense personal hatred is another thing. It was like an opening-night critic burying a show on Broadway.

This particular review got picked up and printed in all the newspapers of the cities we were going to play to even before tickets went on sale, and people would read this review and decide they didn't want to see the show. So it hurt us at the box office, and it took a while to work back from there. I thought the show was pretty relevant for what was going on at the time.

Positively 4th Street

Outside of a song like "Positively 4th Street," which is extremely one-dimensional, which I like, I don't usually purge myself by writing anything about any type of quote, so-called, relationships. I don't have the kinds of relationships that are built on any kind of false pretense, not to say that I haven't. I've had just as many as anybody else, but I haven't had them in a long time. Usually everything with me and anybody is up front. My life-is-an-open-book sort of thing.

"I know going on the Grammys is not my type of thing, but it seemed like an interesting idea. I wasn't doing anything that night."

And I choose to be involved with the people I'm involved with. They don't choose me.

Heart of Gold

The only time it bothered me that someone sounded like me was when I was living in Phoenix, Arizona, in about '72, and the big song at the time was "Heart of Gold." I used to hate it when it came on the radio. I always liked Neil Young, but it bothered me every time I listened to "Heart of Gold." I think it was up at number one for a long time, and I'd say, "Shit, that's me. If it sounds like me, it should as well be me." There I was, stuck on the desert someplace, having to cool out for a while. New York was a heavy place. Woodstock was worse, people living in trees outside my house, fans trying to batter down my door, cars following me up dark mountain roads. I needed to lay back for a while, forget about things, myself included, and I'd get so far away and turn on the radio and there I am, but it's not me. It seemed to me somebody else had taken my thing and had run away with it, you know, and I never got over it. Maybe tomorrow.

Has Anybody Seen My Love?

"Tight Connection to My Heart" is a very visual song. I want to make a movie out of it. I don't think it's going to get done. I think it's going to go past on the way, but of all the songs I've ever written, that might be one of the most visual. Of all the songs I've written, that's the one that's got characters that can be identified with. Whatever the fuck that means. I don't know. I may be trying to make it more important than it is, but I can see the people in it. Have you ever heard that song "I'm a Rambler, I'm a Gambler"...

"I once had a sweetheart, age was 16, she was the Flower of Belton and the Rose of Saline"? Same girl, maybe older. I don't know, maybe it should stay a song.

In most of my songs, I know who it is that I'm singing about and to. Lately, since '78, that's been true and hasn't changed. The stuff before '78, those people have kinda disappeared, '76, '75, '74. If you see me live, you won't hear me sing too many of those songs. There's a certain area of songs, a certain period that I don't feel that close to. Like the songs on the *Desire* album, that's kind of a fog to me. But since '78, the characters have all been extremely real and are still there. The ones I choose to talk about and relate to are the ones I find some kind of greatness in.

Million Dollar Bash

I know going on the Grammys is not my type of thing, but with Stevie (Wonder) it seemed like an interesting idea. I wasn't doing anything that night. I didn't feel I was making any great statement. For me, it was just going down to the place and changing my clothes.

Idiot Wind

Videos are out of character for me, too. The latest ones I've done with Dave Stewart are alright. The other ones, I don't know, I was just ordered around. I didn't pay much attention to those videos. You have to make them if you make records. You just have to. But you have to play live. You can't hide behind videos. I think once this video thing peaks out, people will get back to see who performs live and who don't.

X-Rated

I don't think censorship applies to me. It applies more to Top 40 artists. People who have hit records might have to be concerned with that, but I don't have those kinds of records that I'd have to be concerned about what I say. I'm just going to write any old song I feel like writing. The way I feel about it, I don't buy any of those records, anyway. I don't even like most of that music. I couldn't care at all if the records you hear on the radio are X-rated or R-rated. I don't think it's right, however. I'm opposed to it. I think every single song that you hear can be seen in another point of view from what it is. People have been reading stuff into my songs for years. I'd probably be the first one with a letter on their record.

Which letter?

F and B, Fire and Brimstone. But I don't know about the B, that could stand for Boring. Certainly a lot of stuff today would fall into that category.

Rainy Day Women

I've always been drawn to a certain kind of woman. It's the voice more than anything else. I listen to the voice first. It's that sound I heard when I was growing up. It was calling out to me. When everything was blank and void, I would listen for hours to the Staple Singers. It's that sort of gospel singing sound. Or that voice on the Crystals' record, "Then He Kissed Me," Clydie King, Memphis Minnie, that type of thing. There's something in that voice, that whenever I hear it, I drop everything, whatever it is.

What happens when the body doesn't match the voice?

continued on p. 80





PLAYBACK

2:37 AM

BEARSVILLE STUDIOS

WOODSTOCK, NY



Miller

MADE THE AMERICAN WAY.

CONTAINS
NO ADDITIVES
OR
PRESERVATIVES.



SLY STONE'S HEART OF DARKNESS



O, Lord! Jee-sus have *mercy* on

this *sinner*! Lord, he's a stranger to the Father and Son. But please, Lord, we entreat thee, lead him out of the valley of death. He's lost his soul and is burning up. But the way to Bethlehem is hard. I needed a fix, too, but I needed a fix only Christ could give me."

"Amen. Yes'm. . ."

"Sisters and brothers, raise your hands and pray for this man. Jesus saved his brother, Freddie. He alone can bring Sylvester Stewart, the boy we know as Sly, from the depths of Hell, to walk with Isaiah."

"Jesus, oh Lord, Jesus!" shouts a woman in St. Beulah's God in Christ Church in San Francisco. "Yes Lord, I'll never forget how you set me free!"

"You tell it, sister, amen! Amen!"

The congregation's heads are raised, eyes closed, and



"I'd give presents like all the money in the world was mine," says Sly. "I paid the tab for whatever alcohol, drugs, airplanes, whatever, for everybody around me."

their arms are stretched upwards. Then all fall deathly silent. A hunchbacked, silver-haired old black man trembles, "Woe is me," and the faithful pick up the beat, waving fans that advertise a nearby funeral parlor. Several women cry out and fall to their knees, their faces contorted in angst. The men thump on the floor and pound their hands together, and as the church swells with passion, Sly Stone's younger brother Freddie, recently "saved" from his cocaine habit, a beatific smile engraved on his face, accompanies the matronly sister piano player on guitar.

Alpha Stone, Sly's 69-year-old mother, a plump, glum woman gowned in a tentlike, ankle-length white dress, nods her head slowly in agreement. Alpha comes to St. Beulah's nightly. She's heard the prayers for Sly's soul before. Her tired eyes reflect the misery of unanswered prayers, but Alpha still believes. Despite many tearful phone conversations with Sly and his string of arrests for cocaine possession, she's convinced he will find salvation.

"Have hope, dear," a fiery-tongued believer says. "We've already saved Freddie. Sly will fall to his knees, but he will find God!"

"Oh, I certainly hope so. Sly just has to surrender his life to God. My son could have had the world. He's 42. We tell him, 'Sly, you're getting older.' He's not that far out there that God can't reach him.

"Sly knows he's blessed. He's been through so much. God is just. God spared Freddie's life. They were always so loaded they didn't know where they were. The hands of God protected Freddie. But I can't talk to Sly like I do with Freddie, because he doesn't understand. But every once in a while, when he's not loaded, he'll call me, talk down-to-earth, and understand. I just pray. I have faith, I'd be dead otherwise, when I think of the things they've been into. I've cried into my pillow many nights. But I pray there's a God who can save Sly."

I don't know if Sly's gonna show up," says an assistant to Ken Roberts, Sly's manager. "Why the hell are you here, anyway? Why write about him? Go to his house! Use your best instincts! Make believe you're in Vietnam." Welcome to Ken Roberts's sprawling, 113-acre estate in Mandeville Canyon on the edge of Bel-Air in Los Angeles.

I expected the legendary Late One to pimp my mind for an hour or two. All through the '60s and '70s, when

Sly was trailblazing for Prince, Stevie Wonder, and the Jacksons with a blend of rock and rhythm and blues that antedated disco/funk, with such uplifting anthems as "Everyday People," "Dance to the Music," and "I Want to Take You Higher," he played con games with reporters. In interviews that never went as scheduled, he was often accompanied by bodyguards or an attack-trained pit bulldog named Gun. His replies were invariably vague or mystical, or as deceptive as the moves of a three-card-monte dealer. Now you saw Sly, now you didn't.

A banged-up Datsun pulls into the driveway and a light-skinned, long-haired Hispanic girl with flaming purple lips gets out, followed by a man wearing a teased wig, tight jeans, a large Star of David, and a blue T-shirt with "The Boss" emblazoned across the back. Sly has arrived. He heads straight for Roberts's office without acknowledging me. For about 20 minutes, only Roberts's unintelligible words can be heard through the door, then they both appear in the conference room. Extending his hand, Roberts introduces himself and looks sternly at Sly.

"Don't worry!" shoots back the sheepish-looking Sly. "I'm going to do the interview. He'll be okay. I'll give him lots of time to talk to me. I promise." Sly's engaging, childlike smile is convincing, and Roberts leaves the room.

Nervously playing with his gold-filigreed star, Sly says he has to pick up his Lincoln Continental from a repair shop. We can talk while I drive him around town.

"Later we'll go to a 'Mexican' restaurant," laughs Sly. "I'll be all yours. Just let me take care of this one thing."

I don't have much choice. Yet, I sense this is a fateful mistake, one that will trap me between the charming Sylvester Stewart and the destructive "Sly Stone."

"I'm coming back, I'm sure of it," insists Sly, looking at his girlfriend for an approving smile. He calls her Arlene, but spells it R-Nine. It's one of his habitual wordplays, as in his 1971 hit single, "Thank You Fallettine Be Mice Elf Agin."

"He knows funk, he's the greatest," she blurts out. "I know what people are saying and thinking," Sly continues. "I don't blame them. But even when I was growing up in Vallejo [California] people were telling me, 'You can't do it, you just can't do it.' What do you

mean I can't do it? I've written lots of songs, I'm going after all of it again."

He was once the Pied Piper. Blacks and whites paraded under Sly's banner of black pride and hippie pacifism. Backed by the multiracial Family Stone band (sisters Rose and Vet and brother Freddie played alongside Larry Graham, Greg Errico, Cynthia Robinson, and Jerry Martini), Sly was a costumed, bejeweled Moses. Concert halls vibrated when he sang, and the dude who had the audacity to get married in Madison Square Garden sold records that earned him over \$2 million a year. Sly had it all: 13 sports cars and limos, three mansions, women, his own studio, six pedigreed dogs, and a Muhammad Ali-sized entourage.

This dynamo reshaped rock 'n' roll. "There was no one like him back then, the guy was a genius," Arista Records head Clives Davis had told me, remembering that Sly minted more than hits from 1967 to 1973. Songs like "Stand," "You Can Make It If You Try," and "Don't Call Me Nigger, Whitey" dominated the charts. As Davis had affectionately added, "Sly was a revolutionary. He had a fire that influenced dozens of musicians." George Clinton, Rick James, the Temptations, James Brown—all fell under Sly's spell. For Sly was redefining rhythm and blues with synthesizers, giving the music a livelier, thumping beat, creating a new sound with twisted phrases and an earthy edge. It was called funk, and Sly was its Supreme Oracle.

Then began the dark night. Sly fell victim to stardom's worst excesses. He began throwing money away on extravagances and hanging out with the wrong people.

"All the shit began when we moved to New York in '69," sighs former Family Stone sax player Jerry Martini. Now a booking agent and leader of a Hilton Hotel trio in Hawaii, he continues, "Sly was just an innocent kid from Texas and Vallejo. New York blew his mind. He was suddenly prey to pimps, coke dealers, and street urchins, and all the time, these people were telling him, 'What a genius you are.' They remolded his personality. He had such great ideas up until then. The drugs just took him over, there was so much freebase around. We stopped rehearsing. I'd talk to him so many times, he was a good friend of mine, we had double-dated as kids in Vallejo. But I just had to leave the band by '76. My good friend Sylvester Stewart had totally become 'Sly Stone.'"

But an even worse demon was gnawing at Sly.

"Drugs hurt him, but the real villain was ego," says Sly's former manager, David Kapralik, from his Maui tropical flower farm. "It got blown way out of all proportion. When Sly and the Family Stone first played at the Electric Circus [in New York], Cynthia, Larry Graham, Freddie, sister Rose, all would do solos. But as Sly became more prominent he started cutting down solos. At the end it was nothing but Sly performing.

"His ego got more distorted. He needed more and more of the glory. He believed in his own worthiness, and yet simultaneous to that, the self-destruction began. Unless someone is profoundly convinced or assured of that worthiness, as their success gets bigger and bigger, there is that small inner voice that says, 'You're full of shit.' The voice started to tear him down. . . . He bought the lie, and felt he really wasn't worthy."

Right: Sly and friends in Los Angeles.

Symbolic of the fall, Sly smiles docilely at Roberts, who has returned, and tries to get him to sign a \$4,700 check for the car repairs. Despite the "Boss" message on his T-shirt, Sly's kept on hold, no longer the potentate who hung out with Halston, Andy Warhol, and Richard Pryor and rented Liz Taylor's jet for cross-country tours.

Most of the money Sly earns from airplay and record sales goes to the IRS to pay off a \$3.4 million lien. The Feds allow him monthly living expenses. Sly recently sold his remaining publishing rights to Michael Jackson. "Sly's the Joe Louis of rock," says former Rolling Stones and Beatles manager Allen Klein. "He's barely being kept afloat."

Sly pockets his check. "Come on," he tells me, "we have to hurry. The bank closes in half an hour. If we don't get this check cashed, I can't get my car. Give me a few bucks, R-Nine needs gas money." R-Nine jumps into the Datsun. Sly joins me in my car.

We speed out of the estate. "Keep up with her," Sly demands. He laughs demonically as we approach the stretch of Sunset Boulevard known as Dead Man's Curve. "You gotta go for it," Sly urges. "Come on, you gotta live as fast as you can."

"It was fun being a success—the clothes, the money—and I was communicating," says Sly. "But it's not successful when you're overworking yourself. I got tired of all the running around. I can't do 40 gigs in 30 nights. That's not success, that's hell."

"Being overbooked got on my nerves. For a person to be expected here and there and to be late to both, no, it wasn't good. The dream in the beginning was to just make good rock 'n' roll records. I wanted balance,

how I'm really a down-home person. It would be hard for a woman to love a rock 'n' roll star, if that's all she loves. There'll be problems."

Sly's in a lighter mood as he leaves the bank. His face is beaming as he skips out the door waving a wad of \$100 bills at R-Nine. She parks her Datsun in a parking lot, and we head for the M&M body shop in Hollywood. "Wait till you hear my new stuff," says Sly. "It's so damn good. I'm really working hard."

"Yeah, he is, he is," chirps R-Nine. "He's like a shark. He never stops moving. The music, that's all he cares about. Only time I see him still is when he's asleep."

In June A&M Records offered Sly \$13,000 to \$16,000 for an "experimental" single, which A&M Vice President John McClain said could lead to a \$100,000 LP deal. Sly has yet to accept this deal, even though he's told McClain, "I've run through millions of dollars, I've got to do music. If I don't do that I might as well start running on the freeway."

At the peak of his fame, Sly was the baaad-assed street dude, a veteran of Vallejo gang wars who pimped for a small stable of girls as a teenager. He was ahead of his time, both musically and for his cocaine use, and he was a target. He paid for being so different. A squadron of police once arrived at his home after a neighbor's noise complaint. At a party someone brought a substance suspected of being intended for Sly that poisoned several guests. The Black Panthers threatened him in an attempt to get him to work for them. Hysterical crowds at his shows were often on the verge of chaos, surging toward the stage to get a piece of him. Sly shielded himself with bodyguards, gun-tot-

ing tough guys who enjoyed rolling heads and who heightened Sly's bad-boy image. But they weren't a defense against his demons, or the "leeches" who clung to him. And still do. His mother had warned me, "You see Sly by himself. He's a different man then."

"The more popular you get, the more people there are around who say they will make everything work," bristles Sly as we head for the garage. "So more people make money off your hide, like from traveling arrangements. Sometimes I ignored my health. That's not success, that's just crazy. That kind of shit got me tired."

"When I was late, drugs were part of the reason. But not as much as my not knowing where the fuck I was supposed to be. Lots of times I'd be booked in two places at once."

He laughs sardonically.

"No, man, I ain't sorry about *nothing*. I got a scab built over that's so strong it's like a bionic skin graft. That old wound has healed like a motherfucker. I could be in a house like Roberts has, it's just not conducive to my frame of mind. I could be there, I'd just have to do something other than my music. But I'm gonna do my music until my music is done. Okay, here it is: there are people who get in touch with me, and I'm sure if I said, 'Look, I'll give you this,' they'd say, 'Sly, I'll tell you what, I'll put you up in this house, I'll give you this car.' I'm not into that. They want part of my soul. And worse than that, they really don't want me to understand their ulterior motives. They don't fool me. They fooled me once. But, hey, any human being that cannot be fooled, cannot learn how not to be. Really!"

A burst of devilish laughter fills the car. A different Sly has surfaced. This one is fierce and strident, be-

"It was fun being a success," says Sly, "but I got tired of all the running around. I can't do 40 gigs in 30 nights. That's hell."

the good life. I wanted money, lots of it, but I basically wanted to communicate with people."

There's a gentle, brooding quality to his voice, a marked vulnerability. The arrogance that led him to miss concerts, hustle cash from record execs (as Warner PR director Bob Merlis remembers, "He wanted a per diem to do publicity for his own LP and even money to have his hair done"), and turn in albums a year late is absent. At least for now, the volcano inside him is still.

At the bank, Sly meekly presents his check. R-Nine snuggles up to him, but he keeps his eyes on the teller. Rebuffed, she pouts.

Sly's romantic attachments mirror the instability of his life. He's been married once that he admits to, and has a daughter (Phunne, now 9) with Cynthia Robinson, the band's trumpet player. Four months after his 1974 Madison Square Garden wedding to Kathy Silva, a 21-year-old actress from Hawaii (a stunt to boost his declining record sales), she filed for divorce and custody of their 14-month-old son, Sylvester Stewart II. There were rumors of an affair with Doris Day, which he never publicly denied. Sly reportedly married Olenka Wallach, a Sausalito woman. They also had a daughter, Nove (when asked her age, Sly stutters, "I got to find out for sure . . . uh, she's about a couple of years, two and a half").

But Sly is still looking for "the love of my life." There's a void inside him, he admits; he's lonely, and says he's been able to depend on women only "in spurts."

"I think I'm just coming to myself," he says in a heavy, subdued voice. "I think I needed a few days of powder blues in order to appreciate a few things I might have overlooked. It's not that I haven't had a woman. I really believe because I play rock 'n' roll, there's a certain image of me that makes it harder for anyone to imagine



traying no signs of weakness, but revealing a hint of his personality's darker side. I'm reminded of what Freddie told me as we left St. Beulah's. "My brother's angry. He's been conned so many times, he's become a real con man himself."

At the garage, Sly's informed his car isn't ready, and he blows up. As we start to leave, there's a phone call for him. When he returns, plans have changed. Instead of going to that "Mexican" restaurant, Sly tells me to drive to a 7-11 about four miles away.

"I have to . . . uh, meet someone," he stammers, his voice edged with danger. He avoids my quizzical stare.

We pull into the 7-11 and Sly hops out, furtively looks around as if to check whether we've been followed, and goes to the pay phone. He returns a few minutes later with a bottle of something in a paper bag, puts it in the car, and then stands by the door, nervously scanning the street.

A white Volvo driven by a husky black guy slowly pulls into the lot and parks a considerable distance away. Sly walks quickly to the car, and while I can't see what's transpiring, I don't like the smell of it.

Sly soon saunters back to the car and slides into the front seat. His mood has changed. He's happy again. He cheerfully gives me directions to his apartment in Burbank, near Universal Studios, and as we leave the parking lot, I notice the dude in the Volvo staring at me. It's a mean, hard look.

The mind-fucking continues. With a vengeance. Only this time the game's played on Sly's turf, according to his whims and conceits. Here, in his third-floor apartment in a multiunit development, he's king. Subordinates do the dirty work. It's their job to make me squirm. They suddenly all leave the room for long periods, then I hear perverse laughter echoing from another room, then they return, one by one or together, and walk around like specters—without saying a word to me. The bleakness of the place is oppressive. It's dark, like a dead zone. There's no soul here. It echoes Sly's past. It's sad and frightening.

There's very little furniture here, except for a plaid couch and a few chairs. A suitcase stuffed with clothes is tucked into a corner. A trading company calendar hangs crookedly on a wall, adding to the gloom. The room's dreariness is heightened by the dark curtains, tightly drawn.

I sit patiently near a galley kitchen, while across from me, lounging on the couch, a scowling, broad-shouldered hulk Sly calls "T" watches my every twitch. Unnerved by this, I try to engage him in conversation, but he just sits there like cold stone, slapping his large, fleshy fists together and icily eyeing me.

T is a man with sinister credentials. Seven years ago, he was arrested and charged with shooting to death a 20-year-old man outside Sly's Mandeville Canyon home, but the L.A. district attorney's office dropped the charges due to "insufficient evidence."

Sly has been in the back room for 20 minutes already. I notice his sister Rose as she pauses in a hallway to look at me. Then she too disappears into a room. R-Nine also flits by, laughing hysterically. But Sly remains closeted. No sounds are heard from his room.

Another half-hour grinds by before the word comes down. "He's ready to see you now," announces T ceremoniously. He escorts me to a small studio where R-Nine is sitting on the floor, busily writing on a pad. Once I'm seated, T sits next to a flickering TV.

The miniature studio is filled with synthesizers, mixers, TEACs, an overdub machine, and a drumulator. An unmade bed is pushed against one wall, and a photo of three smiling children rests on a shelf.

Sly is perched on a stool behind the equipment. He's bent over, wildly fidgeting with dials, and doesn't look up for several moments. But then comes the music, a rap song, and the slyest of roars that is unmistakably triumphant.

"That's my old lady, man," shouts Sly, turning toward R-Nine. "She sings with me, she's keeping me on my job. She keeps us organized. I'm doing an album on her."

Sly's bodyguard T was once charged with shooting to death a 20-year-old man outside Sly's home.

"Yeah, we got it going now. This mixer, it came from Jermaine [Jackson]. It's a nice rig, that's what's happening. We have some hit songs here, for sure. I'll tell you what, this stuff is so good, when I take it to the studio, do you know what they say to me? 'Just transfer it.' They take what I did in the house and transfer it onto a 24-track at the studio. Yeah, it's happening."

"I'm taking no chances—I'm doing all I can to get a hit record again. I want them. I can only see victory. I have to come back. I'm taking no chances . . . none!"

His voice flaring anew, Sly has the charisma of a man in a pulpit, delivering the message of his own redemption.

"I don't know anybody that's been out as long as I have and then come back. For usually by now everyone does 'oldies but goodies.' Someone suggested that to me, said, 'Why don't you make \$10,000 a night, just



doing clubs, singing 'Hot Fun in the Summertime?' Yeah, right. Well, I'm not into that. God blessed me with the strength and energy that I have right now. I'm very strong, I feel good. I feel alert. I'm gonna do it with all the strength I've got."

"Everybody's got a negative," says Sly. "I think you have less of a negative when you know it's there. I don't know what it is, but it's whatever inside me that encourages me to be discouraged. As long as I compete with anything negative in me, as long as I can beat that, I'm ready for the bright lights again."

To emphasize the point, Sly turns up the volume on "Time Out," a funk romp he calls "skunk music." His face is glowing. He's convinced the pulsating, high-energy tune will be a hit. He's so animated, so filled with the future, that drugs seem to be part of a distant past.

But because so many record-industry people got burned by you, won't they continue to dismiss you as an addict? I ask.

"I don't blame these people, they don't know any better," counters Sly softly. "The last time they heard I was [on drugs]. They're not wrong for thinking that, they'll just be very turned on by finding out differently."

So does this mean he's totally clean? Sly glowers at me and shakes his head disgustedly.

"If you ask me about drugs and I tell you I'm not doing any, some people will think I'm bullshitting. If I tell you yeah that's incriminating. It's not good for our

kids to see me incriminated, because they like me. Your kids liked me. Art Linkletter's kids liked me. You turn your kids into dope fiends, [you're] fucking around with people . . . So the best thing for you to do and for everybody else to do with me is to treat me like I'm Superman, all-American. Leave that subject alone."

"I don't discuss drugs for your benefit and mine. Because the kids are gonna like me, they gonna like me, and if you hook drugs up with me, they're gonna do them. I'm not into turning kids on to drugs. So the best way for me to contribute to society is to stay out of that conversation."

Sly jumps down from the stool, shimmies around jagged-style, and lip-synchs to a new song called "Coming Back for More."

Been so high I touched the sky
And the sky said, "Sly, why you trying to get by?"
I'm Coming Back for More

Finally grew to size
Makes it easier to oblige
Apologize for more

Writing songs and writing wrongs
And from front to black
I'll be white black, yeh

Never felt sorry
Or too out of line
Missed a date or two
But late was on time
I'm coming back for more

Everybody is a star
Who can run
And chase the dust away
It's a family affair
I'm coming back for more

In 1978 there was no coming back. There were no more hits, though Sly was still on the ego ride, playing the problem child.

"I bore most of the brunt of dealing with Sly," recalls Walter Dean, then an executive at Epic Records, now executive vice president of CBS Records. "He had such pressures on him, he couldn't retain his humanity." Epic employees assigned to Sly were given \$25,000 in special legal insurance in case they were arrested in drug busts with him. Stories filtered back to the record company about Sly's continuing tentativeness in the studio. It had taken him two years to deliver *Fresh* (1973)—a delay that so infuriated Clive Davis, president of Columbia, Epic's parent company, that he temporarily suspended Sly's contract. Still, Epic executives heard only rumors that Sly was holed up in studios in Sausalito and L.A., constantly overdubbing. (One associate wryly suggested his next album be called *Overdub City*.) His insecurities had overwhelmed him.

"He was getting pretty out there," remembers Michelle Zarin, manager of the Record Plant in Sausalito. One night, Sly lost all control. "I got this call from the janitor," recalls Zarin. "Sly had called him and said in that low voice of his, 'I'm coming for my tapes.' Epic had told me that he couldn't take his masters, so I rushed down to the studio just as Sly walks in with two flunkies. They had guns. Sly says, 'Give me my tapes, give me my fuckin' tapes!' I tell him the tapes belong to Epic, I can't give them to you. 'Don't threaten me,' he screams. 'Give me my fuckin' tapes, right now!' I say, 'Go ahead, motherfucker, shoot me.' He finally takes me into another room and says, 'Don't embarrass me, please give me the tapes,' and when I tell him he has ruined his career enough, he says 'Shit.' Then he just walks back to the other room and tells the flunkies, 'Okay, guys, let's get out of here.'"

Tired of these incidents and Sly's lack of productivity, Epic severed ties with him in 1978. Warner Bros. Records quickly offered Sly a \$500,000 contract, but as Clive Davis recalls, "Sly's manager told me, 'Sly loves



Marlboro



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

you, he wants to go with you to Arista.' He said Sly would accept two-thirds of Warner's offer if I signed him. I met with Sly at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and we spent several hours together. He said he was ready." Pausing, Davis looks at a picture of Sly that hangs on his office wall. "But I didn't feel that he had all of his creative powers. I didn't see that uniqueness, I didn't see that fire."

In 1979, amid great fanfare, Sly's *Back on the Right Track* was released by Warner Brothers. But Sly felt aggrieved. "He rebelled, he never thought the album was his," says Ken Roberts. "Warner assigned people to work with him, and they changed his music around. After that Sly just went away."

Roberts pleaded with Sly, "Try to get your mind together, get these creative problems cleared away." But Sly still withdrew. Tired of the spotlight, he shied away from recording studios and adopted a more private lifestyle.

"My brother wanted to get away from the fast pace. He just kicked back," says Freddie. "He played small clubs—he loves his music always. The demands, though, were too great on him. He retreated, he got private. After *Right Track* he was almost extinct, he got so private. Before, he liked to ride in a Mark IV; in the '80s he rode around in an old Mustang. He settled for an out-of-the-way, run-down apartment. He didn't want to be out in front anymore. The glamour didn't mean anything anymore. He wanted to be normal."

Sly's "powder blue" period lasted until 1983, when he went back into the studio and began producing tracks for *Ain't But One Way*. But before finishing the album, he lost interest.

"Sly didn't finish it himself. He wasn't around for the mixing," recounts Bob Merlis, Warner PR director. "He worked on it for quite some time, but we again had to put other people on it. Sly just wasn't physically around."

A phoenix couldn't rise out of the ashes of Sly's career. At least not yet. There had been an inspirational flame, but Sly burned himself out. He wasn't a superman, impervious to the ravages of godforsaken substances. Hell visited him in nightly orgies, exhausting his creative juices. A downed, wingless Icarus, he was powerless to stave off the vultures. And they quickly gnawed at his remains.

"A lot of my money disappeared," Sly fumes, closing his eyes soundlessly and slumping over the soundboard. "One day, 13 cars and a Rancho [R.V.] were taken from me. I didn't manage my money enough myself. It goes very fast, it goes much faster than you can see it go. There's no need for one person to have 13 cars. That's stupid. I bought drugs. I'd give presents like all the money in the world was mine. I paid the tab for whatever alcohol, drugs, airplanes, clothes, housing, whatever, for myself and everybody around me."

"Look, when you're much younger and on top, they tell you, 'Don't worry 'bout nothin'. Hey, you're an artist, just think about your music.' I said OK. I'd get a lot of contracts crammed into my face. I'd be getting into a Lear jet, on my way somewhere, and they'd say, 'Before you get to the next place, can we see you, sweetheart? Sign this right quick. Hey, I wouldn't try to beat you. What the fuck? Me? I love you. I know your mama. I know her first name.'"

I ask him if settling his \$3.4 million in tax liens doesn't require more than an extraordinary comeback.

"I got music here," Sly assuredly responds. "The music is what it takes. I don't think that I owe 3.4, because they don't treat me like I owe 3.4. They treat me as if they're going to find out who owes 3.4."

"I am willing to get along [with the government]. If I owe something, I want to know. But I got to get to work. If I can't work, I can't pay. It's highly conceivable that I'm probably not responsible for all those dollars. Somebody goofed! I'll just get a big contract. The IRS will make a deal. I want to pay it!"

He howls with laughter and talks about doing a duet with Dylan ("I like the way he can't sing so well"). He isn't kidding. His voice has a new ferocity, an unyielding bent that's reminiscent of the old, indomitable Sly.



"Walking inside that drug clinic was the worst moment," says Sly. "I knew I'd be there for awhile."

Sly with girlfriend R-Nine (left, hugging him) and his niece.

His body also shakes, like the believers at St. Beulah's. Yet there's a different energy here. It's one of arrival. This is the fire next time.

"Stand," has always been my favorite song, because people should stand for what they believe in," he roars. "I got people to believe in that. That wasn't just for blacks, that was for everybody. I just thought that was the way things should be . . . you just dance to the music because that's what people are supposed to do. That's the way it ought to be . . ."

Sly begins a medley of his "comeback" songs.

Eye to eye with you.
Sometimes I do not know,
People come and people go
Where you going, where you've been
Have to do with the space I'm in
Eye to eye with you
Baby, babeee . . .

A soulful "woowwww" follows, and he yells, "That's a good song, ain't it?"

Pumped and in the groove that took him to the mountaintop, he belts out phrases from "Coming Back for More" and mixes them with predictions for his future.

And the sky said Sly, why you
just trying to get by
I'm coming back for more
Been so high I touched the sky . . .
Everybody is a star . . .
[in a deep growl] Yes, you baby . . .

"Rose will be singing:"

I'm coming back for more
It's the truth
Check it out, check it out
I'm gonna take you higher . . . whoow!

"It's gonna be baaad, man."

Just two years ago, things for Sly were at their worst. On the night of June 21, 1983, the staff at the Ramada Airport Hotel in Ft. Myers, Florida, are warned to expect trouble. Sly is returning from a disastrous gig at a local bar, where the owner refused to pay him.

Nothing untoward happens that evening, but the following morning Sly calls the front desk several times, abusively demanding room service. When a busboy dispatched to his room doesn't return, the general manager calls and visits Sly's room several times without getting any response. He finally returns to room 221, unlocks the door, and sees Sly and a woman lying on the two beds. Neither of them stirs. The general manager calls the sheriff.

Paramedics arrive first and find Sly and Melissa Apalito nearly unconscious. Near Sly, the police discover a glass cocaine freebasing kit, white powder residue on some of these instruments, three propane tanks, a torch, and a razor with white powder still on it. Sly is asked if he has been freebasing cocaine. "Yes, but it's all gone," he says. Then he falls back asleep.

Warm breezes off the Gulf of Mexico sweep over the pine-covered grounds, and shrimp boats dot the horizon, giving the six-acre retreat in Ft. Myers, Florida, a soothing, bucolic charm. Except for a heated game on a basketball court and staff people moving about one of 10 low-slung, Spanish-styled buildings, nothing disturbs this tranquility. Though it is nestled in the middle of a bustling tourist area, the retreat looks like a luxurious spa.

But here, at the Lee Mental Health Clinic, emotions flare and battles rage. This is a world of tempests, where the soul is tested daily. For six months in 1984, the Father of Funk, sentenced by the court after the Ramada Inn arrest, confronted his own heart of darkness; Sylvester Stewart wrestled with Sly Stone.

"We didn't accept 'Sly' in our therapy sessions. 'Sly' is a make-believe role Sylvester plays," says Dr. Richard Sapp, the director of the clinic. "Sylvester can control 'Sly.' He's in control of his life when he's not 'Sly.' And except for the beginning part of his stay here, he was Sylvester here. Too many people give in to 'Sly,' but we didn't. Once he realized that we were serious, he became Sylvester. As long as he continues to do that, he shouldn't be having problems with drugs."

Sly was ordered into the clinic's drug rehabilitation program by a Ft. Myers judge after he was convicted of possession of freebasing paraphernalia. According to Sly's lawyer, Allan Parvey, he originally pleaded innocent to a drug possession charge, but was eventually

continued on p. 65



"I could go for something Gordon's"

The possibilities are endless





Laura Levine

SQUEEZE PLAY

Glenn Tilbrook and Jools Holland of Squeeze talk about their reunion, their gang of managers, and *The Odd Couple*.

Interview by Lynn Geller

When four of the original members of Squeeze announced their intention to reunite, it was like watching someone go back to his high school sweetheart. Both the breakup and the reunion seemed logical.

Conceived in 1975 by South London school chums Chris Difford, Glenn Tilbrook, Jools Holland, and Gilson Lavis, Squeeze was probably the quintessential pop import to come stateside on the new wave circuit in the late '70s. Their string of hit singles traced a growing sophistication that evoked comparisons with the Beatles and, ironically, contributed to the band's dissolution.

First to depart in 1980 was keyboardist and unofficial toastmaster Jools Holland, who left to form his own band, Jools Holland and His Millionaires. Though fans missed Holland, it was his replacement, Paul Carrack, who sang "Tempted," the Top 20 single that helped propel their album *East Side Story* to U.S. bestsellerdom. The resulting nonstop touring, along with personnel and management hassles (including Carrack's departure), took a toll on group morale. By the time they hit Madison Square Garden, after the release of the less successful *Sweets From a Stranger* LP, they were ready to split. Glenn and Chris, "joined," as Holland says, "by the umbilical Siamese twin songwriting thing," left behind their longtime associates, bassist John Bentley and drummer Gilson Lavis, to record in a more experimental vein as Difford & Tilbrook. Lavis joined Holland, who had

since become the host of an English TV program, *The Tube*, for an album and tour of their own. Glenn got married. Chris and his wife had another child.

Last January Squeeze reformed, with D&T bassist Keith Wilkinson, for a one-off gig in a pub. Tarrying with old loves is always a danger. The result in this case: a reunited Squeeze, a new album, *Così Fan Tutti Frutti*, and a two-month tour of the U.S.

Always a fairly wholesome bunch by rock standards, Squeeze recently arrived in New York with an entourage of wives, children, assorted managers, and even Glenn's mum and dad. "The only ones who really look the part are our roadies," says Jools. "Our roadies look very rock 'n' roll."

Sprawled out on the beds of Jools's hotel suite, Glenn Tilbrook and Jools Holland look far too comfy to indulge in any wild rock star behavior. Friends since grade school, the two seem perfectly in sync, despite pronounced differences in personal style—Jools with his close-cropped hair, alligator shirt, and clipped verbal delivery; Glenn, in baggy whites and shoulder-length hair, genuinely diffident, though equally funny in his own laconic way.

Did you run into each other while the band was broken up?

Jools: Oh yes, in the local saunas and gymnasiums. We've always lived in the same area ever since we've known each other. We've always seen one another whatever else is going on. On Christmas we go round to one another's houses.

So why didn't this reunion happen sooner?

Jools: Because it would have been too soon, really. It wouldn't have been getting back together again. It would have been . . .

Glenn: Continuing.

Jools: And Difford & Tilbrook would be away touring. Then when you're in the studio, you don't get out much. And the same for the Millionaires. Then there was my schedule with *The Tube*.

We only get that once in a while on MTV. How would you describe it?

Jools: It was like an all-purpose younger person's entertainment, with three or four live bands, videos, and chats with people. There were odd comedians and we made little films, not necessarily films about music. Once we made a film about Jaguar cars, not a technical film, about a way of life, really. It was on every Friday at half past five, and it was live, which gave it a bit more edge.

How could you do that and be in Squeeze?

Jools: Well, I can't, and that's why it's finished. I could at the very end of it, because we were just starting to rehearse. The last act on the last episode of the last series of *The Tube* was Squeeze. The word "nepotism" was bandied about. The only other thing is that I've done a film in New Orleans, which also has Gilson in it. It's a surrealist parody of all those films you get where people drive across America.

What films?

Jools: There's lots of films like that where they have a car and start out and meet a horrible person, a hitchhiker, or a nice person in a bar.

Glenn: *Easy Rider?*

Jools: *Easy Rider*, *Vanishing Point*. The program with the two blokes in it.

Glenn: Oh, the program with the two blokes in it . . . *The Odd Couple?*

Jools: There are a lot of films of people traveling

around the South. There are. And they're looking for something all the time, and it's like that, only I get in all the good stuff. As I was saying earlier, there's a lot of people in America who don't appreciate what's outside their own back door.

Where's Gilson in all this?

Jools: He's a mystery, shadowy figure, really. I come across him at the end, but he's been following me all along. It's like that story, what is it, *Dorian Gray*? There's lots of . . .

Symbolism?

Jools: Yes. That's the word. And there's the sex symbolism over there on the bed.

Let's get back to the reunion, how it happened.

Glenn: No.

Jools: Well, what would you like to talk about, Glenn?

Glenn: If you want to know how it was, here it is. Picture if you will a pub in South London, Greenwich, by the river. Jools and Gilson . . .

What were you two doing together?

Jools: We sort of played together. He was in my big band, see?

Glenn: . . .

Glenn: . . . walks into the pub to see his old friends play. Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve!

Jools: It's the truth, a strange thing.

Glenn: I watched them and I thought, by golly, they're good. I thought, I'd like to be in a band with them.

So that's what I said to Jools. Gilson was barely speaking to me at the time. So I put it to Jools and called everyone up and said I'd booked a gig for myself the next month—at that time I was doing one-off gigs with different people—and would they fancy doing it? Not as Squeeze, I mean, obviously we would be Squeeze once we were on stage, but not officially. So we had a couple of days' rehearsal and did a gig, and it felt really good. There was a lot of excitement on stage.

Jools: Electricity.

Glenn: A communication that I think we all liked.

But if anyone had asked you even a year ago if you thought Squeeze would get back together, what would you have said?

Jools: Well, I would have struck them probably. Though nothing on that level would surprise me, really. If someone were to say that at age 80 I'd be living in an apartment over there and married to Glenn, I'd say, don't be ridiculous. But things happen, you know. It was Gilson and myself playing together, and there was Difford & Tilbrook, and we were all quite good on our own, but really it was the obvious thing for all of us to get together, because say all of us in Squeeze were rolled into one person . . .

He'd be king.

Jools: Exactly, more or less. And you couldn't say that of the Glenn Miller orchestra, I bet.

Were the songs on this album written with everybody, or had Chris and Glenn already written them?

Glenn: A couple of them we'd written already, but the rest were written for the album.

Jools: That's almost the same as any other Squeeze record, I'd say. There wasn't anything deliberate except, as one person said, the sound, which was deliberately better than any other. Like a Michelangelo

painting—grand, but with little touches or details you might notice when you come back to it a second time, having not bothered the first.

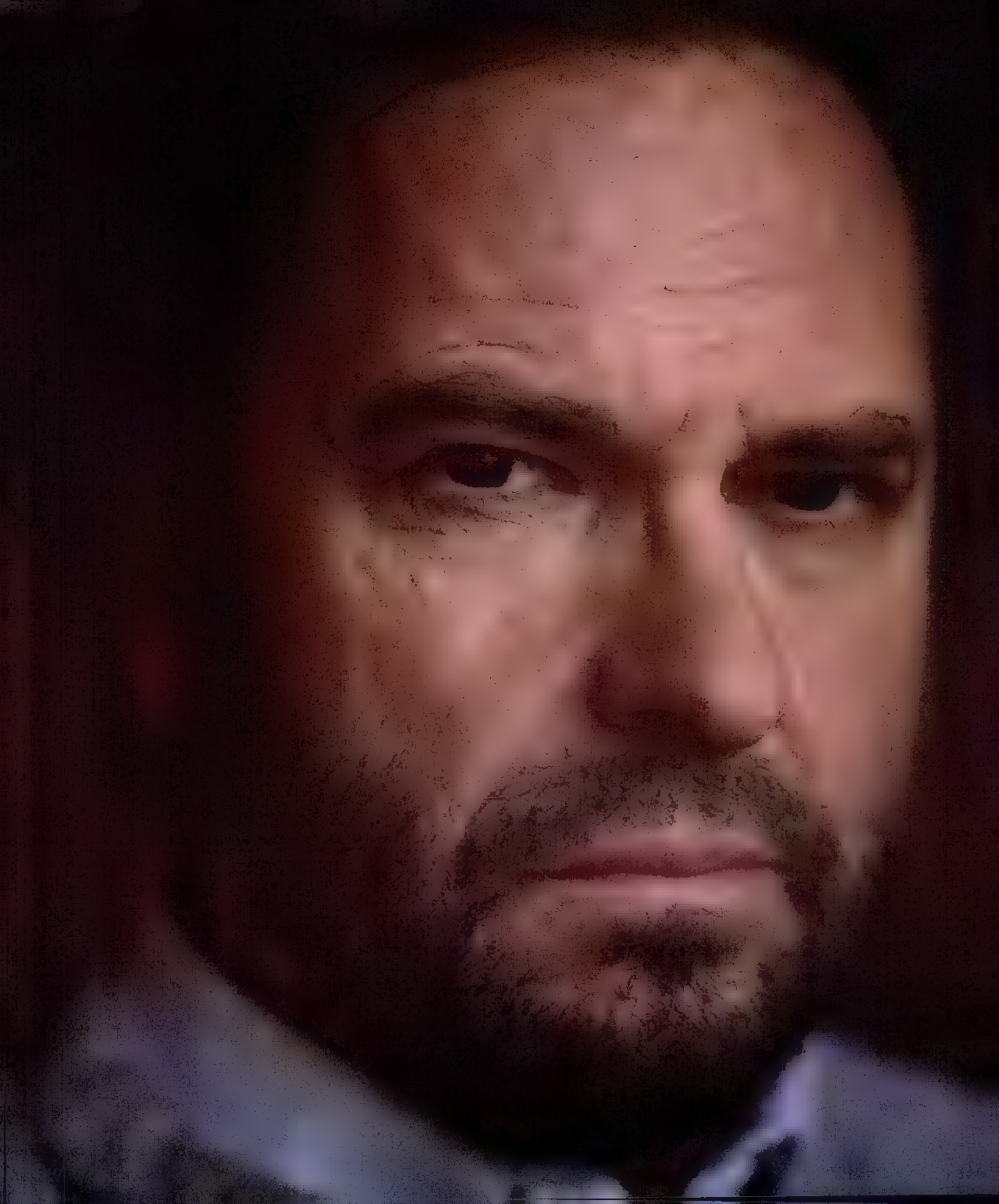
How did you choose the content of the songs? I imagine you went through a lot of them—you write hundreds.

Jools: We could have bickered for hours about it. There were some we'd written years ago that I thought we should have a go at, but a lot of things like that we left to the producer. We got him to make decisions for that reason, so we wouldn't bicker and then we could just blame him for everything afterwards. Glenn: We had finished songs to work with, but some of them changed while we were recording them. For instance, on "Last Time Forever" and "King George Street," we wrote quite a bit over. (Producer) Laurie

continued on p. 69



Opposite page: Chris Difford and Glenn Tilbrook standing on the edge of international success (and a large swamp). This page: Jools Holland sitting in a class by himself, in a band with others, on the corner of a page, in a significant sport coat.



RIP

I was just out the door," the voice on the phone says. "I'm on my way to the coast. We can get together when I come back."

"Do you have some background material I could read in the meantime?" I ask.

"Yeah, sure," says the voice. "Tell you what. I'll have a bag of stuff dropped off for you. Pick it up at Scotty's bar. It's on 9th Avenue, between 22nd and 23d. But save it for me. It's all I have."

The "bag of stuff" is a large, dog-eared manila envelope about two inches thick. At random I pull out a single sheet. It's a photostat of the birth certificate of Elmore Rual Torn, born February 6, 1931, in Temple, Bell County, Texas. He is named after his father, but while his old man never dreamed his son was going to be an actor, he couldn't have picked a more euphonious nickname for him. He called him Rip.

I pull another page from the bag. It is dated 54 years later, a review by Janet Maslin, the keen film critic for *The New York Times*, who writes of the recent comedy, *Summer Rental*, starring John Candy, "... the scene-stealer here is Rip Torn, who has a way of walking off with anything he appears in. He also stole the show in *Songwriter*, another recent summer production starring Willie Nelson."

This is what the bag of stuff is all about. The reports go back over 30 years, mostly raves. Such as "superb interpretations" of Chekhov, Strindberg, and Shakespeare, on and off-Broadway; Obie awards (the Oscars of off-Broadway) for directing; starring in well-received movies like *Cross Creek*, for which he earned an Oscar nomination last year; "startling portrayal of Walt Whitman" on CBS; and on and on. Now, I'm wondering what the hell this complete actor is doing playing secondary roles in schlock movies.

I pull out another sheet. A *Time* magazine feature reports: "Dennis Hopper wanted Rip Torn to play the square lawyer in *Easy Rider*. Jack Nicholson had been dispatched to the set as a sort of production watchdog. [Nicholson] quickly became the right man at the right time. When Rip Torn walked out of the movie, Nicholson moved in. *Easy Rider* wound up making \$35 million, and Nicholson got an Oscar nomination for the part Torn was set for."

I dump the whole contents of the bag on my desk and start going through it. On the table is a frayed clipping dating back to 1956, listing the cast for *Sweet Bird of Youth*. Rip Torn is understudy to the star, Paul Newman. This is Rip's introduction to Broadway. Then he takes over the lead when the show goes on the road. Another clipping is dated 1957, a review of *Time Limit*, in which he made his film debut.

There are some documents that have nothing to do with show business, such as an ominous sheet headed:

June 26, 1974
U.S. Government
Memorandum
Director FBI
Subject: Rip Torn

The above subject's name, along with telephone number, YU9-8084, was located on 5/2/73 in a notebook found in the vicinity of a shootout between Joanne Chesimard and other Black Liberation Army members and the N.J. state Police.

There's a letter from the CIA:

Dear Mr. Torn:

This acknowledges receipt of your letter requesting access under the Freedom of Information Act for information pertaining to you. We are processing your request and will provide you with the information under the Privacy Act as soon as possible.

And I find a fascinating letter written in longhand on legal paper and dated October 13, 1981, to Amy Wright:

Dear Amy:

You have advised me that I am the father of your unborn child, and I accept that as a true fact and am prepared to act in a responsible way toward you and our child, before and after its birth. I will legally proclaim that I am the father of the child, and my name will be on the birth certificate.

I will deposit \$20,000 to be used for initial child support, and our child will share equally with my other children as heir to my estate in case of my death, and you will share equally in said estate.

It goes on, adding other responsibilities, and is signed Elmore R. Torn.

Perhaps this document gives some insight into the man, Rip Torn, who has been caught up in a frustrating catch-22 for most of his career and blackballed by rumors in Hollywood, where rumors spread like AIDS that he was "difficult" and "undependable." More serious was the rap against him as a political activist and the long siege of harassment by the FBI and CIA. He was blacklisted and couldn't get a major job for 16 years until he was finally "exonerated" when the FBI stamped "case closed" at the end of his file without any further comment.

Torn is 10 minutes late for our long-awaited meeting when my phone rings. It's him. "I'm sorry I'm late," he says, "but I'm two blocks

away from your house. I'm having trouble finding a parking space."

He shows up 10 minutes later, and the man standing in the door does not look like the talented interpreter of the theater's great classics, the complete actor, the subtle scene stealer. He is a rugged-looking guy, his graying hair is wild, his face unshaven. He is wearing soiled jeans, a leather jacket, heavy shoes. His blue eyes are intense behind his spectacles. He looks like a Hell's Angels patriarch, a group he was no stranger to in his motorbike days.

This is the way Torn sees himself, a nonconformist, maybe a punker (except he has too much discipline), an outdoorsman, a man with a profound dedication to the downtrodden.

Torn sprawls nonchalantly in a lounge chair. I'm drooling with curiosity. His "bag of stuff" is such a writer's treasure trove, I don't quite know where to start asking questions.

He notes my anticipation. "I know the first thing you're going to ask," he says. "About the FBI, CIA crap."

"That's a good place to start. What the hell was your name doing in a notebook found in the vicinity right after that Black Liberation Army shootout in which a Jersey state trooper was killed?"

"I'll be damned if I know. For one thing, I'm against violence and terrorism, and the BLA is a terrorist group, so there's no way I would be giving them any support. But I did support several worthy black groups, and once your name gets on one list, it gets on all of them. I guess that's what happened. Anyway, that's what the FBI finally concluded."

"But you were on their shit list almost 20 years ago."

"That's right. I was on Nixon's enemy list for many of those years, and I was proud of it. It almost ruined my career. I had trouble feeding my family. I had four kids then. They put the Internal Revenue on my ass, and the little money I earned was garnished. I couldn't even keep a severance check."

"But why?"

"I had attended a protest meeting at the Attorney General's office with several black activists, and it wound up a name-calling ruckus. The FBI had a file on all of them except me and another guy. That's when the FBI gets suspicious, when they have nothing on you in their file. They kept digging and came across my army record. I had eight years of military service in the regular army and National Guard."

"I had been trained in the artillery and tank corps and had been given intelligence clearance. That threw them. Now they figured they had something. They figured I had to be a highly trained tool of some subversive secret outfit, but they kept running into a blank wall. I think the more they dug, finding nothing,

As in Torn, tough guy on a hot film streak, larcenous actor (as in scene stealer), punker, biker, uneasy rider, FBI target, CIA subject—he's been all this.

Article by Harold Conrad



the more suspicious they became. They were sure they were on to something. There was year after year of harassment, and it all about ruined me. Finally, they decided they had nothing on me and gave up. No 'sorry,' no apology.

"I think it all boiled down to this: they knew I supported a lot of groups they thought were suspect 15 or 20 years ago. Now they're striking medals for these people, but I've been easing off that stuff and . . . let's get off this subject."

"The story has been making the rounds for years about how you walked off *Easy Rider* and what a stupid move it was, since it became a classic and Jack Nicholson got an Oscar nomination for the part you were supposed to play."

The blue eyes open wide, and I see him bristle.

"That's a goddamn lie, and I want to set the record straight right now. I've never walked off a project in my life. I've been fired several times, but I never walked off. And I'll tell you something, that story hurt me more than the political blacklisting. The story gets around Hollywood that an actor walked off a picture, and he's dead with every producer in town."

"Then what really happened?"

"Dennis Hopper, who was doing the film with Peter Fonda, wanted me for the role of the small-town schnook lawyer. He said they didn't have much money and it was a very low-budget picture. My dear friend Terry Southern had done the screenplay. I read it and gave them some suggestions, which they took."

"I liked the idea. It was a six-week job, and I told Hopper I'd do it for \$3,500, since they were short of dough, but I needed the money, any money. He said fine, he'd get back to me. A month passes, two months pass. I don't hear anything. I'm scrounging for bread. I got those four kids to feed."

Although Hopper and Fonda claim the dialogue was improvised, Terry Southern did write a screenplay. "The notion for the story was based on the schnook lawyer character, and I wrote it with Rip in mind," Southern had told me. "I was disappointed when he didn't get to do the movie, but the rumor that he walked out is ridiculous. How could he walk out? They never signed him to a contract."

"How come you didn't sign a contract?" I ask Rip.

"They never offered me one, and I couldn't afford to wait around until they decided to start shooting the thing. Now I'm doing an off-Broadway show, and I run into Norman Mailer. He says, 'I'm doing a film called

"It's a goddamn lie that I walked off *Easy Rider*," says Torn. "I've never walked off any project in my life. That story hurt me more than the blacklisting."

Maidstone, and I have a great part in it for you [as half-brother to Mailer's porn-director-running-for-President], but I hear you're doing that Terry Southern thing with Hopper and Fonda." I tell him I haven't heard a word from those guys for months and have no contract. He asks me what they were going to pay me, and I tell him \$3,500 for six weeks. He says, "I'll pay you \$3,500 and this will only take half of that time." I grab it. Like I said, I needed the dough, and besides, I like Norman and have respect for him. I had won an Obie playing the lead off-Broadway in his drama *Deer Park*.

"Now, how the hell can anybody accuse me of walking off *Easy Rider*? I never had a firm deal. Never signed a contract!"

"Okay, so now you're doing Mailer's film *Maidstone*, which leads us into another one of your dilemmas when you hit Mailer on the noggin with a hammer in the final scene of the picture."

"You make it sound like an assault. You have to know the facts."

"Remember me, Rip?" I say. "I was there, and it was an assault. That's what it was supposed to be!"

"That's right! I remember now. You were there, but we never had much chance to talk."

It seemed to me that everybody was there. There must have been a hundred people in that picture—actors, writers, society dames, politicians. That whole project, on and off camera, was the wildest scene I'd ever been around.

"Now, if you recall," says Rip, "there was no screenplay for *Maidstone*. It was all improvisation. It was always agreed that at some point in the story someone had to kill this porn director. Norman had to die. I had gone over this with him. He knew that. And here we

"Whatever Torn is in [here *A Stranger Is Watching*]," wrote critic Martin Gottfried, "catches the spark from him. He should be celebrated."

were, shooting the final scene of the picture and he was still alive!"

"Didn't you think you'd hurt him, hitting him on the head with a hammer?"

"I knew it would just bruise him a little bit, but we were shooting for realism. That's what the picture was all about. I had to make it look like I hit him hard enough to kill him, but I had control of the hammer. It was really just a tap."

"Some tap. The blood was streaming down his face. Then you two started to grapple. Norman sunk his teeth into your ear, and you started to bleed like a stuck pig. There was blood all over the place, real blood."

Norman's two young boys and his wife Beverly were standing about 40 feet away and were screaming. Other members of the company were mortified, but the camera kept grinding. I haven't seen many movies with as wild and realistic a scene as that.

"It was stark realism," says Rip. "That's what we were going for. And you know afterward, I was laid up in the hospital with an infected ear, and Norman called. When I told him about the infection, he got sore. 'You trying to tell me I'm some mad dog?' he said. I tried to explain that the human bite could be deadlier than an animal's." Torn purses his lips and nods. "I enjoyed doing that film. It had some good things in it."

I tell Rip I had had dinner later that night with Mailer and his head was all bandaged up. "He was really pissed off at you."

"Yeah, but he got over it after he realized it was the best scene in the picture."

Torn stands up and stretches. "What time is it?" he asks.

"It's one o'clock," I tell him.

"Jesus, I'm late. I've got to do some babysitting. You know I have a 3-year-old little girl with Amy Wright, little Katy. Amy had some things to do and couldn't get a baby-sitter, but I'll be back later this afternoon."

Now I make the connection. Katy was the expected child that dramatic letter was all about. As we walk to the door, I ask how many times he's been married.

"Let's see now. Three, I guess. There was Anne Wedgeworth. Good actress. I have a daughter with her. And there was Gerry. You know her. We have three children. Annie and I got a Mexican divorce, and since the courts take a dim view of those things now, we could legally be a couple of bigamists, because she married again."

He doesn't name the third wife, and I assume he means Amy Wright, also an actress with many Broadway credits. And Gerry, of course, is Geraldine Page, one of the first ladies of the theater, a superb artist whose Broadway reputation probably overshadows Torn's. In the lean years when Rip couldn't get a job, they put together a small repertory company that toured the country, playing the classics.

"I didn't know you were divorced from Gerry," I say.

"I'm not, but I will be, and then I'll make it legal with Amy." He waves goodbye and says, "See you in a couple of hours."

Four hours later he's back, and we take up where we left off. I tell him, "Going through your bag of stuff, I read review after review that makes it a point to say that you stole the show, no matter how big or how small the part was."

He gives a derisive snort. "Yeah, yeah. *Time* magazine once said I should be indicted for grand larceny because I'm the biggest thief in movies, but I don't see it that way."

"Come on, Rip, plaudits are vitamins to an actor. They're necessary for the ego."

"I don't need any help in that direction. I'm a pro. You've seen me onstage, and you've seen me in difficult rehearsal periods. I'm a team player, and when I make a commitment to a project, I want it to be successful."

continued on p. 64



"Light my Lucky."



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Now you can afford to hear your tune on FM.

Introducing the Yamaha DX21 FM Digital Programmable Synthesizer. It brings you the rich, expressive, astoundingly accurate sound of FM. Without the heavy-duty price tag.

The DX21 gives you two FM tone generators. So any two of its realistic voices can be combined and played simultaneously. Or split. Or even layered.

And you'll have 128 pre-programmed voices to start with. We say "start with" because the DX21 gives you a 32-voice RAM memory that acts as a voice workshop. You can combine any of the pre-programmed voices with your own original voices (saved and loaded via MIDI or cassette interface). Letting you create just the right sound with just the right feeling and nuance.

There's also an on-board function memory that lets you store play modes, keyboard split assignments, key shifts, pitch bends and detunes. While a built-in performance memory lets you call up voice combinations along with the performance parameters set for them.

And as if these musical tools weren't enough, the DX21 also gives you a true 2-channel stereo chorus effect. And complete MIDI-compatibility. So while the DX21 is an ideal first step into FM synthesizers, it can be your last for some time to come. Just add MIDI drum machines, sequencers, music computers, expanders and, of course, other Yamaha DX Series synthesizers when your musical ideas demand them.

For now, let your ears demand the best. Audition the DX21 at your Yamaha Professional Products dealer now. Because the only thing better than hearing your tune on FM is being able to afford the instrument it's played on.

For complete information, write: Yamaha International Corporation, Professional Products Division, P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622. In Canada, Yamaha Canada Music Ltd., 135 Milner Ave., Scarborough, Ont. M1S 3R1.



YAMAHA®

STATE OF THE ART

The Seven Deadly Synths: a popular history of electronically generated music (with consumer guide).



Column by Robert Drake

Over the past few years the miracle of popular electronics has enabled the economy-minded producer to transform a piano into a string section or a steel drum into a full orchestra. Scary but true: the contemporary synthesizer can create just about any conceivable sound and mimic any musical instrument. Not that many years ago, though, a degree from MIT and a substantial amount of musical knowledge were needed to produce sounds from one of the daunting contraptions then available. Now, with a basic understanding of an instrument's language, the average keyboard player can sound like a member of Toto in no time at all, a far cry from the time when electronic instruments were used merely to simulate the sounds of rockets mating in outer space. Musicians who've studied years to master their instruments now pound the pavement in search of alternate employment; they've been replaced by machines. Those visionaries prepared for the onslaught of computer technology (good morning, Mr.

Dolby) have quite literally become one-man bands.

The history of the synthesizer began in 1906, when inventor Thaddeus Cahill transported his 200-ton "Telharmonium" from Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts, to New York City in 30 boxcars. The Telharmonium was a complex combination of rotary dynamos, switches, and telephone paraphernalia. Though it enjoyed initial success due to its novelty, its enormous size and complexity eventually made it extinct. The introduction of the vacuum tube helped reduce the size of the electronic instruments that followed. The Hammond Organ Company was the first major company to cash in on Cahill's concept, while other more future-minded inventors such as Leon Theremin and Maurice Martenot devised their own limited electronic instruments (check out Captain Beefheart's Theremin licks on *Safe as Milk*, while the "ondes Martenot" is heard to best advantage in composer Olivier Messiaen's great *Turangalila* symphony. Both instruments frequently crop

up in 1950s science-fiction film sound tracks as well).

In 1953 German composer Karlheinz Stockhausen commenced a highly influential series of electronic-music studies using magnetic tape. In 1955 RCA labs developed the Mark II Electronic Synthesizer, the most complex to date, which allowed the composer to listen to and process sounds before printing them on punched computer tape. This allowed for the construction of complex electronic works of previously unimaginable sound combinations. Large and complicated, the Mark II was used mainly in university music laboratories. By the end of the '50s, however, electronics inventor Robert Moog, the Thomas Edison of the synthesizer, developed a keyboard-controlled instrument that became the master mold from which all succeeding synthesizers would emerge.

In general, synthesizers produce sounds by generating electronic waves called "signals" from a waveform oscillator. The type of waveforms generated vary in shape and determine the tone color of the sound. Volume and pitch variations are also available in all synthesizers, along with other sound circuitry. Envelope generators, for example, adjust the attack of the note. If the attack is fast, the effect is percussive, like a drum or piano. If the attack is slow, the effect could be the swell of a flute or violin. The envelope also controls a note's fall-off and duration. Other circuits provide sound filtering, portamento, vibrato, pitch blending, white-noise generation, and so on. More sophisticated models allow the user to record digitally either internally or externally, in the latter case preserving the created sounds on a floppy disk or cassette. Sampling synthesizers can mimic any sound they hear.

It seems that a new synthesizer is introduced on the market every few months. Until a few years ago it was necessary to purchase the latest synthesizer if you wanted the latest sound. In 1983, though, MIDI (Musical Instrument Digital Interface) was introduced, allowing the user to control one instrument with another and, thus, economically construct extremely versatile arrangements of lower-priced synthesizers that can perform functions of far more costly ones.

The following synthesizers are among the most popular and influential on the market today:

The **Synclavier** (Digital Sound 212-977-4510) is among the most costly and sophisticated synthesizers presently available. Starting at a base price of about \$30,000, the Synclavier can be expanded with outboard equipment for a variety of uses, including writing and recording music.

The **Fairlight** (\$34,000 base price, 212-219-2656) has many of the same features as the Synclavier, but doesn't sound quite as nice.

The **Kurswell 250** (\$16,950 base price, 800-447-2245) is an integrated sampling synthesizer and sequencer/recorder with keyboard. It has 45 resident voices plus 125 keyboard setups.

E-Mu Systems' Emulator II (408-476-4424) includes a polyphonic digital sampling keyboard with five octaves, 61 possible keyboard setups, and an eight-track

digital recorder/sequencer. E-Mu makes two versions of this synth, one with one disk drive (\$7,995 list) and another with two (\$8,645 list).

Yamaha (714-522-9011) has a knack for taking something like a beautifully designed Steinway grand piano and mass-producing a similar instrument for a fraction of the original cost. Yamaha's **DX7** digital synth goes for about \$1,995. Since introducing the DX7, Yamaha has developed a swarm of synthesizers and synth-related equipment, including the **DX21** (\$795), a smaller version of the DX7; sequencers such as the **QX1** (\$2,795) and **QX7** (\$475); and several drum synths, such as the **RX21** (\$275). Yamaha makes a CX series of computer hardware and software for various synths. The **KX88** (\$1,695) is a velocity-sensitive keyboard that can be MIDI'd up to any compatible synth electronics.

Those visionaries prepared for the onslaught of computer technology (good morning, Mr. Dolby) have quite literally become one-man bands.

Roland (213-685-5141) specializes in analog/digital hybrid synthesizers. The **JX-8P** (\$1,695) is probably the simplest synth to program and operate. For \$2,995 you can move up to the company's top-of-the-line **JP-6**.

Casio (201-575-7400) is good for more than digital calculators, watches, and funny-sounding kiddie organs. The company also manufactures simple, cheap, and versatile synthesizers. The **CZ-1000** (\$699) is a remarkable little instrument that features 16 preset programs, 16 programmable tone memories, 8 voices, 49 keys, pitch bend, key transposition, portamento, vibrato, and more. The **CZ-101** (\$499) is the same instrument with a smaller keyboard. The top-of-the-line **CZ-500** (\$1,399) features 61 keys, an 8-track digital sequencer, 64 presets, 16 voices, 33 waveforms, and 8-track digital recording with add, record, stop, reset, forward, and delete functions.

The best drum synthesizers are made by Linn, Oberheim, and Yamaha. Some of the more versatile drum synths contain interchangeable chips with digitally recorded drums played by well-known drummers under ideal conditions. With the near-limitless drum patterns that can be programmed into these instruments, they can easily sound as good or better than fine drummers.

From the Moody Blues' and Beatles' groundbreaking use of the Mellotron, through the Madonna phenomenon (Synclavier, Linn drums, and Roland synthesizers made "Like a Virgin" the flashy wax it was), synthesizers have inextricably insinuated themselves into the flesh and bones of pop. There's no reason to think that their grip on the medium won't tighten in years to come.

SPIN

We promised the magazine would be fun, open, informative, graphically bold and, most of all, completely in touch with what is new and exciting. It was a safe promise and we make it again, because we look for stories in places other magazines don't seem to think of and hear what others aren't listening to.

When SPIN talks to the biggest stars, it speaks intelligently, so we get intelligent answers. When we talk to new talent, we do so respectfully and knowledgeably and always learn something fascinating. We take music seriously, but never ourselves. We have a sense of humor and, what's worse, we use it.

SPIN is hopelessly in love with rock 'n' roll. You are too, probably. So why don't you subscribe and let's get on with the relationship?

SPIN 1965 Broadway
New York, NY 10023

I'll subscribe! \$20 for 12 issues and I get refunded for unreceived issues if I cancel

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order enclosed

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Canada and elsewhere add \$6 per subscription.
Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.
Credit card orders: 1-800-247-5470

moving images

Egbert & Cisco review videos by the Hooters, Howard Jones, King, and Ratt and the latest haircuts, cataract-transplant operations, and four-alarm fires.

CISCO: Hi, I'm Gene Cisco, rock video critic of the *Middletown Daily Mirror*.

EGBERT: And I'm Roger Egbert, rock video critic of the *Middletown Star Ledger*.

CISCO: This month At the Videos we review videos by Howard Jones, King, and Ratt.

EGBERT: But first here's "And We Danced" by the Hooters. This starts out with a lot of people parking their cars. It looks like they're at a drive-in movie.

CISCO: Except it's a drive-in Hooters concert. You know, in some circles "hooter" is slang for cocaine.

EGBERT: These guys look a little too wide awake, if you ask me.

CISCO: They look wired.

EGBERT: Let's see if we can get a close-up of their pupils.

CISCO: And their nostrils too while we're at it.

EGBERT: "The Hooters" sounds like a country band, doesn't it? But they sure don't look like a country band. They play solid-body guitars. This is pretty much a straight-forward concert video.

CISCO: And not a particularly good one.

EGBERT: Who's that, their organ player? He's got a white beard and is wearing a captain's cap. He looks like the captain from *The Captain and Tennille*, 30 years after he's had a cataract-transplant operation. I saw this show on the Independent Network News last night about how they've got this new cornea transplant operation, where they can take these eye-bank-donated corneas from dead people and put them right onto your eyes like living-tissue contact lenses, so all those people who have those Coke-bottle glasses like the Captain won't have to look like that any more.

CISCO: I guess that operation would be

too late for Roy Orbison. He wore pretty thick sunglasses. I guess it was the only way he could see those pretty women.

EGBERT: Let's go on to Howard Jones, "Life in One Day." What's this? It must be a gimmick, because the veejay came on and said, "We are not going to show you the new Howard Jones video because here he is." This must be an anti-video. Howard Jones has one of the most extreme haircuts I've ever seen.

CISCO: It looks like he cut it himself, without using a mirror, during Hurricane Gloria.

EGBERT: Yeah, but it's kind of modeled after a nun's veil.

"The guitar player looks like he sprayed his hair heavily and then drove his car at 60 mph with his head out the window."

CISCO: What's happening to the reception?

EGBERT: They're trying to make us think something's the matter with our TV by cutting away to *National Star* promotion gimmicks. Howard Jones must not have much respect for his own music to do that. Now here's some video scratching, right?

CISCO: Yeah. It's the video equivalent of record scratching.

EGBERT: They're apologizing for the loss of the picture.

CISCO: They needn't, though. Not for that video.

EGBERT: Now the video just turned into an ad. Now there's vertical roll. All this tension and scratching is giving me a

headache. What do you think of Howard Jones?

CISCO: I think he owes you an aspirin, either that or a haircut.

EGBERT: His haircut looks like what your hair would look like if it was only growing out of the spot on your head where people are usually bald, and then it was combed forward in the front and backward in the back, like Buster Brown. But shaggier. He's a haircut in search of a personality.

CISCO: Next we have King's "Won't You Hold My Hand?" I think you could catch something awful holding this guy's hand. Doesn't he look like he could be Marilyn's ugly sister?

EGBERT: Yeah. This is the new 5 o'clock shadow drag-queen look. This is post-drag, after Boy George started going more masculine.

CISCO: Maybe that's why he's King and not Queen. He looks like a life-sized version of the miniature guy standing on top of a wedding cake. We see King performing, up to his knees in whipped cream, but I wish they would show us the audience. I can't wait to see what they look like.

EGBERT: He actually is standing on top of a cake, isn't he? Or a pill, a giant Quaalude. He has all these effeminate gestures, but then he tries to be menacing at the same time. What do you think that means?

CISCO: I think he was formerly a super and those gestures are a holdover.

EGBERT: Why does he pluck his eyebrows and make these limp-wristed gestures?

CISCO: King here looks masculine no matter how hard he tries to look feminine.

EGBERT: I kind of like the guitar player's

haircut. What does he put in his hair to make it stand up like that? I wonder if you can do it with hair spray alone.

CISCO: I think you need a 50 mph wind.

EGBERT: Do you think he sets up a lot of fans in his room?

CISCO: I think he sprays his hair heavily and then drives his car at 60 mph with his head out the window. The next video is Ratt's "You're in Love." Is that supposed to be a pun on "Urine Love"? I think we're in for a weird video.

EGBERT: What's the difference between these guys and King? They have on rhinestone drop earrings, necklaces, bracelets, and more jewelry and makeup than King. Actually the lead singer has a lot of Michael Jackson-esque gestures, which on him look quite a bit more macho. See, he even has on one of those Michael Jackson cutaway coats with epaulettes. One of the guitar players looks like Jenny Lee Harrison, the third blonde on *Three's Company*; of course, he's got about 150 lbs. on her. Look how skinny that guy's legs are. Do you think you could have legs that skinny without shooting dope? I kind of like this video. Ha ha ha. Did you see that pumping pelvic motion there? These guys are all humping each other's legs, man. This video would be just as good if they didn't have all these cutaways to old films. I don't want to look at Ratt and Groucho Marx, Marilyn Monroe, and Peter Lorre in the same video. I can accept Ratt on their own level. Next we have a video that's too gloomy to be an ad.

CISCO: The screen is blank except for what appears to be a branch of a tree.

EGBERT: Sort of a Hallmark card tree. Now we see Roger Daltrey standing in front of it. This is called "After the Fire."

CISCO: This is probably his house after it burned down.

EGBERT: His shirt is completely unbuttoned. You know, he has a pretty thick neck. His neck is as thick as Lou Reed's. He just struck a match with his thumb-nail. Now fire is shooting across the landscape in lines. Now they've set this poor fucking tree on fire.

CISCO: Just so he can sing this dumb, schmaltzy song.

EGBERT: I hope that tree can't feel anything.

CISCO: This video would actually be great if they showed scenes from some of the great fires in history, like the Chicago fire, the San Francisco earthquake fire.

EGBERT: And the great fires from movies, like *White Heat*, *Apocalypse Now*, or *Cone With the Wind*. The fire part of this video is good. They should just have left Roger out of it. They should have a channel on television that's nothing but flames, for firebugs.

CISCO: Well, that's all for now. See you again At the Videos.

Gene Cisco and Roger Egbert are not speaking to Scott Cohen and Glenn O'Brien.



Howard Jones



CAR AUDIO Clarion Corp. of America, 5500 Rosecrans Avenue, Lawndale, CA 90260 (213) 973-1100

How many new-age musicians does it take to screw in a lightbulb? Don't ask us, we're too blissed out by the latest version of easy listening that's sweeping the country.

Column by John Schaefer

What is "new-age" music? Is it music that's made for meditation, stress reduction, and massage? Or is it whatever California's post-hippie generation or the yuppie crowd happens to be listening to at the moment? "New age" is a difficult term to pin down, and you certainly don't want to ask the artists themselves, because they tend to describe their music like this:

"Spatially enhanced flamenco guitar channeled via electrocrystals thru deep digital reverb into the spaciousness of a thousand and one reflections." Excuse me? New-age music may be hard to define, but it's easy to spot; words like "deep," "cosmic," "harmony," and "bliss" in the liner notes are a dead giveaway. This particular gibberish is from an album—an enjoyable album, actually—by guitarist Gino D'Auri.

Ray Lynch, another purveyor of music meant to expand your mind, quotes from a new-age book in the liner notes of his lovely but uneven recording *Sky of Mind*. This presumably explains where his music is coming from: "the mind is like a cave of bats." Nice, huh? But wait, it gets better: "Countless eyes are suspended in darkness, with sharp feet clinging to the convolutions of the brain, hiding from light" (or, as Monty Python says, "the human brain is like an enormous fish. It's fat and slimy and has gills through which it can see"). This is not only to get you worked up about hearing the record, but also to prepare you for the enlightenment the recording supposedly will deliver.

In the notes to his album *Planetary Unfolding*, talented synthesizer player Michael Stearns lets us in on his inspiration: "I had a dream about the earth. In my dream the earth wasn't a solid mass, but a mass of sound held together through resonance. . . . Suddenly, I and some others were shot out of the earth's resonance. We were sound vibrations, too. . . . Then I

became aware that the cosmos as a whole was, itself, a vibrating orchestration. The resonance was so complex and deep [the magic word] that I couldn't hear anything. I felt engulfed by a vast and tender silence. Yet I heard one small sound, almost like a moist breath. As I awoke I realized that moist breath was the earth." Or maybe someone spat on him while he slept. Still, none of this tells you anything about the music, although by now you may have a pretty good idea of how it sounds. Much of it uses flowing, melodic synthesizers, though solo piano is common, too. Bells are a favorite, as are Indian drone instruments.

Despite its tendency toward fluffiness, a lot of fine new-age music exists. Sometimes it's good despite itself. Steven Halpern is one of new age's most successful artists. His liner notes proudly proclaim that "unlike most other music, from Bach to Rock, the music on this album has no driving beat or compelling harmonic or melodic progression." Sort of as if the Pringle's people claimed their potato chips were "completely free of all nutritional value!" Just think, with Halpern's music you're safe from the mind-wrenching complexities of compelling harmonies and melodies, right? Well, no, not really. Halpern occasionally slips in a bona fide piece of music. It doesn't happen often—and I'm sure he's just sick about it—but some of his recordings actually have moments of interest.

My favorite album note: "This recording is for relaxation, and may cause drowsiness. It is not recommended for use while driving or operating machinery." This is from *A Rainbow Path* by Kay Gardner, an intriguing album containing orchestral instruments, drones, and voices. The notes are yet another example of the silliness and pretension that surrounds new age. But at its best, new-age music is extraordinarily beautiful, and a real eye-opener to listeners who didn't realize that such music even existed; at worst it is insipid, vacuous drivel that can lead to brain damage. Mystical mumbling and corny nonsense can turn off potential listeners before they ever hear the music. However, Kay Gardner's music will not make you drive off the road; it will not cause you to lose your fingertips in the pencil sharpener. You may enjoy the music.

Since you'll doubtless be hearing more of these artists in the near future, here's a brief rundown of some of the major new-age figures. I've tried to take their records on purely musical terms, ignoring whether they're designed to relax you, turn you into a Moonie, or induce acid flashbacks.

Kitaro. The underground king of new age, Kitaro is from Japan, where he lives and works in a remote mountainside village. He makes lush, colorful music with synthesizer, guitar, and some percussion, and at first sounds a little like Vangelis. His finest recordings include *Silk Road* and *Tunhuang*, which thankfully involve a relative lack of pretension; but after these two, his many, many albums

NEW SOUNDS



Manus: Knapen

begin to sound alike.

Ianos. This Greek-born composer now lives and works in California, the Disneyland of new age. His earlier recordings (cassettes only) rely heavily on natural sounds—wind, rain, birds. His later work with electric flute and synthesizers is more musical. *Elixir* is an especially beautiful collection, though marred by the usual "ethereal-creatures-will-inhabit-your-nasal-cavity" liner notes.

Paul Winter. In many ways Winter, who has never used a synthesizer, is the granddaddy of new age. Since the late '60s his music has combined jazz, rock, and classical influences with such new-age concerns as Indian music, conservation, and wildlife recordings. His best works are *Icarus*, which features most of the members of Oregon, and *Sun Singer*, a very mellow album with sax, organ, and occasional percussion.

George Winston. Solo piano, and not a single one of the many Winston clones does it as well. Winston plays watery, impressionistic compositions for the Windham Hill label. His background in folk and blues would seem to support Windham Hill's claim that this is not new-age music, but that's not otherwise apparent. Winston's remarkable trilogy *Autumn*, *December*, and *Winter Into Spring* has gone gold and remains a favorite with new-age listeners.

Andreas Vollenweider. This Swiss harpist (New Sounds, SPIN, October, 1985) also claims not to be a new-age musician, but he is.

Deuter. This German musician lived in India for many years. Apparently a confused young man, he was a follower of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. When Rajneesh's unwashed hordes descended upon and overran a town in Oregon, Deuter settled on the West Coast. He plays synthesizers, guitars, zither, bells, and just about anything else he can get his hands on. He's developed a versatile style that

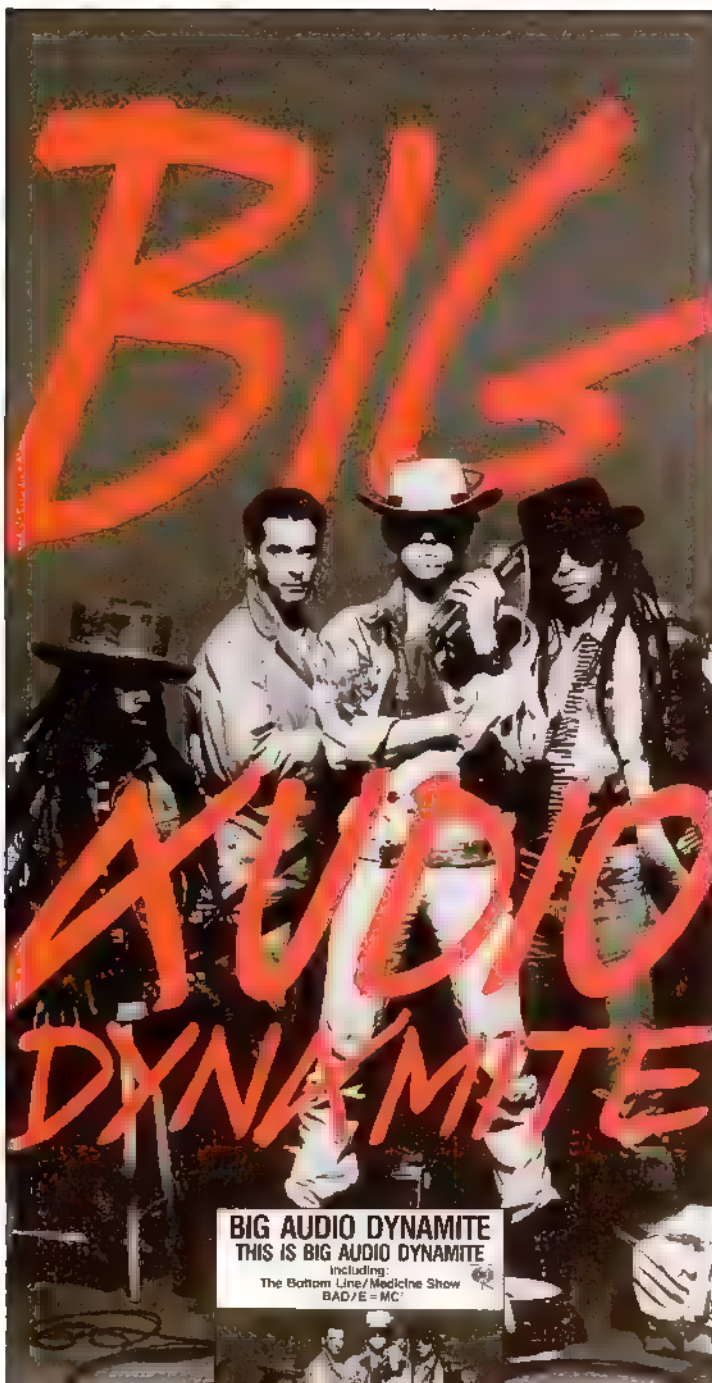
ranges from placid and ethereal to energetic and percussive; on his best album, *Cicada*, Deuter lays down a rapid Tangerine Dream-style beat in one work, then follows it with a slow, graceful piece of electronics. *Nirvana Road* and *Ecstasy* are the best of the rest.

Michael Stearns. This California-based synthesizer player uses such oddities as the kantele, a folk harp from Finland, and the lyra, a set of long, amplified wires strung from floor to ceiling in a large room. His music can be tedious, but much of *Planetary Unfolding*, most of *Lyra: Sound Constellation*, and parts of *Ancient Leaves* and *Light Play* show a real mastery of his instrument(s) and generally dependable musical instincts.

Don Robertson, Kevin Braheny, Steve Roach. Substitute any of these names for "Stearns" in the previous paragraph. In fact, I suspect they're all the same person. Actually, these three are also fine synthesizer players. Roach's *Now and Traveler*, with their prominent synthdrums, are much closer to rock than most new-age music. Braheny's *Perelandra* and Roach's *Structures From Silence* are superior albums of floating, cosmic electronics. Best bet: Robertson's *Starmusic* and *Spring*.

Thousands of musicians have been lumped together, correctly or not, under the new-age umbrella. Some are worth hearing; some are not. But new age's startling commercial success during the last three years proves that many people are finding it worth knowing. Don't be put off by the blather that accompanies these recordings. Like any other style, the only way to find what's good is to sift through the material that's available.

And may thousands of glowing notes of musical bliss expand your consciousness, bringing electronic harmony to your existence and infesting your eardrums with the deep resonance of the eternal cosmic yawn.



This is it. Pioneers from all walks of rock, regrouped as Big Audio Dynamite. Here are former members of The Clash and the Basement 5. Here is one of the '80s leading video directors on lead vocals! **"THIS IS BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE."** Mick Jones, Don Letts, Leo "e-zee-kill" Williams, Greg Roberts, Dan Donovan. An explosive debut album, on Columbia Records and Cassettes.

Produced by Mick Jones

"Columbia," "E" are trademarks of CBS Inc. © 1985 CBS Inc.



RIP TORN from p. 56

Torn in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*

Damn right I want it to be successful. Otherwise, what's the use of doing it? If you're the only one who shines, you're not going to make it successful."

"Nevertheless, you keep stealing those shows, those films. Is it because there's no competition?"

He gives me a sneer. "I'm not competing, goddamn it. I've worked with some very good actors and some not-so-good actors. If that's the way it comes out, so be it. But I'd be lying if I said that being accused of stealing the show wasn't better than getting rapped."

There are many good actors around, but few in Torn's class. Even in schlock movies he's like Dwight Gooden pitching for a bush-league team. He stands out.

"I found out long ago that there are basically two kinds of acting," says Torn. "There are powerful actors who always play the same thing and play it better than anybody else, but you always know what they're going to do. Then there is the kind of actor who, while he can play himself, prefers to paint a portrait of a character. That's my work. I paint portraits."

"What are some of your favorite credits?"

"Aw geez, there's so many of them they all seem to run together. Let's see . . . in the theater, *Little Foxes*, *The Glass Menagerie*, Mailer's play, *Deer Park*, and, of course, most of the classics."

"In television, I had fun doing some of *The Untouchables* years ago. Cat on a Hot Tin Roof for American Playhouse this year on PBS. Playing Walt Whitman in *Song of Myself*, a documentary on CBS. I portrayed Richard Nixon in *Blind Ambition*."

"That must have been a big fulfillment for you after all your battles with his administration."

"Not at all. I played him right down the middle. Don't forget, they were all his words from Watergate. I'd see people in the supermarket, and the ones who hated Nixon said, 'You really gave it to the bastard.' And the guys who liked him said things like, 'I'd vote for you any time, Mr. President.' I'll tell you, I was a lot fairer to him than he was to me and my family."

"Where were we now . . . films . . . *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*, aw . . . that's enough of this."

"Just give me your favorite one in each category."

"That's a hard one. I couldn't do that."

There are so many that gave me fulfillment. It's like asking me which of my children do I love most. They're all my children."

"I understand you're going back to the coast tomorrow. What's on the schedule?"

"I'm doing a miniseries called *Dream West*, and this time I get to play a good guy. I'm Kit Carson, and the best part of it is I get to ride a horse. I love that . . . I gotta get back downtown . . . people waiting."

"I hope you're doing better than the \$3,500 you were going to settle for on *Easy Rider*."

"I feel the prick of a little needle there." He smirks, looks slowly from left to right, and whispers, although there's no one else in the room, "I'm getting \$200,000."

Then he was gone.

As I reach the bottom of the bag of stuff, I get the feeling that this Torn is sainted, that he's the perfect actor. But there's one thing I do know, none of us are perfect. So I ask a top director who has worked with Rip to give me a line on him.

First, the director insists that I not use his name. He says Torn is a marvelous talent, but like a guy who raves about his gourmet friend's dinner, then cautiously complains that the spaghetti sauce was too salty, the director adds, "He can be a pain in the ass if you're trying to do something arty. He can't resist moving in and trying to take over, but I can understand that. His great training in the classics has made him better equipped than most of us."

Then I talk to Norman Mailer, who has done several projects with Rip. "Rip is one of the great serious actors in America," says Mailer. "He's intelligent and supertrained, but difficult, very difficult. If we were alone together on a desert island, the actuarial odds are we'd both wind up dead in a few years."

To sum up Torn, here's what Martin Gottfried, former drama critic for the *New York Post*, wrote some years ago: "I've seen Torn work in tacky theaters with skimpy sets, homemade costumes, and almost table lamps for lighting. But I'd see any play simply because he was in it. Whatever he's in catches the spark of the theater from him. He should be celebrated, for he is the theater."

persuaded to enter a "no contest" plea to the lesser charge. The evidence against him was simply too strong.

"It's a fucking lie," Sly swears to me when I ask about the Ft. Myers arrest. "I was asleep all night." Denying he was freebasing, Sly then launches into a convoluted description of that night. "Melissa had rented a plane for me to go from Ft. Lauderdale to Ft. Myers, then she found she had hepatitis. I was asleep. Unconscious? What are you talking about? I was asleep all night."

"You don't know who they are [the people that gravitate toward him]. You gotta deal with somebody. I did an interview with a guy from a magazine. He came to my house and freebazed, then went back to the magazine and wrote that I did. I haven't told on him yet, but I might."

Sly's been busted several times for incidents he blames on other people. After the police searched his Bel-Air estate on February 2, 1973, and arrested him for possessing cocaine, angel dust, and 600 Placidyl pills (a hypnotic drug), he was put on one year's probation and placed in a drug rehab program. In 1981, he was arrested with George Clinton for possessing cocaine and drug paraphernalia but was subsequently cleared of these charges when a Los Angeles D.A. admitted "the amount was too small to test." But Sly soon felt the heat again, in July 1982, when police found cocaine and a handgun in his attaché case at a Los Angeles hotel. (He told the police his name was Freddie Stewart.) An L.A. judge ordered him back into a drug program. He was arrested again in Illinois seven months later, with four other occupants of a van, for carrying a sawed-off shotgun.

"It was not my gun, it was not my gun," Sly insists excitedly. "I was gonna play with this band in Chicago, I'm driving in this van, and this other guy who caught a ride had a gun. But when he put it into the van I had to take ownership of it. I don't allow nobody to be around me with a gun if it ain't mine. I don't like guns."

Sly pushes me to speed up past some cops. "Shit, Ed," he presses, "all these people that slow down around cops, what fools."

Look around, I don't have any guns. The police finally traced it to wherever it was supposed to go."

As for the Los Angeles hotel incident, Sly innocently protests, "I was trying to get away from the place because I knew there were drugs there. I called these people who were taking care of my business at the time, and I asked them to take care of a bill. I decided to get the hell out of there because I didn't like being there with these drugs. So I went to get into this borrowed car [there were also outstanding traffic warrants on him totaling \$390], and that's when they stopped me."

Sly sounded so helpless after his Ft. Myers arrest that attorney Allan Parvey didn't press him for money. A fan of the Family Stone since their spirited rendition of "Higher" at Woodstock in 1969, Parvey deferred his fee and became more than a lawyer to Sly.

"I bought him food, I talked to him about drugs. He needed someone to rely on. I did that because he was very depressed; he looked terribly sad, forlorn, remorseful, like a man who really needed help. I didn't care if people close to him told me I shouldn't be fooled, I felt sorry for him. I saw him as a victim of the star syndrome."

After a lot of "begging," Parvey convinced Judge Thomas Reese to accept a deal: even though public

pressure mounted "to get a rock star," Sly would plead *nolo contendere*. And so Sly avoided the stigma of a felony record. But he had to enter the drug program, in January 1984.

At the clinic, Sly was assigned an area in a dormitory-style room that housed three other patients. He entertained himself with an organ and synthesizer. He was allowed to receive phone calls from such well-wishers as Michael Jackson, James Brown, and Rosey Grier, but Sly initially refused to participate in any of the rehabilitative programs.

"Walking inside that place the first day was the worst moment," Sly says. "I knew I'd be there for awhile. I wanted to go to sleep. I stayed asleep the second day, because I was hoping I was dreaming. I woke up the third day and realized I wasn't dreaming. I hated to be confined."

Counselor Charlotte Sapp began devoting four to six hours daily to Sly, prompting him to become "a model client," according to the clinic's director. "After he got involved, he set an example for everyone," says Richard Sapp. "He contributed to group meetings and even assisted other clients. He spent time with those who had severe emotional problems to live up their day."

"Charlotte was straight with me," says Sly. "She didn't kiss my ass. She would help. She'd make sure I was clear. I learned that I'm a nice person, and that may not be to my advantage at times. But I still believe it is. Sly Stone messes up at times—he has to blame himself. I don't blame anybody, I don't ever do that. I'm responsible for me. I'm wiser now. I like that feeling when I know I must be responsible. That's my best feeling."

As a reward for fulfilling his "personal contract" with the clinic, Sly was allowed to leave Florida on periodic furloughs to tour with Bobby Womack. From April until July 1984, Sly arrived punctually at gigs and dutifully reported for urine tests. He came up clean every time.

"He made every date. That was incredible for a guy who wasn't used to a regimen," says Allen Klein, Wo-

mack's manager. "He was making it. Whether or not he performed as well as he could have is another matter. He was performing under tension, so let's just say his appearances were terrific. The whole thing was a miracle."

"But I had a gut feeling that he came out [of the clinic] too early," says Sly's brother Freddie. "I'm not going to go into it, there was just little stories that came from birds..."

"Is he clean now? I think he's into something he can get out of. I believe his heart is good. My sister's there. She says that one day he wrote her a note, it was just something like, 'I'm sorry because I wasn't there today. I do apologize because you've been so helpful to me. I don't want you to think I'm ungrateful, because I am not.' She was surprised by all this emotion. She didn't know he had this on the other side of him."

No letters of apology have ever been written to Richard Sapp. He has tried to reach Sly several times to ask about a benefit concert Sly promised to play for the clinic. His calls haven't been returned. Attorney Parvey is "beyond being hurt." "I've never heard from him, not a word. He got out early from the clinic and never said goodbye. I was out my \$16,000 legal fee. I lost it all. What can you do? Sly Stone is one of the nicest persons you'd ever want to meet. But the next time you meet him, he could be the most ornery, self-centered, disrespectful paranoid."

Sly can make music history again," A&M Records vice president John McClain tells me. "I'm not worried about Sly's past. He's burned a lot of people, and his drug reputation hurts him, but that's long ago. I can bring him back." But other executives at A&M aren't so sanguine and try to thwart McClain's plans. "I don't doubt Sly will have another hit," says A&R director John Carter. "I'm just worried about all the agony."

continued on p. 67



Paul Robichaux

The jazz-power-punk trio from San Pedro is trying its damndest to sell out—sort of.

MINUTE BY MINUTEMEN

Article by Byron "The Lunk" Coley

Birthing in the backyards of San Pedro, California, at the dawn of the '80s, the Minutemen were weaned on a pabulum of juices milked from the brains of Blue Oyster Cult and Wire. Back then, the standard Minutemen song would nastily pebble your head like a short burst of fire from a BB machine gun. Lyrics were composed in a dreamy political shorthand that thrust a naked, pimply rump in the face of that New America taking shape under Reagan's malignant tutelage.

"I believe that when General George A. Custer—American Indian fighter—died / He died with shit in his pants," went one of their more verbose early numbers. Reading their lyrics, you got the impression that every other word had been removed. Symbol rubbed symbol without the protective casing of articles, verbs, or adjectives; bared nerve touched bared nerve and the listener shivered. The group's early music was equally stark.

Bassist Mike Watt and drummer George Hurley threw out chunks of sustained beat, while guitarist/vocalist D. Boon spazzed atop this' writhing

platform like a whale undergoing electroshock. His guitar would spit out a riff, suck it back in, gag on it, stutter for a second, repeat this process once, and the song would be over. See, when the Minutemen began, their name referred as much to technique as it did to politics. They were literal sixty-second men.

And then they weren't.

"We sold our souls to the dollar," recalls Watt. "We knew we'd never have a hit unless we wrote some longer songs. So we did." Canny capitalists that they are, the Minutemen's drive to snare a buck included such sure-to-please titles as "Futurism Restated," "Mutiny in Jonestown," and "Dreams Are Free, Motherfucker!" Need I add that the band's concept of compromised ethics has little to do with yours and mine?

While infra-unit arguments over which

Right: (L-R) Bassist Mike Watt, guitarist D. Boon, and drummer George Hurley have just been told that the line to sell out forms on the left.

member is selling out harder and faster continue ("Watt, easily," says Boon. "No question—Boon," says Watt), the point is still basically moot. True, the band's appeal has expanded as its sound encompassed funk and jazz elements, grafting these onto a sturdy, rockin' body already in place. Even to suggest that they've made anything approaching a full-fledged commercial move, however, is to ignore their original material's basic spiritual fiber.

The band's last record, *Project: Mersh*, featured a cover painting by Boon that pictured record-company executives trying to figure out how to boost the Minutemen's sales. From the standpoint of pure sonics, a casual listener might think this search had borne fruit. *Mersh* contains a sock-it-to-me remake of Steppenwolf's "Hey Lawdy Mama" (which the band had hoped to record with original vocalist John Kay) and some playing that's funkily catchy in *extremis*.

A video of "King of the Hill" graphically demonstrates just why the band sits so far from the mainstream. In it, D. Boon portrays the tyrant of a small country who tosses barbecue

scraps to his people and sucks up to both the US and the USSR. Eventually, King Boon is overthrown (literally) and rolls down a hillside while his former subjects dodge his careening carcass and sing the praises of one-worldism. Its message is potent, direct, and far too radical for these namby-pamby times. You'll not likely see it on MTV soon.

It's equally unlikely that you'll soon hear the Minutemen on your big local FM station, either, for no matter how snappy their material sounds, every syllable they sing begs you to shuck the chains that bind. Unfortunately, this is an activity for which few radio stations can find commercial sanction, so you'll probably have to investigate the Minutemen's powerful mojo in the privacy of your own home.

Start your reeducation with the band's latest, *Three Way Tie for Last* (SST). Choice cover versions of Creedence's "Have You Ever Seen the Rain?" and Blue Oyster Cult's "Red and the Black" provide easy handles with which to aurally grasp the slab, and it's the Minutemen's most profoundly populist effort yet. You really oughta hear it. ☺



McClain still pushes ahead, trying to work out the final numbers of the deal. But Sly wants a lot more than \$13,000 for a single. "I can't respond to \$13,000," says Sly. "I don't need weird money. I can make sure I have \$2 to eat."

"I recently visited Sly at a girlfriend's place off Sunset Boulevard, and he started playing his new tunes for me," says McClain. "This cat has some of the most remarkable, innovative stuff I've heard in years. He played these cassettes and was singing on top of them. His voice was really strong, stronger than years ago. He was real animated—those same puppeteer dance moves he's always done. I could see why he was the No. 1 innovator of all time."

"Right now, Sly's humble, he's beat. Yet think of Sly at Madison Square Garden: that could eat him alive! The same old cronies would come out of the woodwork. The guys with blow aren't around now. But give him a hit record and MTV and the same people who sucked his blood will come 'round again. I don't have an answer for this. I could be doing him more harm than good. I'm worried. I'm scared of his having fame and fortune again."

Aside from the mind games and secretive behavior, Sly has seemed a sweet, engaging craftsman, genuinely committed to his music. I had seen that enthusiasm in his panther-quick dance moves and gleaming, cocoa-colored face.

After Sly postpones several subsequent appointments, we finally meet again at his place on a Sunday night. Sly wants to eat at a Cuban restaurant, the Versailles, and I'm asked to finish the interview there.

As we get ready to leave for the restaurant, R-Nine stands at a mirror, dabbing her face with makeup and straightening a floor-length black cape. Sly's wearing a black satin jacket with a gold tiger's face on the back, and his hair is tightly wrapped in a red bandana. Coldly eyeing R-Nine, he looks foreboding, but as he slithers out the door, his lean, rock-hard body pulsates sexuality.

His mood sours in the parking lot when the Continental won't start. It's stone dead. Cursing the Pakistani mechanics, Sly motions R-Nine and T to my car and orders me to drive.

I silently drive down the service road alongside the Hollywood Freeway towards the Hollywood Bowl,



where traffic slows to a crawl.

"C'mon, Ed," growls T, "let's get going. Can't you drive any faster? Pass that car."

A police car edges alongside me.

"Awww . . . he's afraid of the cops," moans Sly, evoking big laughs from T and R-Nine. "Ain't that right? Shit, Ed, all these people that slow down around cops, what fools."

They all laugh uproariously. Then T points to a cigar butt in the ashtray.

"Look, Sly, Ed smokes cigars. Well, well, well . . . ain't that something, the little man smokes cigars. Shit! What else haven't you told us about yourself?"

Sly and R-Nine keep laughing. I ask them for directions to the restaurant, but no one answers. R-Nine finally tells me to turn onto La Cienega Boulevard, while Sly mutters something about stopping at someone's house.

Tired of the abuse, I ignore him. I don't want him playing to an even larger audience, and I'm not about to make any last-minute stops that could drag on into the night.

We finally reach the Versailles, where I hope the pork delights, coupled with the noise from adjoining tables, will change Sly's mood. But as I ask him about his daily routine, he ignores me and struts to the phone. He returns a few minutes later. When I ask another question he yawns several times and sits with his body turned toward R-Nine.

"I get up and go to bed," he finally answers. "Then I wake up, play music, eight to ten hours. I do it every day. Ain't that right?"

T fawningly shakes his head and chuckles.

I then ask how often Sly sees his children.

Glowering at me, he says, "They do what they want. I see them in and out."

Thinking I might break through the sinister glacier, I continue to ask questions.

"I'm giving you answers," Sly explodes. "I'm not

Your office could be crawling with Walkerschnappers.

making you up any."

Tired of his yawns, terse replies, and mocking laughter, I tell him, "Tonight's not the night for this. I'll call you tomorrow." I give the waiter \$40, put another \$20 on the table for Sly's cab fare, and walk out. But before I reach my car, T is chin to chin with me, crazily waving his hands in my face and screaming, "What the fuck's the matter with you? Don't blow this. Sly really likes you. He wants to do the interview."

I keep nodding until he lets me leave.

The following afternoon I call Sly.

"I apologize for last night," he says in a sweet voice. "I didn't mean you any harm. I just don't like to leave my studio. I like to be close to my music . . . I want to make people happy, I want to make a statement . . . What I have to offer is the best music I can imagine. I've worked on it a long time and every day. I did that so there would be no question as to whether or not I would be ready, whether or not I'd be on time . . . If someone from a record company listened to what I have, there would be no choice but to sign me. A few years ago the music didn't feel as fluid, as easy as it should be. I got afraid, I sure did. I feel at home here now, in front of my keyboard. I'm coming back, Ed. Ya gotta believe me."

A month later Sly's deal with A&M falls apart because Sly fails to respond to repeated phone calls and letters from the record company. "Communications just broke down between us and him," says an A&M executive who demanded anonymity. "Sly even lost contact with his own lawyers. They couldn't find him either. There were contracts with them waiting to be signed for two months. But Sly just lost all interest."

There is in this an echo of a conversation between Sly and Michelle Zarin, manager of the Record Plant. "It's tough being me sometimes," Sly had said, "but I gotta be Sly to the end of the line."

SPIN

RADIO CONCERT

LIVE CONCERTS FEATURING SOME OF THE BEST NEW GROUPS, INCLUDING GREEN ON RED, THE BLASTERS, AND HÜSKER DÜ, PRESENTED MONTHLY THROUGH THE FOLLOWING STATIONS

KSTM PHOENIX, AZ 107.1, 99.3
KLPX TUCSON, AZ 96.1
KLUB CONCORD, CA 104.9
KNAC LONG BEACH, CA 105.5
KCAL REDLANDS, CA 96.7
XTRA SAN DIEGO, CA 91.1
KTYD SANTA BARBARA, CA 99.9
KXFM SANTA MARIA, CA 99.1
KBCO BOULDER, CO 97.3
KTCL FORT COLLINS, CO 93.3
KBLE DES MOINES, IA 90.7
KFMH MUSCATINE, IA 99.7
WNDY CRAWFORDSVILLE, IN 106.3
KKKX LAWRENCE, KS 95.7
WHRB CAMBRIDGE, MA 95.3
WRSI GREENFIELD, MA 95.3
WFNX LYNN, MA 101.7
WGTU HAGERSTOWN, MD 88.9
WTOS SKOWHEGAN, ME 105.1
KABL MINNEAPOLIS, MN 97.5
WHTG ASBURY PARK, NJ 106.3
WPRB PRINCETON, NJ 103.3
KOZZ RENO, NV 105.7
WLIR HEMPSTEAD, NY 92.7
ACRN ATHENS, OH 99.3
WOOS CANTON, OH 106.9
WOXY OXFORD, OH 97
KZEL EUGENE, OR 96.1
CJAC MONTREAL, QUEBEC AM 80.0
KLOL HOUSTON, TX 101.1
KXZL SAN ANTONIO, TX 104
WVIS ST. CROIX, USVI 106.1
WRFB STOWE, UT 101.7
WUVA CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA 93
KJET SEATTLE, WA AM 1950

SPIN Radio Concerts are produced by Edward Rosen; recording engineer is Steve Barker of BBAI; and sound processing equipment is from Barcus-Berry Electronics, Huntington Beach, CA.

WGL
Auburn University

WVUA
University of Alabama

KUCA
University of Central Arkansas

KASB
Arizona State University

KHSU
Humboldt State University

KALX
University of California—Berkeley

KCSB
California State University—Orlando

KDVS
University of California—Davis

KSDT
University of California—San Diego

KULV
University of La Verne

KLA
University of California—Los Angeles

KBLU
Loyola Marymount University

KFJC
Foothills Community College

KCSN
University of California—Northridge

KSCU
University of Santa Clara

KCR
San Diego State University

KCSF
City College of San Francisco

KUSF
University of San Francisco

KSPS
San Francisco State University

KJSJ
University of California—San Jose

KCPB
California State Polytech University

KCRW
Santa Monica College

KAIR
University of Colorado—Boulder

KWSB
Western State College

WXCJ
Western Connecticut State College

WVDF
Fairfield University

WUTC
Trinity College

WESU
Wesleyan University

WNUS
University of Connecticut

WVSB
Southern Connecticut State University

WNHU
New Haven University

WVUH
University of Hartford

WVDR
University of Delaware

WVUM
University of Miami

WUCF
University of Central Florida

WUOG
University of Georgia

WVLS
Georgia State University

KTUH
University of Hawaii

KBLU
University of Iowa

KUNI
University of Northern Iowa

KBSU
Boise State University

WDBS
University of Illinois

WDBS
Southern Illinois University

WIKD
Northern Illinois University

WVNR
Northwestern University

WLND
Lincoln College

WVLA
Lewis University

WVFI
Notre Dame University

KUNK
University of Kansas

KVLS
University of Louisiana

WVUL
Tulane University

WVMA
University of Massachusetts

WVNH
Andover College

WVNB
Bridgewater State College

WVPL
Fitchburg State College

WVLM
Framingham State College

WMLN
Garry College

WVW
North Adams State College

WNEK
Western New England College

WBRB
Brandeis University

WVCL
Cape Cod Community College

WVLC
University of Maryland

WVHU
Johns Hopkins University

WCVT
Towson State University

WVPG
University of Maine—Gorham

WVNB
University of Maine

WVPI
University of Maine—Presque Isle

WCBN
University of Michigan

WVDR
Western Michigan University

WVHW
Central Michigan University

WVNC
Northwestern Michigan College

KVMD
University of Minnesota

WVNC
Macalester College

KVLA
Winona State University

KVCO
University of Missouri—Columbia

KVWC
Stevens College

KVLC
Lindenwood College

KVWU
Washington University

KVLT
Montana State University

KVLM
University of Nebraska

WVYC
University of North Carolina

WVLU
Duke University

WVAG
University of North Carolina—Greensboro

WVNH
University of New Hampshire

WVDR
Dartmouth University

WVLS
Glossop State College

WVRC
Rider College

WVRS
Rutgers University

WVFR
Stockton State College

WVPR
Princeton

WVQU
Keen College

WVSC
Montclair State College

WVQU
Seton Hall University

KVMS
New Mexico State University

KVNV
University of Nevada

WVDB
SUNY—Albany

WVWA
Cuyahoga Community College

WVWV
SUNY—Binghamton

WVBC
Brooklyn College

WVSC
SUNY—Corland

WVWC
Queens College

WVWP
C.W. Post College

WVLU
Hofstra University

WVCB
Phoca College

WVFT
Florida Institute of Technology

WVNY
New York University

WVNT
SUNY—Oneonta

WVPT
SUNY—Plattsburgh

WVYR
Yassar College

WVUR
University of Rochester

WVNT
Rochester Institute of Technology

WVLC
Union College

WVYZ
Syracuse University

WVNB
Utica College

WVOR
Ohio University

WVWC
Baldwin Wallace University

WVBU
Bowling Green State University

WVXU
Xavier University

WVWV
Case Western Reserve College

WVSB
Ohio State University

WVSN
Ohio Wesleyan University

WVSR
Kent State University

WVSC
Oberlin University

WVSO
Antioch College

WVSC
Central State University

KVQU
University of Oklahoma

KVLC
Lafayette College

WVLR
Lehigh University

WVCC
North Hampton Community College

WVNR
Widener University

WVSE
Edinboro University

WVBT
Gettysburg College

WVVR
Juniper College

WVUP
Indiana University

WVBU
Burdett University

WVBN
Univ. of Penn. (License)

WVQS
University of Pennsylvania

WVQU
Drexel University

WVLU
Lehigh County Community College

WVQU
Susquehanna University

WVTC
Shippensburg State College

WVPC
Penn State University

WVLU
Vanderbilt University

WVCR
West Chester University

WVCC
Kings College

WVYC
York College of Pennsylvania

WVBU
Rhode Island University

WVBU
Brown University

WVDM
Providence College

WVDM
Rhode Island College

WVNF
Bryant College

WVSC
University of South Carolina

WVSE
Elon College

KVLR
Augustana College

WVTK
University of Tennessee

WVLU
Vanderbilt University

WVTS
University of the South

KUT
University of Texas—Austin

KTXT
Texas Tech

KVBU
Boylor University

WVVA
University of Virginia

WVWM
Wash. and Mary College

WVUV
University of Vermont

KCAT
Central Washington University

KVLU
Washington State University

KVNU
University of Washington

KVPS
University of Puget Sound

WVWC
University of Wisconsin—Eau Claire

WVSE
Milwaukee School of Engineering

WVLU
University of Wisconsin—Superior

WVBC
Belknap College

WVWU
West Virginia University

KVWR
University of Wyoming

Latham was really constructive. I think one needs that objectivity, which you can't get when you're writing, rehearsing, and recording all at the same time.

Do you have a manager?

Jools: We have a gaggle of managers.

A gang?

Jools: No, a gang implies four or more than four. If you have three, which we do, it's more of a gathering. Miles Copeland is head manager. We decided giving away just 10 or 20 percent wasn't enough. So for tax reasons we'd give away 118 percent of our earnings. I always had Miles . . . and Difford and Tilbrook have someone looking after them. Miles was aware of the situation and offered to go to the record company and sort it all out.

You all sat around a table?

Jools: I think he took us all to dinner, but I'm sure there was a problem when the bill came.

Do you plan to make another Difford & Tilbrook album?

Glenn: Definitely. I don't have exactly the same view as Julian about what I've done outside of Squeeze. I thought D&T worked on some levels that Squeeze doesn't, because, really, it doesn't attempt to do the same thing. The one thing that stayed constant throughout both bands was, obviously, my collaboration with Chris. But I think a difference with D&T was that we were able to do some songs in a different way than we would have been able to do with Squeeze the way it was progressing. Squeeze ended up being more a rock band than it started out being. With a couple of exceptions, the last album represented my least favorite Squeeze period. I didn't think it was as good as some of the stuff we've done. To attempt strictly orchestral tracks wouldn't be fair to a band, but it is something we can do outside. This way we can concentrate on band arrangements and songs with Squeeze and not feel restricted elsewhere.

Jools: Absolutely right. For instance, if you were

Glenn Tilbrook



Glenn Tilbrook

going to do another musical, you'd probably use the D&T musicians. It's endless, really, all the possible combinations. The thing is, when Squeeze gets together, it doesn't take long and you feel as if you've just left.

Why did you leave originally? Did you think it was a necessary step?

Jools: Yes, and I think it's the same reason Glenn and Chris left and became D&T. At one point, if you're there in a democracy and you each think things should be done one way, then you'll each want to do some things on your own, and you have to do them honestly.

You were gone how many years?

Glenn: He left in '80, so that was five years.

And when did Squeeze break up?

Glenn: Three years ago.

Jools: So that was two after I left, and after that we'd all gone, in which case, we were all there!

In the last incarnation of Squeeze, you played Madison Square Garden. Was that something you always dreamed of?

Glenn: Not specifically. When you begin, of course, you dream of playing to ever bigger audiences. And obviously, the more people that like the records, the better. That's true to a point, but I think the difference now is that I really value the independence of being able to play that huge place and also the tour we did last year of smaller clubs, which I enjoyed equally, but it's a different sort of communication. Jools: Even more different was a gig Glenn and I did about a year ago in a little workingman's club for elderly people. They really didn't know who we were. And there was enormous pleasure in doing that—not as much money but as much pleasure, say,

Your best friend may be a Walkerschnapper.

as playing Nassau Coliseum. The whole thing is that the relationship is essentially you playing to one person. The fact that there may be thousands of people there, that just makes it louder, really. The combination of the band playing and one person, that's what makes it happen.

Drinking has always been a big Squeeze theme.

Jools: Well, Difford's a piss artist.

Perhaps we should call him and let him speak for himself.

Jools: No, we like to talk for him, because of his problem. We say, don't you bother your pretty little head about that. We'll explain everything, just sign here.

Jools, now that Squeeze is on again, would you feel inhibited from, say, taking on another TV show?

Jools: At the moment, for this Squeeze period of time, it's what I'm doing. It's like we all formed a gang, and then I went off and formed my own gang, and then they all formed different gangs, and now we're all back in the same gang.

So for now you're definitely where you should be?

Jools: It feels natural, really. I think we all think that it feels right to do this now. I'm sure we'll do another record, and I'm sure that we'll do another tour. And I'm sure we'll go off and do separate things, and I'm sure we'll then do another record after that. The more we've all learned in our absence from one another, the more we'll be able to use. In learning about music and production and experience in life. Like technical things, being able to get hold of film directors to make videos or production of musicals, which would help in any production. In another two years, who knows what will happen—we'll probably be ruling western Europe.

KING

OF ENGLAND

One thing we know—dress weird and you'll attract attention; dress even weirder (like Lily Munster, perhaps) and you'll get your photograph taken in nightclubs; dress so weird that your neighbors call the police and you'll land a record contract.

The pop industry has always provided us with high priests of shameless affectation. The problem is, how does one differentiate between Fashion Victim (an epithet invented by rag trade oracle W to describe anyone failing to make the sartorial grade) and avant-garde artiste? Is Boy George a peacock or an astute self-promoter with impeccable business sense? Are Duran Duran icons of stylish innovation or highly camp Bryan Ferry clones?

Meet King.

King wants to be a pop star—or something—very badly indeed. He struts in a scarlet suit with pants cut high above the ankle (not as high as the Bay City Rollers, though), black socks, black patent-leather GI lace-ups, and a black shirt, his black hair straggling troll-like down his back. Are you Jo King? Ha. Ha. No, my name's Paul.

As front man of the group King, Britain's latest invaders, Paul-of-the-same-name is a flamboyant symbol of the essential difference between new (as in fresh, not as in MTV) music in America and England. America's rising young stars have inherent street credibility; they concentrate on their sound. So what if your jeans are flared and your lime-green shirt has a distinctly acrylic sheen, as long as your heart's in the right place (preferably behind your ribs, although some people's are in New Jersey) and your fingers manage to hit a string occasionally. The likes of R.E.M., Black Flag, the Meat Puppets, Lone Justice, and the Replacements are street-fighting men who feel no need to adorn the rebel yell with dangling earrings, mauve lipstick, gold medallions, or silly hats (some black musicians and all heavy metal bands are excluded from this argument). Don't expect to see Michael Stipe in anything by Body Map.

But for most English bands, image has always been—and still is—as valid as the music they play. Consequently, the country's pop music and mercurial youth culture are constantly plundered for visual inspiration. It may have been the Ramones who sparked the punk explosion, but it was the poseurs in London's King Road who gave the genre its identity.

So what of the finely frocked Paul King? The 25-year-old's musical roots are firmly in Bowie ("My first live concert, I went with my sister because my parents wouldn't let me go alone") and Ferry ("Dressing like him when I was 14"). What King wears is as important as what his band plays, in fact more so since what he wears is slightly more interesting. His band's debut album, *Steps in Time*, is, by and large, funk-oriented with shades of reggae ("Soul on My Boots") and glam rock ("I Kissed the Spiky Fridge"). The latter's abstract lyrics are reminiscent of Terry Bolan at his most airheaded—"I kissed the spiky fridge, that's the way she is, do the la la la." According to the writer, the song, about a "punk girlfriend who was slightly cool," is "an exercise in suggestive imagery and word association."



According to the listener, the song has Freddie Mercury's danceability (circa "Another One Bites the Dust"), Bryan Ferry's crooning quaver, and little originality.

Paul King says his music is "multitone" or eclectic. But eclecticism can be dangerous; throw in too many old ideas and your musical soup loses any distinct flavor. It becomes mushy and tasteless, like Veg-All. Bland is another adjective that slips easily to mind.

Steps in Time is overproduced by Richard Burgess, who used to be a pop star himself until he discovered Spandau Ballet and twiddled their knobs. "We wanted someone who would be sympathetic to the references we were drawing on," explains King. "What we were attempting to achieve was an original identity. We wanted to take the best of the things we were turned on by."

Paul King's group is part high fashion, part high tech, and musically a hybrid of rock, reggae, funk, and soul.

Article by Jessica Berens

Left: Fashion victims on the London tube or King on the dressed-for-success express? The one on the far right is Paul.

The common denominator is what we call feel.

"The record's not perfect, I know that, I'm pleased it wasn't," he growls. "It was very much a case of going in the studio for the first time. We had four weeks to put down all those ideas."

Steps in Time gave the band two U.K. hits, "Love and Pride" (their debut single in the U.S.) and "Won't You Hold My Hand Now."

"Image, style, look, whatever you choose to call it, is something I've always enjoyed on a personal level," says King. "It gives me confidence. If I feel I look good, then I can be good. This is what I feel, so this is what I'm doing, and I believe it has content and worth. For me, rock 'n' roll and image have always gone hand-in-hand, from the Beatles to Boy George. The difference today is that the audience is more aware than ever before of marketing and the practices of record companies."

So where, we might wonder, is Paul King coming from? Coventry, to be exact, the West Midlands town that spat out the Two Tone movement (the ska revival spearheaded by the Specials) in 1980. Then, our King fronted an entirely unsuccessful outfit called the Reluctant Stereotypes. "We were a ska/reggae band with no black people in it. We played that type of music, but dressed zany," says King. "I joined because I liked the name. We were destined not to make it. I was totally naive and made all the mistakes you could possibly make."

King and Reluctant Stereotype Tony Wall joined with guitarist Jim Lantsbery and keyboardist Mick Roberts to form King in 1983. The heavy-soled lace-up boots that Paul sprayed rainbow colors became the gimmick that identified the band.

"To people in America, Doc Martens are just a pair of boots," King says. "But when we first started wearing them it was quite a heavy thing to do. It was a political statement. Coventry is a multiracial town, and at the beginning of the '80s the skinhead movement, which is fascist-oriented, returned." The skinheads' uniform is crewcut hair, suspenders, jeans, and Doc Martens; they are known to revel in violence, particularly when it's directed at minorities.

"There were murders at that time," King recalls. "A black doctor was stabbed to death in broad daylight by 17-year-old kids who didn't fucking know what they were doing anyway. So we took the Doc Marten—the symbol of aggression—and by painting it we desecrated it and said we thought everything it stood for stank. Then it became part of us, and we sprayed our jackets rainbow as well."

Costumes and the theatrics of performing were nothing new to King. Before joining the music scene, he went to drama college, he says, "because I thought it was the only thing left for me to do. I was counting nuts and bolts in a factory at the time. The only talent I had was my personality and the way I looked. The first time I got on stage I realized all the things I had been doing prior to that—dressing up, going to clubs, posing—were me searching for an audience."

So is Paul King a fashion victim or not? Well, it all comes down to whether you think he has style, of course, for if you have style you're not likely to be a martyr to the whim of a loony couturier in Milan. As Oscar Wilde noted, "In matters of great importance, style, not sincerity, is the vital thing." The tenets of stylism were laid down by Quentin Crisp in his book, *Doing It With Style*. The first rule, he wrote, is to avoid fashion at all costs: "Fashion is the antithesis of style. A stylist neither copies nor competes." The second rule is to be true to yourself: "A stylist knows exactly who he is. He wears what is right for him and what is most expressive of his personality."

If one agrees with this, it should be acknowledged that transvestites, Rastafarians, prostitutes, Islamic folk dancers, and Paul King are not fashion victims. ☛

You can be a Walkerschnapper too.

Just grab a glass of Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps and join the fun.



CIDER MILL APPLE • ORCHARD ORANGE • WILD STRAWBERRY
HAZELNUT • SNAPPY APRICOT • SPEARMINT • CINNAMON SCHNAPPS

HIRAM WALKER
Taste the difference.

MILES

STYLE

PART II

Jazz is a danger zone, where the bold and new replaces the old and true, where heroin claims lives and giant egos collide. In Part I, we followed the birth of the cool, the brilliant sessions "downtown" with Coltrane, Bird, Max, and Diz, and Miles's descent into drug addiction. Then he disappeared into the shadows, and for five years his horn fell silent. In Part II, Miles returns, horn blazing, with arrogant attitudes on Wynton Marsalis, Mick Jagger, Phil Collins, cops, critics, and anything else that crosses his mind.

Article by Quincy Troupe

When I came to Columbia in 1977," says George Butler, "Miles wasn't playing. When I decided to try to get him back in the studio again, everyone laughed and said 'Forget it.' But my gut feeling was that Miles was too ingenious and too creative just to stop playing forever. I felt that he probably needed that time off to recoup, to think about what he had done and where he wanted to go with his music. So I just called him and started visiting him every day for eight months. We didn't talk about music, but about cars, clothes, boxing. Sometimes we wouldn't talk about anything, wouldn't talk period, but would just watch Miles's television, which was always on. I don't think Miles was in the best of health during those days. He seemed to be in an indifferent kind of spirit, just letting things happen, a period of no purpose."

After eight months, Butler finally broke through. Miles was coming back.

In the early spring of 1980, Butler was sitting nervously in the studio, waiting for Miles to show up. He was three hours late. All the musicians were there—drummer Al Foster, bassist Marcus Miller, guitarist Larry Coryell, and keyboardist Pete Cosey. But no Miles. Finally, when Butler was on the verge of panic, Miles showed up, but without his trumpet. He had come just to listen. And he didn't like this combination of musicians. They tried other musical combinations again and again and again. Each time Miles showed up without his trumpet. He would sit and listen, then leave. Butler was close to a mad panic, but managed to keep his cool. Finally, after hearing the combination of Miller, Foster, Sammy Figueroa on percussion, and Bill Evans on reeds, Miles returned the next day with his trumpet.

But Miles's chops were down. Says Butler, "I realized that Miles didn't have his embouchure and that he was playing out of control and couldn't execute his musical ideas. But I just hung in there, as we all did, and each day I could hear Miles getting stronger, the lip getting stronger, his control coming back. And as we started to record, I was really becoming excited—I had been cool about everything up until now—because I had done something that everyone else had failed at: getting Miles back into the recording studio."

In 1981, Miles released *The Man With the Horn*, which was critically panned. Miles's first public appearance was in Boston that year. There were long lines. Despite their criticism of the album, critics turned out in droves for the long-awaited performance. Once again his music had changed. It was more pop, mixed with voices, rock, and jazz.

"His new music doesn't touch me," says Leo

Maitland, a New York physician and surgeon and an old friend of Miles's. "What he's doing now isn't creative at all. Because he's so famous, he can put almost anything on record and it will sell. He says he wants to reach a new audience. But what audience is it? It's an audience that spends a lot of money on records, stereo equipment, concerts, and so on. The people he's trying to reach would buy almost anything if the product is promoted properly. It's not the musical content they're buying but the celebrity of the person promoted."

But then, perhaps, it's about what Olu Dara so succinctly stated: "Miles has never given up his youthful energy, and this makes him timeless. Miles never gave up the childlike aspects of his life, and that's very important for an artist in communicating. Miles has kept the language of a child, of discovery. He knows what's going on around him in the world. He keeps in contact with his culture and the young, and this keeps him young. He has an affinity for the young. That's why he can dress and play music the way he does, because he has no fear of being himself or relating to the young. He knows that's where the future is at. He's not about a cultural or generational gap. Most adults are boring and stupid because they get institutionalized around 18. This didn't happen to Miles, and I think he's the better for it, and so are we."

And so we are. In 1981 Miles went back on the road full time, though at times his health was precarious. He married actress Cicely Tyson at the home of Bill Cosby. (Andrew Young was the presiding minister.) And in quick succession he released *We Want Miles*, *Star People*, *Decoy*, and the new *You're Under Arrest*, which sold over 100,000 albums in the first weeks of its release.

Branford Marsalis, the young reed man, who is Wynton Marsalis's older brother, played soprano saxophone on *Decoy*. "Working with Miles was real cool because he understood where I was comin' from musically immediately. I have the utmost respect for Miles. He hires musicians he thinks can do the job he wants. And because he hires you, because he thinks you can do it, he don't tell you shit. In the studio, he just points at you when he wants you to play. He doesn't want you just to play a bunch of notes that are written on the page. Instead, he wants you to play the music and make the music sing. Not like some music student playing just notes. Because the notes can be right but the music can be wrong because it doesn't sing."

"So when he snatched the music off my stand at the *Decoy* session and said 'Man, I said play it, not play it,' Miles meant for me to interpret the written





"Hell, we artists are not normal people. You can't do the same type of stuff with artists that you do with other people."

music and not play what was written on the page. He meant for me to play myself, play in my own voice. Play me. So I did. I played against the chords that Miles had written, like I normally do. So I was playing against chords that were already against chords. It worked. And Miles looked at me and said, 'Yeah, that's it. That's it.'"

Although Miles and Branford Marsalis get along, his relationship with Wynton Marsalis has been filled with problems. They say they don't dislike each other, and George Butler, who served as executive producer for both before Miles jumped ship to Warner Bros., says the friction is mainly an invention of the press. Miles agrees—in part. The other part is real anger.

"People want to know why Eddie Murphy makes so much money," Miles is saying in the living room of his New York apartment. "Hell, they hold all the other actors down. So that when one gets loose, that one makes so much money it's a shame." He pauses to collect his thoughts and continues. "When Bill Cosby won all the awards for best series on television, you could hear a pin drop at the awards ceremony. Because all of those networks outside of NBC had turned his show down. I know, because me and Cicely was there. We saw it go down. I think most of them didn't want the show because it's black and positively black. People want to see blacks crawlin' around and Uncle Tomin'. And they like to compare black people who are doin' somethin' with each other. They'll compare Eddie Murphy to Richard Pryor. Compare me with Wynton Marsalis. Not me with Chuck Mangione. But me and Wynton. That's the kind of shit I don't like."

"But if Wynton listens to all that shit," he goes on, "they goin' to fuck him up. I don't be listenin' to none of that shit. But he better watch out. They'll make him comfortable and he'll stay right where he is. That's what

they want him to be—comfortable. I don't like a person that's comfortable where they are. I like a person that's always movin', changin', one that says, 'What's this? What's that? Why they doin' this?' That's the way Cicely is. And that's the way I am. Been like this all my life."

"Like, there could be some classical composers instead of a classical soloist like Wynton," he goes on, warming to the subject. "Why don't they take some young composers' work and play that instead of all that old shit. I mean, they're gonna have to change sooner or later. Time is gonna make them change. I mean, they gotta stop doin' Tosca and all that dead old classical shit. And Wynton playin' their music. The kind of stuff anybody can do. All you gotta do is practice, practice, practice."

"I told Wynton they should be suckin' his dick for playin' that old, simple music. I told him I wouldn't bow down to play that music, that they should be glad that someone as talented as Wynton is playing that tired shit. I wouldn't. I did it once, but I wouldn't do it no more. I mean, Wynton's takin' time off from playin' his own shit to play their shit. And if he misses one goddam note they gonna be on his ass. Naw. I don't think no honor should be bestowed on a black person just 'cause he's playin' some fuckin' 'Flight of the Bumblebee' shit. Hell, man, Wynton should be gettin' a lifetime salary for playin' that music. I mean, bein' a black person, I don't accept that shit that so-called jazz has stagnated. White people teachin' jazz in schools now. Tryin' to claim it as theirs. But I don't see why our music can't be given the respect of European classical music. I mean, Beethoven been dead all these years and they talkin' about him, teachin' him, and still playin' his music. Our music is classical. They just don't want to do it because black people started it."

"My point is," he says, biting down on another Danish as he draws another line on yet another drawing, "why should black people devote their time to learnin' their music, their operas, their reason for fallin' in love, their reason for committing suicide, the way they fuck, the way they talk, the clothes they wear, their problems, you know what I mean? Damn," he goes on, "at 1 o'clock on the fuckin' TV, all you can see is them with their hair all fixed up and shit, talkin' about, 'Well, I don't know if Jim's gonna tell me not to go with Irving 'cause my mother used to go with his mother.' That kinda shit! That's not us! That's not black! We don't go to church every Sunday and do what they do. We don't sit up there and listen to Billy Graham and that other motherfucker, Bishop Sheen, who be soundin' just like Reagan. No, I won't ever do their shit no more and I don't see no honor in no other black person doin' their shit."

It's getting dark outside. The sky is becoming almost as gray as this apartment Miles shares with Cicely. The couch is gray suede and there's gray carpeting on the floor and gray suede on the wall. I watch him draw a line on the painting with the help of the edge of his *Sorcerer* album cover, the one with Cicely's picture on the front. Next to me is the gray papier-mâché drawing Anthony Quinn gave him. It reminds me of a Picasso drawing. Stacked against the walls in this alcovelike room are piles of Miles's drawings. I ask him if he feels he is misunderstood because of his bluntness.

"Yeah," he says looking directly at me. He pulls at the collar of his black silk shirt. "White people misunderstand me. But I don't have no trouble out of black people. The only trouble I have ever had from blacks was from the bourgeois black people."

I remind him that he comes from very middle-class roots. So what sets him apart from other middle-class people?

"Man, I'm from East St. Louis, and everyone there, for the most part, talks the same way." He pauses and looks at me with a little irritation and anger in his eyes. "You from St. Louis, you oughta know that! You know how fucked up it can be back there! Them some bad motherfuckers back there. But I don't like that part of the country no more, you know what I mean? I mean, they got a school back there named after me. And on the day they named the school after me, a detective

come up to me and was fuckin' with me in the hotel I was stayin' in. And this happened on *Miles Davis Day*! So you see, nothin' changes if you black. Nothin'. I started to sue them motherfuckers. Gonna arrest me on my day."

But official honors and Miles have never gotten along, and even though he won a Grammy for *Decoy*, he isn't appreciative. Typically Miles.

He has been standing up drawing for almost three hours. The phone has rung a few times and he has talked to a few people. But for most of the time, he has been drawing and talking. He offers to show me the view from his 17th-floor balcony overlooking the park. It is dramatically beautiful. I ask him what groups and musicians he does like. Which ones would and wouldn't he play with if they asked him?

"I like Frankie Beverly and Maze," he says, pulling on the slack in his black leather pants. "I just did a number dedicated to them called 'Maze.' I would put a horn solo on one of their albums if they asked me and I was free. I would for Michael Jackson. Jeffrey Osborne, Stevie Wonder, George Dukes, Herbie Hancock, Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson, Prince, and Kool and the Gang. Man, that's a helluva band they got. I like Kenny Loggins, Phil Collins, the Police. The Cars sound pretty good. Journey. I like Cyndi Lauper. Madonna. You know, Reggie Lucas, Madonna's producer, used to work for me. He got mad at me because I told him he wasn't a soloist but he was good at writin' music and playin' rhythm and background stuff. Now look at him. He's a millionaire. Makes more money than I do."

"But people like Mick Jagger, who I don't have nothin' against personally, just don't have nothin' I could get down with personally," he goes on. "But I'd maybe be willin' to do somethin'. He used to hang around outside my house. But it's an attitude that some of them rock stars have, that I should be willing to work on one of their albums. That I don't like. Fuck that! Fuck Mick Jagger! He asked me to do somethin', but I couldn't see myself doin' what he wanted. Maybe he could. Maybe he just wanted to use my name. Maybe I should do it. But you know, if I don't do it with Nick Ashford and Kool and the Gang—I was out of town when they both asked me—why should I do it for Mick Jagger? His style is not my style. But I can see why white people like him. He runs and jumps up and down and don't have no beat or rhythm, just like they do. That turkey kind of stuff."

"But some white people can get down! Like them people on Phil Collins's video, 'Sussudio.' That's a bad number. He's somethin' else. And them white girls he got dancin' in front of him in that nightclub scene in that video be dancin' their asses off. But Mick Jagger don't do that. He runs and jumps straight up and down and shit. But white people love him. You ask most black people to go see him and they be ready to fight. Tell you to get the fuck on out of here."

Changing the subject, as if anticipating the question, Miles volunteers to tell me who his favorite old groups were. "I loved playin' with Coltrane," he says. "He was a lot like Charlie Parker. They both liked to live life to the fullest. They ate a lot. Drank a lot. Did a lot of drugs. Things like that. But 'Trane stopped. He was the nicest, the most gentle cat. He was quieter than Bird. But they could both play their asses off." He pauses to think for a moment and continues. "I liked playin' with the Coltrane groups and I liked playin' with Herbie, Wayne, Ron, and Tony. Especially live. *Four and More* and *My Funny Valentine*, where we had George Coleman on tenor saxophone, are my favorite live albums. But I like all my bands. The band I'm with now, they're also among my best friends."

He motions for me to follow him back into the apartment from the balcony. We pass between his bed and couch, both of which are set on high platforms and afford great views. The television is on, as it always is. A few clothes are thrown here and there. "I'm comfortable when I'm with someone I love, like Cicely, and if the music is good," he says, "but if the music isn't working, then I'm hard to be with."

CAMEL FILTERS

It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Filters,
surprisingly smooth.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

Two men. Not soldiers. Not heroes. Just dancers.
Willing to risk their lives for freedom—and each other.



BARYSHNIKOV
HINES

A TAYLOR HACKFORD FILM

WHITE NIGHTS

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS A NEW VISIONS PRODUCTION • MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV • GREGORY HINES • "WHITE NIGHTS"
STARRING: GERALDINE PAGE • HELEN MIRREN • JERZY SKOLIMOWSKI AND ISABELLA ROSSELLINI • MUSIC SCORE BY MICHEL COLOMBIER
MUSIC SUPERVISED BY PHIL RAMONE • CHOREOGRAPHY BY TWYLA THARP • SCREENPLAY BY JAMES GOLDMAN AND ERIC HUGHES
STORY BY JAMES GOLDMAN • PRODUCED BY TAYLOR HACKFORD AND WILLIAM S. GILMORE • DIRECTED BY TAYLOR HACKFORD

TM & © 1995 COLUMBIA PICTURES INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

DR. PHIL

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON ALL MAJOR RECORDING COMPANIES

TM & © 1995 COLUMBIA PICTURES INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

DO NOT REPRODUCE WITHOUT PERMISSION

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



"SAY YOU SAY ME"

performed by LIONEL RICHIE

"SEPARATE LIVES"

performed by PHIL COLLINS and MARILYN MARTIN

OPENS AT SELECT THEATRES IN NEW YORK,
LOS ANGELES AND CHICAGO ON NOVEMBER 15TH.

"Miles is getting into a kind of hip, contemporary music," says George Butler. "He's on the threshold of finding a new direction. What he's doing now is a little more innovative than what a lot of rock artists are doing. And although it's very inventive, I'm not certain that Miles has fully captured it yet. But I hear something new and refreshing, and I think that maybe in another six months to a year he'll be doing something special. After all, this group hasn't been together for long. They're just now beginning to be really compatible musically with each other. They're just now beginning to anticipate each other and work together as a unit."

"And Miles is a kind of conductor. He orchestrates. You never know what he has in mind. But you know that what he's about to do is going to be almost unprecedented. I mean, Miles has the advantage of a jazz background, of having been immersed in what goes on classically, being one who listens to all kinds of music. So he has the capacity to put all of that together and come up with something that's quite inventive."

Ornette Coleman, who heard Miles's new band at Avery Fisher Hall during the 1985 Kool Jazz Festival, agrees: "He was personally playing fantastic. But he needs to enlighten his band some more so they can play on his level, so they can know why they're playing what they're playing. They need to get the band sound together. If Miles had my band then you'd really hear some new stuff. But Miles is playing beautifully."

As always, Miles isn't listening to what his critics are saying.

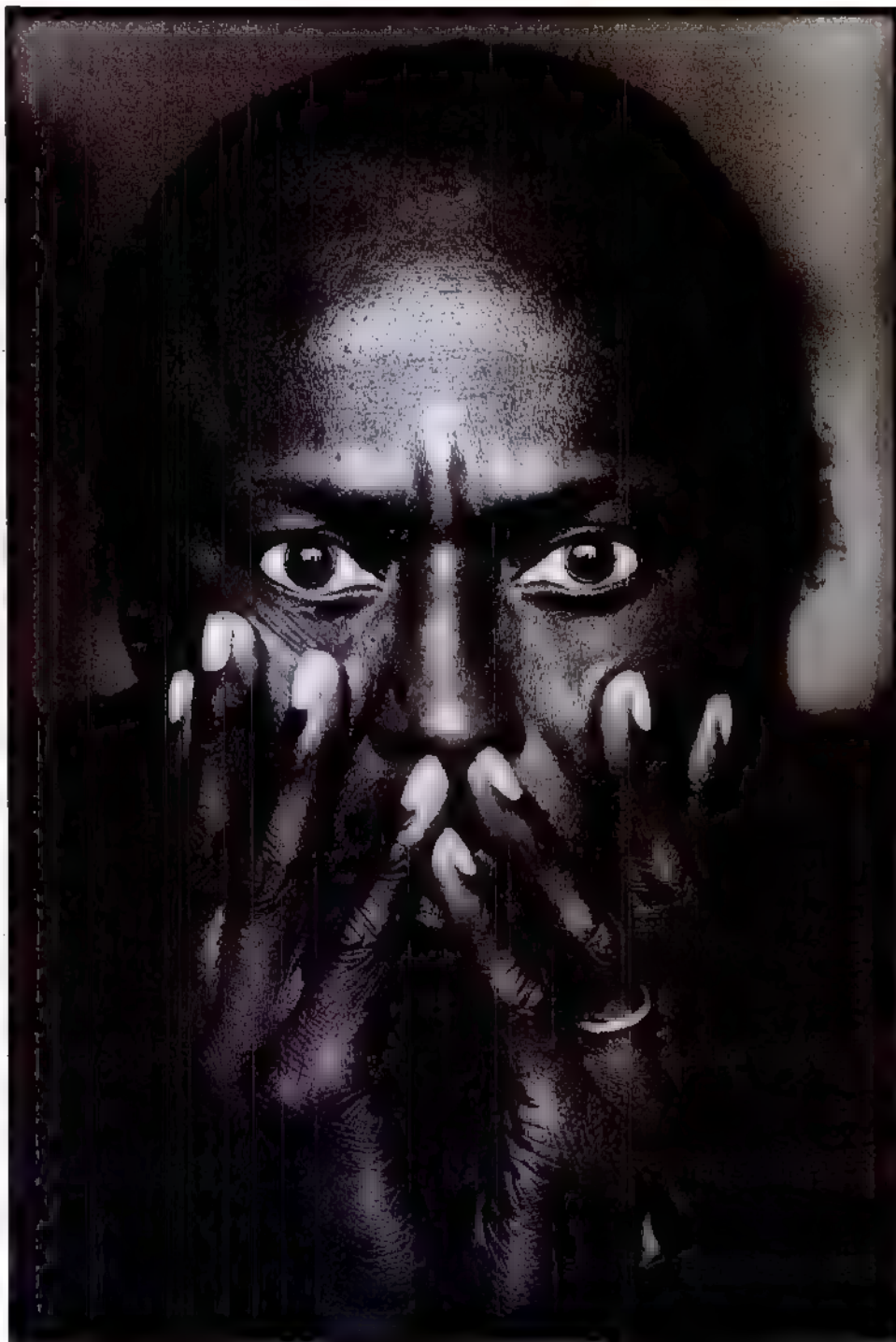
"I never think about topping or going past myself. Maybe," and here he pauses for a long moment, searching for the proper words, almost like his trumpet sometimes pauses and hangs in space as if tentatively searching for the right note, the right chord, "I think sometimes about going past someone else, past what someone else has done. But never myself. I just keep playing and writing music the best I can. It's what I do best. It's what I love."

"You know," he continues, "I'm psychic sometimes." He laughs, perhaps at the audacity of the statement. "I can predict shit. It scares the fuck out of me sometimes. But I never dream about playing music, or about my career. I don't read that much either, because books fuck a lot of people up. Some women don't get a sexual orgasm, so they go read a book on how to get one. This happens especially with white people. But I've seen black people fucked up by too many books. Just because it's written down doesn't mean it's true. But I still respect some people who are well read."

"Some writers are so dishonest, man," he goes on, shaking his head in disgust. "That's why I don't talk to writers much. Because a lot of them just outright lie on you. I remember when they wanted me for the cover of *Time* and the reporter kept coming by my gigs and my house unannounced. So I wouldn't talk to him. Wouldn't do it. So he writes in the magazine that I was teachin' my kids to hate white folks. So they put The-*lonious* Monk on the cover. I shoulda sued them motherfuckers. And do you know that I have never been on the cover of a black magazine?" he says, looking at me to see if I believe him. (I am shocked.) "I'm always on the covers of European and Japanese magazines. But never on the front of any black magazines. But then, black magazines are so goddam bourgeois, you know what I mean? They got to get out of that shit."

His style of dress has changed. He has replaced much of his British and rock flair with a Japanese style, although he says he just had his tailor make him a British-style suit. He says he likes Italian designer Gianni Versace and Japanese designers Kansai and Issey Miyake.

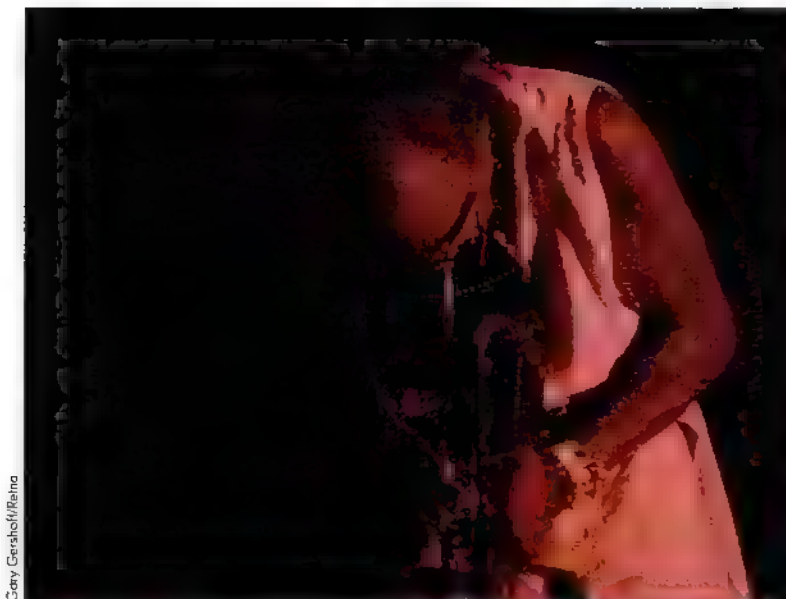
It is getting dark now. I have been here almost six hours. Miles has run out of Perrier and Danishes and we are now eating salami sandwiches, which we wash down with Orangina. He apologizes for the salami, saying he would cook me something if he had more time but he has to go downtown shortly. He has completed maybe four, five drawings since I arrived. His apartment looks like it's home to a painter, not to a musician, except for the red trumpet on the table.



When I came to interview Miles, I expected to find him distant and hard to get to know. But I have found just the opposite. He doesn't know why people think he's difficult. He thinks it's because of his outspokenness and because he won't play the old music many want to hear.

"Some people just like to knock success, like crabs in a barrel," says Lester Bowie. "It's envy, it's not knowing or appreciating Miles. Some people just want to put down greatness. They want us to think Miles is a fluke. I mean, they can think of any excuse why Miles is Miles. But Miles is Miles because he's an extremely intelligent,

sensitive, articulate, bad motherfucker. I really don't understand how anybody can deny Miles. Even if you don't like him personally, you can't deny his greatness, his genius. Just look at the facts. Here's a man who is 59 years old, has been on top of the music business for 40 years, and is still the man even when he goes to the bank to check out his money! He's the highest-paid jazz performer for all of these years and wins in the polls. You've got to respect these things. He's my musical daddy and he's Wynton's musical grandfather. Everybody who plays trumpet has got to go through Louis Armstrong, Diz, and Miles Davis. Nobody can ignore



Gary Gershoff/Reino

Miles on that instrument."

But what about his critics, who say Miles's new music is not happening, even though audiences love it?

"Well, it's very simple," says Max Roach. "Music criticism as it's practiced in the classical sense doesn't accommodate an improvisational, constantly evolving, and creative artist like Miles. Critics come to criticize. They don't have a yardstick by which to measure him like they do with someone who performs a Beethoven piece, basically played the same way over and over again. They can't pigeonhole Miles the way they'd like. I don't know of any critic who has developed a true measuring stick for improvisational music. So it's on the critics, not Miles. He accepts the danger of change. He takes the chance of being different from yesterday. That's what music is all about. If you can't accept the concept of change, then you're cheating as a creative artist. Miles isn't a cheat."

The language Miles speaks through his trumpet is a personal one, one that is almost mysterious, magical. Olu Dara says it is "tribal" and can say "a whole lot in one note." A note can mean "an attitude, and beyond this, it is a philosophy."

At times Miles seems lonely, sad. He carries with him an aura of inconsolable grief and sadness. Many of his closest friends and musical comrades have died. Both of his parents are dead.

If Miles does carry this burden, he is also a playful, warm, and very funny man. And if he opens up to you he can keep you laughing for days.

At his live concerts now he seems more accommodating and solicitous of his audience. He walks the edge of the stage these days, bent over, playing his red or green or blue trumpet wired with its portable microphone. He greets well-wishers by waving his hand or nodding, his eyes like headlights behind his large, wrap-around sunglasses, trying to zero in on someone he knows. When he does, he smiles and points at them in recognition. He still plays with his back to the audience, a habit that has incensed critics over the years. (But how do they expect him to conduct his band? I mean, he has to gauge what the musicians are playing at the precise moment they're playing.)

He says he is more relaxed because he gave up drinking and drugs. He also admits that his positive frame of mind is due to his marriage to Cicely Tyson, though he is reluctant to talk about their private life. But he does say that he stopped smoking when Cicely wouldn't kiss him because his breath reeked of stale cigarettes. He says he got tired of having to chew gum and rinse with mouthwash before he kissed her. So he just quit.

**"I liked playing with
Coltrane and Bird. They both
liked to live life to the
fullest. They ate a lot. Drank a
lot. Did a lot of drugs.
Things like that."**

Last summer Miles left Columbia Records for Warner Bros. because he said he needed to make a change. George Butler agrees, but adds, "There's been no one more devoted to Miles Davis than Columbia. I've been most devoted to him. But Miles felt it was time for him to move on. He felt he had to do something different from what he has done. I think the music he's getting into now had something to do with it. Perhaps Miles feels that continuing on Columbia and being recognized constantly as a jazz artist might prevent him from full acceptance in doing this new kind of music that's really rock-oriented. And Warner is more rock-oriented. But I know that his leaving is nothing personal. I'm pretty certain Miles and I are still very good friends. I'm sorry to see him go, and I think it's a mistake. But if it were ever proved to be a mistake, Miles would never, ever acknowledge it."

Columbia is planning to release a recording in January that Miles made with a Danish big band.

"It's another innovative album," Butler says. "He did it with a 22-piece Danish orchestra. It's quite different, new music. Miles is again going in another direction. It's fantastic and will probably be a double album, consisting of orchestra and synthesizers. It's brilliantly composed, arranged, and performed."

Also ahead is a possible Great Performance program for public television next year. It will be a 90-minute show with interviews, Miles and his group playing, and perhaps the premiere performance of a dance piece Miles has written.

He has also changed management. "David Franklin is my new personal manager," he says as he searches for a pair of shoes to put on. "He's takin' care of the artistic part of my life now. I got black people handling my money now." He smiles as he says this, almost proudly. "Some people don't know how to talk to people in the arts, you know what I mean? Hell, we artists are not normal people. You can't do the same type of

shit with artists that you do with other people. Accountants most times can't talk the language of artists. They be lookin' at how an artist might look, and that ain't got nothin' to do with nothin'."

"See," he goes on, jabbing his index finger in the air for emphasis, "they be a drag! It makes you stop and think, because they don't know about your side, the artistic side of the deal. Most of the time, they don't respect your side. So fuck them, man! For a long time they had me thinking that they was right. That was my problem. When I let my guard down it hit me in the face. They was really juggling my ass up and down. Them accountants. Them motherfuckers. They was makin' my life short, you know," he says, his eyes flashing. "They was fuckin' with me and I turn around and be fuckin' with Cicely and then she fucks with me. So I had to stop that shit."

Miles's mystique, says Ornette Coleman, has something to do with his "never having to be hungry in his life, never, for the most part, having to worry about money. Now, no other black musician—so-called jazz musician, that is—that I can think of can say that. It's almost like Miles is a white man in a black man's body. It produced an attitude that blacks can admire. It's in the clothes he wears, the cars he drives, his attitude about himself and about others. It's all there, in his total being. It's about having money. It all adds up to mystique, and Miles definitely has that going for him. Has had it since I first saw him."

Since his marriage to Cicely, Miles has been living most of the year in California, in Malibu. There are those who think that has affected his music negatively. But the hip implant causes him discomfort in cold weather, and he says the warm weather has been good for his health.

"New York makes Miles a little tougher," says photographer Tony Barboza. "He doesn't relax as much here. I think California is better for him now. Cicely is great for him, in a lot of ways. He was always fighting for his place in society in New York. He went through a lot of shit here. Miles is mellowing out now. He's beginning to see other things. He likes the sea wind slapping his face now, the calmness of it all, the atmosphere of the sea and beaches, the palm trees. It's not like being run ragged, like what happens in New York. It's another level on which to think about creativity. Now nature is taking over and giving Miles another perspective. So it's nice for him. He loves it in California. He can swim all the time out there, and man, he's got legs so skinny it's unbelievable that he can swim 20 laps at a time, but he does. He says it helps him with his playing."

As we are getting on the elevator, I look again at Miles, very dark, slight, with a round back, and recall all the great musicians who have played in his many bands. I wonder where the players in his current band, Darryl Jones, Robert Irving, Bob Berg, Steve Thornton, and Vince Wilburn, will be five, ten years from now, and I find myself wondering what this marvelously creative man will be doing then.

"He was able to attract a lot of great musicians around him," Dizzy Gillespie said to me, "because he paid them well and because Miles is of the very highest quality of jazz musician, the very highest. So to play with Miles is something, really something. And when these great musicians leave him they don't leave him to go with another band, they leave him to start their own bands. Now that's a sign of leadership. Miles trains leaders."

When we get downstairs, Miles asks if I can drop him off downtown. On the way he listens to a recent live tape he made in Austin, Texas. When we reach his destination, I ask him if there's anything he wants me to leave out of what he has said. As he gets out of the car, earphones on his head, dressed in black, just like on the cover of *You're Under Arrest*, he pauses for a moment, scratches his chin, and says, "Naw, you can tell it all." He laughs and turns to walk into the building, then says over his shoulder, "because it's all true. Let's put them motherfuckers 'under arrest.'"



BEYOND CONVENTIONAL CD PERFORMANCE

Onkyo's Integra DX-200 Compact Disc Player sets a new standard of CD performance, both in sonic fidelity and user convenience.

When comparing CD players, the digital-to-analog (D/A) conversion method is the key factor, for although the sound on the disc itself is digital, the CD player must convert it to analog for output to the amplifier. If this is not accomplished perfectly, the chief benefit of digital—far greater dynamic range with a total absence of noise—will not be realized. That's why Onkyo utilizes a 16 bit D/A converter system that exactly matches the 16 bit digital code used in the recording process, along with specialized double oversampling and digital filtering techniques.

Four separate power supplies eliminate interaction between stages, and exclusive Delta Power and Super Servo circuitries maintain noise & distortion free reproduction. A precision 3-beam laser pickup assures precise tracking with fast track access.

A full complement of convenience features includes 16 track random memory, with complete digital display for track, index, elapsed/remaining time, and memory contents, all of which can be controlled by the DX-200's wireless remote unit.

The Integra DX-200 goes beyond conventional CD performance to let you realize the promise of digital as it was meant to be heard. Discover the audible difference today.

Artistry In Sound

ONKYO®

200 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446

A body is a body. A woman could be deaf, dumb, crippled, and blind and still have soul and compassion. That's all that matters to me. You can hear it in the voice.

I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know

I never had that much to do with Edie Sedgwick. I've seen where I have had and read that I have had, but I don't remember Edie that well. I remember she was around, but I knew other people who, as far as I know, might have been involved with Edie. Uh, she was a great girl. An exciting girl, very enthusiastic. She was around the Andy Warhol scene, and I drifted in and out of that scene, but then I moved out of the Chelsea Hotel. We, me and my wife, lived in the Chelsea Hotel on the third floor in 1965 or '66, when our first baby was born. We moved out of that hotel maybe a year before *Chelsea Girls*, and when *Chelsea Girls* came out, it was all over for the Chelsea Hotel. You might as well have burned it down. The notoriety it had gotten from that movie pretty much destroyed it.

I think Edie was in *Chelsea Girls*. I had lost total touch with her by that time, anyway. It may just have been a time when there was just a lot of stuff happening. Ondine, Steve Paul's Scene, Cheeta. That's when I would have known Edie if I would have known her, and I did know her, but I don't recall any type of a relationship. If I did have one, I think I'd remember.

I Threw It All Away

I once traded an Andy Warhol "Elvis Presley" painting for a sofa, which was a stupid thing to do. I always wanted to tell Andy what a stupid thing I done, and if he had another painting he would give me, I'd never do it again.

Another Side of Bob Dylan

I never read Freud. I've never been attracted to anything he has said, and I think he's started a lot of nonsense with psychiatry and that business. I don't think psychiatry can help or has helped anybody. I think it's a big fraud (pun not intended) on the public. Billions of dollars have changed hands that could be used for far better purposes. A lot of people have trouble with their parents up until they're 50, 60, 70 years old. They can't get off their parents. I never had that kind of problem with my parents. Like John Lennon, "Mother": "Mother, I had you but you never had me." I can't imagine that. I know a lot of people have. There are a lot of orphans in the world, for sure. But that's not been my experience. I have a strong identification with orphans, but I've been raised by people who feel that fathers, whether they're married or not, should be responsible for their children, that all sons should be taught a trade, and that parents should be punished for their children's crimes.

Actually, I was raised more by my grandmother. She was a fantastic lady. I loved her so much, and I miss her a lot. But, getting back to the other thing, it all needs to be shaken up, and it will be. I never had

any barriers to get across that were that dear to me, that I had to bust down to anything I truly loved. If I had any advantage over anybody at all, it's the advantage that I was all alone and could think and do what I wanted to. Looking back on it, it probably has a lot to do with growing up in northern Minnesota. I don't know what I would have been if I was growing up in the Bronx or Ethiopia or South America or even California. I think everybody's environment affects him in that way. Where I grew up . . . it's been a long time since. I forgot about it once I went east. I couldn't remember very much about it even then. I remember even less about it now. I don't have any long great story to tell about when I was a kid that would let anybody know how it is that I am what I am.

Patti Smith says you were Rimbaud in a previous incarnation.

I don't know if she's right or wrong, but Patti Smith, then, of course, knows a lot of deep details that I might not be aware of. She might be clued in to something that's a little beyond me. I know at least a dozen women who tell me they were the Queen of Sheba. And I know a few Napoleons and two Joan of Arcs and one Einstein.

All Along the Watchtower

There weren't too many Jews in Hibbing, Minnesota. Most of them I was related to. The town didn't have a rabbi, and it was time for me to be bar mitzvah. Suddenly a rabbi showed up under strange circumstances for only a year. He and his wife got off the bus in the middle of winter. He showed up just in time for me to learn this stuff. He was an old man from Brooklyn who had a white beard and wore a black hat and black clothes. They put him upstairs above the cafe, which was the local hangout. It was a rock 'n' roll cafe where I used to hang out, too. I used to go up there every day to learn this stuff, either after school or after dinner. After studying with him an hour or so, I'd come down and boogie. The rabbi taught me what I had to learn, and after he conducted this bar mitzvah, he just disappeared. The people didn't want him. He didn't look like anybody's idea of a rabbi. He was an embarrassment. All the Jews up there shaved their beards and, I think, worked on Saturday. And I never saw him again. It's like he came and went like a ghost. Later I found out he was Orthodox. Jews separate themselves like that. Orthodox, Conservative, Reform, as if God calls them that. Christians, too. Baptists, Assembly of God, Methodists, Calvinists. God has no respect for a person's title. He don't care what you call yourself.

A Puff of Smoke

I've never been able to understand the seriousness of it all, the seriousness of pride. People talk, act, live as if they're never going to die. And what do they leave behind? Nothing. Nothing but a mask.

Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Whenever anybody does something in a big way, it's always rejected at home and accepted someplace else. For instance, that could apply to Buddha. Who was Buddha? An Indian. Who are Buddhists? Chinese, Japanese, Asian people. They make up the big numbers in Buddhism. It's the same way with Jesus being a Jew. Who did he appeal to? He appeals to people who want to get into heaven in a big way. But some day the true story will reveal itself, and by that time, people will be ready for it, because it's just going in that direction. You can come out and say it all now, but what does it matter? It's going to happen anyway. Vanities of vanities, that's all it is.



They're Not Showing Any Lights Tonight

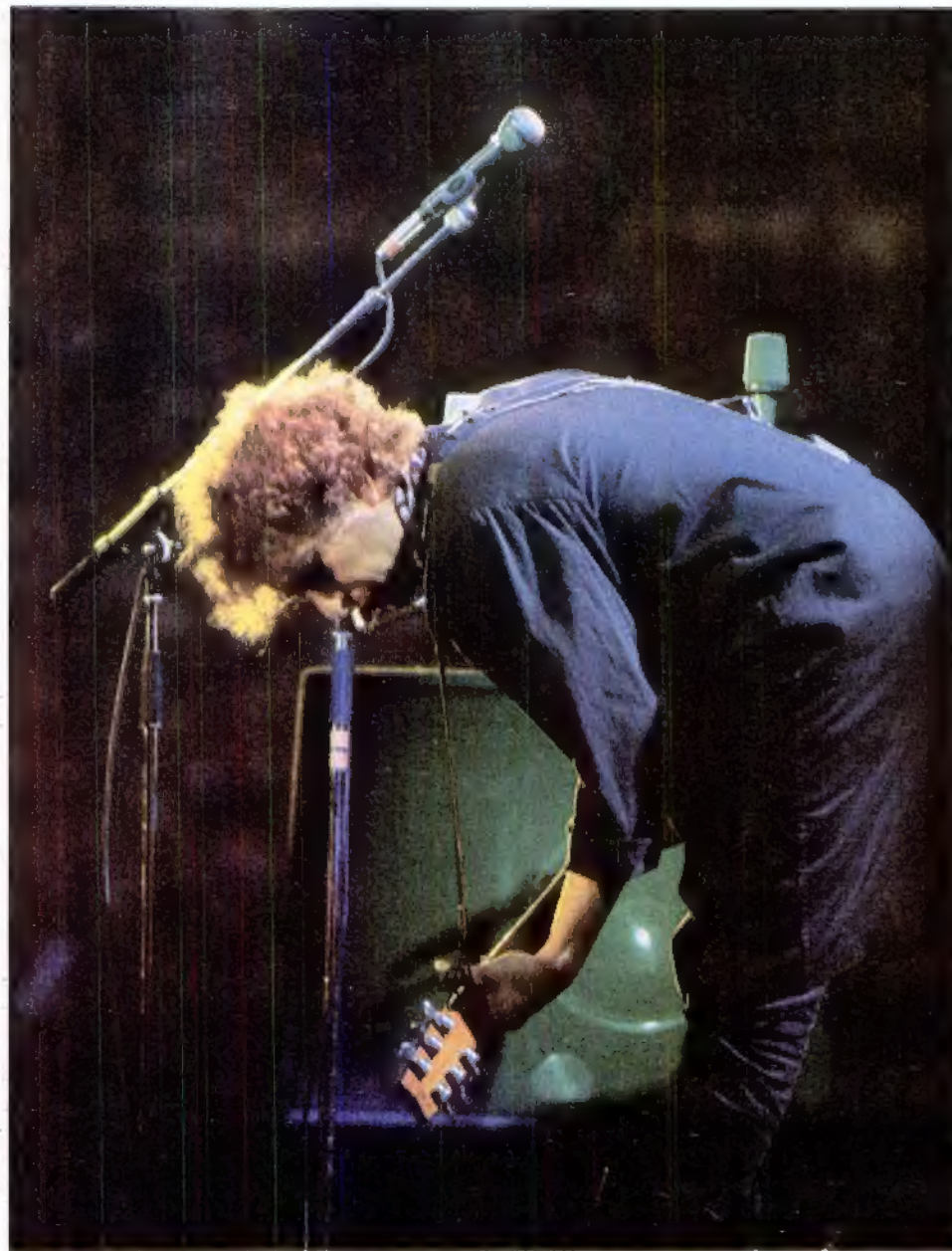
I went to Bible school at an extension of this church out in the Valley in Reseda, California. It was affiliated with the church, but I'm not a believer in that born-again-type thing. Jesus told Nicodemus, "A man must be born again." And Nicodemus said, "How can I go through my mother's womb?" And Jesus said, "You must be born of the spirit." And that's where that comes from, that born-again thing. People have put a heavy trip on it. People can call you what they want. The media make up a lot of these words for the definition of people. I mean, who's a person anymore? Everything's done for the media. If the media don't know about it, it's not happening. They'll take the littlest thing and make it spectacular. They're in the business of doing that. Everything's a business. Love, truth, beauty. Conversation is a business. Spirituality is not a business, so it's going to go against the grain of people who are trying to exploit other people. God doesn't look at people and say, "That's a banker, that's a dentist, that's an oil-well driller."

A lot of crooked people give a lot of money to charity. That all means nothing. If there's evil behind good, it doesn't make the good good. No matter how many hospitals they're building. It's all bullshit. It's called vanity of vanities. That's what the world is run on. That's how the machine turns, so if you go against that in any way, you're an outlaw. And it's tough for people to go against that. What I learned in Bible school was just another side of an extension of the same thing I believed in all along, but just couldn't verbalize or articulate. Whether you want to believe Jesus Christ is the Messiah is irrelevant, but whether you're aware of the messianic complex, that's all that's important.

What's the messianic complex?

All that exists is spirit, before, now, and forever more. The messianic thing has to do with this world, the flesh world, and you got to pass through this to get to that. The messianic thing has to do with the world of mankind, like it is. This world is scheduled to go for 7,000 years. Six thousand years of this, where man has his way, and 1,000 years when God has His way. Just like a week. Six days work, one day rest. The last thousand years is called the Messianic Age. Messiah will rule. He is, was, and will be about God, doing God's business. Drought, famine, war, murder, theft, earthquake, and all other evil things will be no more. No more disease. That's all of this world.

What's gonna happen is this: you know when things change, people usually know, like in a revolution, people know before it happens who's coming in and who's going out. All the Somozas and Batistas will be on their way out, grabbing their stuff and whatever, but you can forget about them. They won't be going anywhere. It's the people who live under tyranny and oppression, the plain, simple people, that count, like the multitude of sheep. They'll see that God is coming. Somebody representing Him will be on the scene. Not some crackpot lawyer or politician with the mark of the beast, but somebody who makes them feel holy. People don't know how to feel holy. They don't know what it's about or what's right. They don't know what God wants of them. They'll want to know what the Messiah wants. They'll want to know what to do and how to act. Just like you want to know how to please any ruler. They don't teach that stuff like they do math, medicine, and carpentry, but now there will be a tremendous calling for it. There will be a run on godliness, just like now there's a run on refrigerators, headphones, and fishing gear. It's going to be a matter of survival. People are going to be running to find out about God, and who are they going to run to? They're gonna run to the Jews, 'cause the Jews wrote the book, and you know what? The Jews ain't gonna know. They're too



Michael Pullano/Blanco Ltd.

busy in the fur business and in the pawnshops and in sending their kids to some atheist school. They're too busy doing all that stuff to know. People who believe in the coming of the Messiah live their lives right now as if he was here. That's my idea of it, anyway.

I know people are going to say to themselves, "What the fuck is this guy talking about?" but it's all there in black and white, the written and unwritten word. I don't have to defend this. The scriptures back me up. I didn't ask to know this stuff. It just came to me at different times from experiences throughout my life. Other than that, I'm just a rock 'n' roller, folk poet, gospel-blues-protest guitar player. Did I say that right?

Blowin' in the Wind

Politics have changed. The subject matter has changed. In the '60s there was a lot of people coming out of schools who were taught politics by professors who were political thinkers, and those people spilled over into the streets. What politics I ever learned, I

learned in the streets, because it was part of the environment. I don't know where somebody would hear that now. Now everybody wants their own thing. There's no unity. There's the Puerto Rican Day parade, Polish Day, German Week, the Mexican parades. You have all these different types of people all waving their own flags, and there's no unity between all these people. In the '60s, there wasn't any separation. That's the difference between then and now that I can see. Everybody now is out for their own people and their own selves, and they should be, 'cause they look around and see everything's unbalanced.

The Times They Are a-Changing

The times still are a-changing, every day. I'm trying to slow down every day, because the times may be a-changing, but they're going by awfully fast.

"When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I thought as a child. When I became a man, I put away childish things."

It may be the strangest
and most repressive place on earth,
but you should hear the music.

My Albania

Article by Brian Cullman

Some people wake up at 4 in the morning wondering if they've left the light on in the kitchen or the front door open or the coffee boiling or their girlfriend locked in the car. I wake up in a cold sweat wondering if there's some country or other that I've forgotten, if there's some strange place on earth that's slipped through my fingers. For more than 12 years I've collected music from the farthest reaches of the planet. I've found tapes of music from islands in Indonesia where drummers build their own instruments and eat them after each performance; records of Eskimos who sing into each others' mouths; 45s of South African bands that sound just like the Sir Douglas Quintet; and records of Mongolian *houri* singers who can hit three notes simultaneously. When I can't sleep I go wading through my collection, just like Scrooge McDuck swimming in his money bin.

And so I panicked when I awoke one night and realized that I had no Albanian records. Not a one. And didn't even know where to look.

Albania, you may recall, is a small Balkan country bordering on Yugoslavia and Greece. It is generally considered the strangest and most repressive place on earth. It has no allies, recognizes no other countries, and is not known for undue hospitality. An English phrase book from 1958, optimistically titled *Albanian for Travelers*, calmly notes "many strange and curious customs. Outside the cities and towns, no one seems to have told the local populace that it is not a good idea to kill strangers." The useful phrases offered in Albanian are not much more encouraging: "I am sorry about your father's nose"; "Why are your sheep looking at me?" and "Your dog is already dead. Go away."

The record stores I tried showed no Albanian records in their catalogs, had never heard of any, and simply wanted me to buy CDs of Andreas Vollenweider or Philip Glass and get the hell out. But there's nothing like a challenge to perk up the day and get the old blood moving again. Checking the New York phone book, I found the Albanian Mission to the U.N. at 184 Lexington Avenue and sauntered over to a dark, barely marked office.

A small man with an even smaller black mustache sat behind a desk that

was clearly too big for him and dangled his legs menacingly. Without the energy to be either convincingly hostile or sufficiently confused, he sat in a mild stupor. I was apparently the first American to come through his door.

"You are on Albanian soil," he pronounced, pointing at the rug. "Who sent you here?"

"No one."

"No one? How did you find this office?"

"You're listed in the phone book."

"Ha." He turned and checked the phone book, watching me out of the corner of his eye, and then slammed the book shut. "We are listed in the phone book," he said with such vehemence that I had to agree with him.

"Yes. I'm interested in Albanian music and can't seem to find any records or tapes. I thought you might be able to help me."

"No," he said sadly. "No one is interested in Albanian music. I myself am not even interested in Albanian music. You are a spy. You are on Albanian soil." Once again he pointed at the rug. "Get out."

As I said, there's nothing like a challenge to perk up the day, and this was clearly a challenge. I'd forgotten the cardinal rule for dealing with bureaucrats: when in doubt, lie, bluff, bully, and gesticulate wildly. Now I no longer just wanted to find Albanian records, I wanted to go to Albania. I telephoned the following day and deepened my voice.

"Yes, hello, good morning, hello.

Who am I speaking to, please?"

There was a vague mumble on the other end, like a sofa yawning.

"Yes, this is Brian Cullman. Dr. Bass advised me to call you." (Dr. Bass, my dentist, is a large and at times fierce-looking man. Judging by what little I'd seen of the Albanian officer's teeth, he would do well to stand clear of Dr. Bass.) "I am going to be in Yugoslavia this fall, at conferences in Split and Belgrade, and as I am of Albanian heritage, I thought I'd like to visit the country and see if I still have family there. Can you help me with a visa?"

Again there was a mumble on the other end and a request for my phone number. In a little over an hour, he called me back.

"Mr. Cullman?"

"Yes."

"Yes, I have very good news for you. At this time a visa is out of the question. Simply not possible. However," and here his voice expanded, bursting with pride, "if you wish to be repatriated and once again be with your people and the people of your father, I think we can help you."

I put the phone down very slowly. Your dog is already dead. Go away.

Next to the listing for the Albanian Mission in the phone book is the address of Albanian Trimming, a tailor shop in Spanish Harlem. A couple of Cubans sat behind the counter.

"Unh-unh. No Albanians working here. The old owner, funny guy who used to wear slippers all the time, he was Albanian, but he sold the place. One of the younger guys who used to work here, he's Albanian. Last I knew he was working down the street at Jimmy's O Sole Mio."

At Jimmy's there were actually two Albanian waiters. I was the only customer, so they sat with me and poured me some Albanian wine that was bitter and smelled of damp fur.

"You like this wine?"

"No." I am always truthful with waiters.

"It is terrible. Still, it is better than Albanian music."

"Much better," said the second waiter.

"Albanian music sounds like someone drowning in his soup."

"No, it sounds like men with big sticks beating sheep."

"No, it is more wet, like fish coughing."

"You really want to find Albanian records, go out to Queens. There's a Yugoslav record store that advertises on the radio that it has Albanian 45s and

videocassettes."

"Videocassettes?"

"Yeah, bootlegged off of TV. Terrible stuff."

Record Bazaar, at 31-83 33rd Street in Queens, has jars of sour cherry preserves, copies of Yugoslavian cowboy magazines (*Pony West*, *Vajat Erp*), records of Yugoslavian punk bands (Azra, Electric Orgazm), and an entire shelf of Albanian 45s and videotapes. One videotape showed three morose-looking men in ill-fitting Santa Claus suits sitting around a gaily lit Christmas tree and talking.

"They are telling each other jokes, funny Christmas stories," the woman in the store explained to me. However, after each joke the men looked sadder and sadder until finally they slumped in their chairs and stared gloomily at the camera. Then the screen went blank. A Samuel Beckett Christmas.

The 45s all have bright, folkloric covers showing people dressed very much like Ukrainian Easter eggs. On one of the covers they are aiming cannons at one another. On another they are brandishing bayonets. On a third they are waving flutes in the air and pointing at a helicopter. On all of the covers the people look cheerful and well-fed, but it's hard to tell whether anyone on the cover actually appears on the record. They may simply be models. My favorite songs so far are "A Bunch of Sheep Are Going Out to Drink" and "Take a Look at That Mountain." You should come over and hear them sometime.

This Albanian album features such glotzy tracks as "Duet Kavallash," "Loj, Loj, Luani," and "Boll E Mire Kundrat Me Thembra."





COME UP TO

NEW KOOLBOX

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

Material chroniony prawem autorskim



CHOOSE YOUR CASSETTE TAPE AS CAREFULLY AS YOUR CASSETTE DECK.



If you own a deck like one of these, you were obviously concerned with low wow and flutter, extended frequency response, smooth tape transport and wide dynamic range. When it comes to choosing cassette tape, why behave any differently?

Denon's new High Density HD8 formulation is the finest high-bias tape you can buy. Its "High Technoroom" dispersion and binding plus its metal hybrid formulation guarantee digital level performance on the widest range of cassette decks (including yours). You can keep an eye on things through Denon's new giant window.

And enjoy your music knowing HD8 is guaranteed for a lifetime.

So how good is your cassette deck? With Denon HD8 it's better than you think.

DENON

Digital tape from the inventors of digital recording.